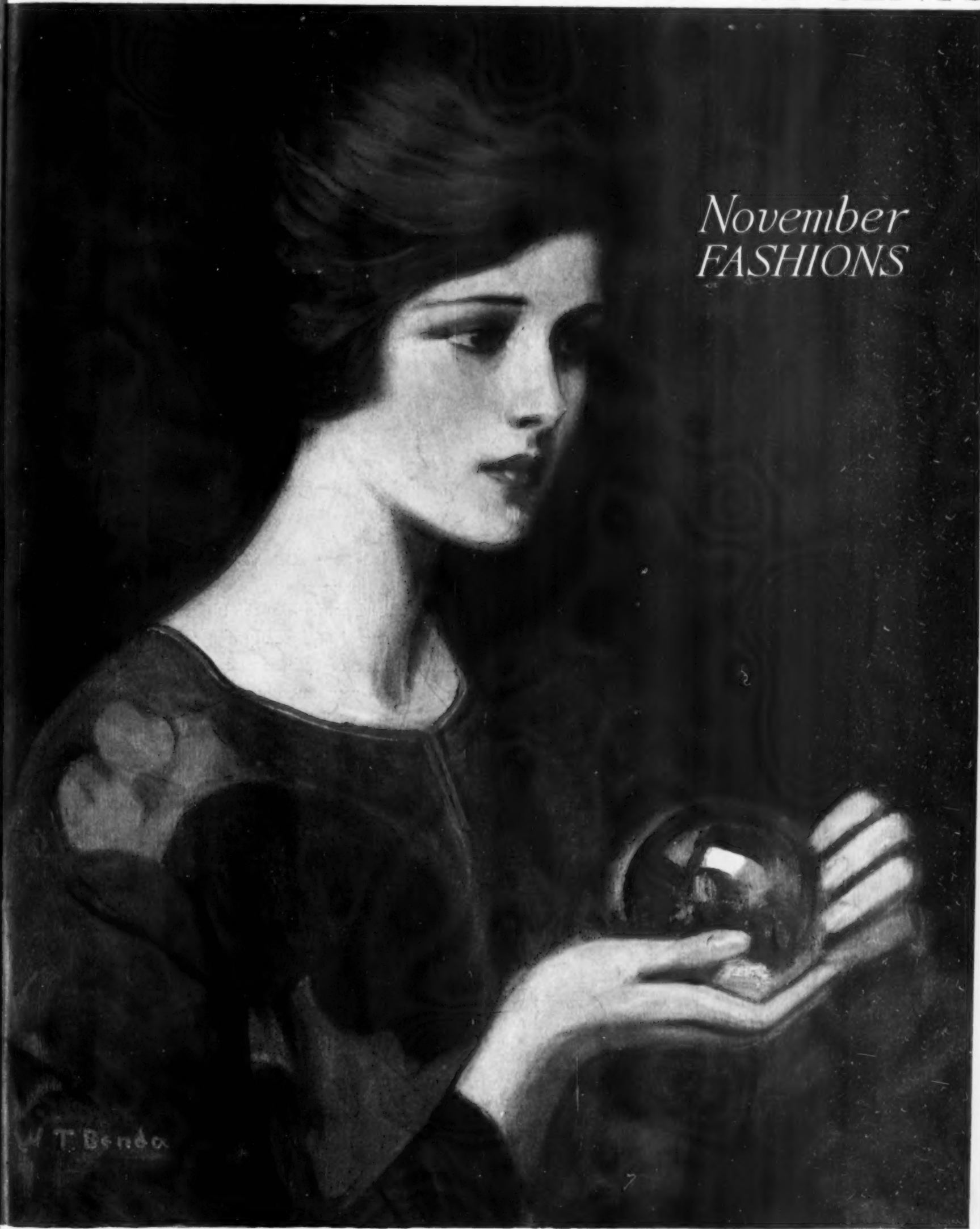


MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE

10 CENTS

*November
FASHIONS*



October 1919

Louis Joseph Vance's New Novel

THE McCALL COMPANY
250 W. 37th St., New York

GOLD DUST



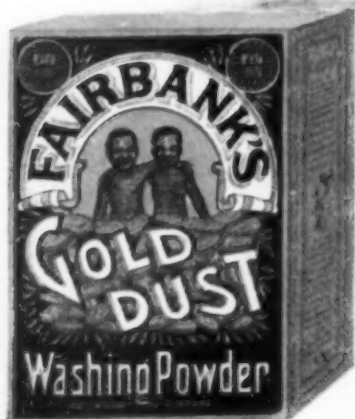
You can't look your best in a "cloudy" mirror. Gold Dust, without grit, keeps mirrors crystal-clear.



Keep nickel fittings bright with Gold Dust's soapy water. Just a rub or two. Now see the sparkle!



Oh, the clean shining look of tiling which has been smooth-cleaned with velvety Gold Dust!



A "renewing" bath—for your Bathroom

FLOOR! Walls! Enamel! Bowl! Tub! Of course you want them always ready for inspection! Gold Dust takes care of bathrooms easily, sanitarily. Gold Dust has a velvety smoothness when it comes to porcelain, enamel, nickel and tiling which avoids all risk of scratching. It brings a wonderful, sweet cleansing to bowls and drainpipes. Gold Dust leaves bathrooms with a sanitary sparkle because it purifies as it thoroughly cleanses. By all means keep a package of Gold Dust in your bathroom—handy for frequent bathroom cleaning!

Don't be satisfied with anything but Gold Dust. For you can't get Gold Dust's wonderful *help* with anything but Gold Dust. The Gold Dust TWINS and the name FAIRBANK'S are on every package. You can buy Gold Dust everywhere.

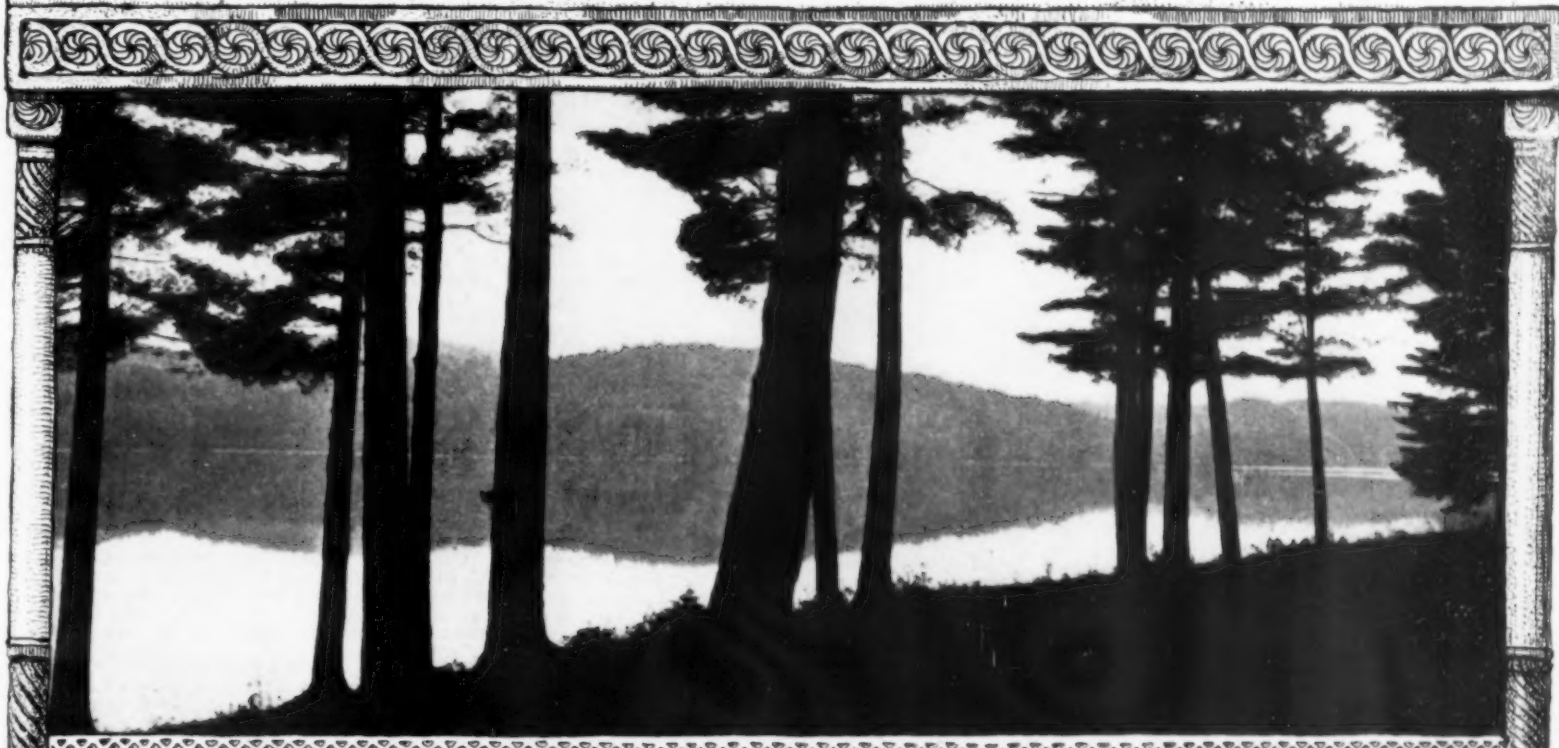
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Let the Gold Dust



Twins do your work

OCTOBER McCALL'S MAGAZINE



Photograph by courtesy of State of New York Conservation Commission

14 to 1

THERE is a certain farming community in the Middle West. Its tiny village has little of "culture" to offer. A diminutive library, a few wandering, lonely magazines are almost the only bridges between local ideas and activities and those of the world at large. The women felt a need for contact with the "higher things of life." They talked of a club for the study of Greek art.

"Pshaw!" said the local Madame Curie, "let's take up something live. There are plenty of interesting things in the present. Let's meditate on them awhile."

So a club was organized for the discussion of current events. Mexico was chosen as the subject for the first meeting. For two weeks the women read up on Mexico and prepared their papers. Then they gathered together.

There were sixteen of them. Fourteen were in favor of the United States entering Mexico. The reason? Because Mexico is so rich in resources. Each sturdy farmerette saw herself the possessor of a spouting oil-well, a rich and yielding mine.

One was not in favor of the United States entering Mexico. Was it because she thought Mexico should belong to the Mexicans? No; it was because such a big army of occupation would be needed.

The sixteenth, the club's organizer, turned upon her neighbors. "You're a lot of thieves," she cried. "We've just fought one war to prevent others doing that very thing."

And they shooed her home. It seems, after all, that we have been far from the firing line. We wonder if fourteen out of sixteen European women would have voted for another war.

The Great Green Memorial

WALT WHITMAN, writing in his diary after the Civil War, suggested that the day for conventional monuments had passed; that henceforth they would be superfluous and vulgar.

"An enlarged, general humanity we are to build," he said. "America, combining and justifying the past, yet works for a grander future in living, democratic forms."

Half a century after Whitman's words, we are creating memorials in living forms. The American Forestry Association proposes that America show its gratitude to those who are gone by setting out millions of trees along the highways and in the dooryards of the country those men served, erecting self-perpetuating symbols of beauty and fruition. Imagine what the poet's joy would be in this practical working out of his ideal.

They gave the eager promise of their twenties—youth, heyday and old age—and it is not with stones that we can immortalize them. Stones are a symbol of death. It is life, not death, that we would sing. It is the lusty young life of those boys that we would remember. It is the joy of them, the courage of them, the laughter on their lips and the song in their hearts. This is the legacy of gallantry we would commemorate.

After-generations may meet some resurrection of the faith those soldiers had in freedom and in loveliness, when they see the shining line of Lombardy poplars along some Wisconsin lane, or rest under the tender shade of a bending elm at Maryland noon, or walk arm in arm with love, some night, where the cherry trees make a "silver world" by the river.

How has your town planned to honor those who went? Schools and colleges in all our states are making of Arbor Day a Day of Remembrance. Many towns already have set out hundreds of trees—pines, maples, silver birches, and painted beeches—growing, changing, democratic monuments.

What better can your town, or your school, or your block, or your mother-heart do than share in the Great Green Memorial to the soldiers? What, of all the projects before our minds and hands, could more surely be a "bit" toward making the world a lovely place for their children—the world's children? A place where men and women, with "enlarged, general humanity," may live together, in friendliness and freedom, like the leaves on a majestic tree.

Tootling

A GREAT auditorium is hushed. The air breathes a voiceless expectancy. A thousand ears await a glorious harmonization. A slender ebony stick cuts a glowing area of light. A hundred varying instruments take up their fragmentary messages. There is vibrant, conglomerate sound. There is a tremendous effect of interwoven melody.

The clear-voiced flute, the throbbing viol, the staccato piccolo, the rumbling drum, the yearning, human violin—each speaks its perfect word with its perfect voice. Certain little groups of half a dozen instruments create intervals of exquisite interlacement of sound as the orchestration proceeds.

Yet what of the bigger harmony, the absolute effect of this grand ensemble? Here are a hundred trained soloists. What are they creating together?

Sometimes it is a truthful, unquestionable harmony they are producing. Sometimes they will leave us with vague, inexpressible disappointment. Why?

The harmony is utterly satisfying only when the orchestra has become the instrument. The musician's understanding, his training, his technique may be perfection. If he plays his best little tune, asks he, is it not enough?

Perhaps. Yet, sometimes, is not one single high, clear melody too much an emphasis? May not the musician with his neighbor produce a better harmony if each sacrifice a bit of his own perfection in listening to the other's little tune?

Pan, alone, tootling on a hillside, is supreme.

But on the village green can he afford to be quite, superbly himself?

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1919

VOLUME XLVII, NUMBER TWO

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, August 5, 1897. Copyright, 1919, by The McCall Company. All rights reserved. Published monthly by THE McCALL COMPANY, McCall Building, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, Ill., 418-424 S. Wells St.; San Francisco, Cal., 140 Second St.; Boston, Mass., 34-40 Chauncy St.; Atlanta, Ga., 82 North Pryor St.; Toronto, Canada, 70 Bond St.

ALLAN M. RICHARDSON
President and Treasurer

O. B. CAPEN
Secretary

ROBERT CADE WILSON
Vice-President

Price of McCall's Magazine

10 cents a copy at any news-stand or McCall Pattern Agency. Subscription price \$1.00 a year (12 issues). Canadian postage, 25 cents extra; foreign postage, 75 cents extra.

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

Change of Address

Please give four weeks' notice. Be sure to give your old address (complete), as well as your new address. If possible give the date you subscribed.

Advertisements

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

In the Bad Lands, when I Knew T. R.

By Margaret Roberts

ILLUSTRATION BY SAMUEL CAHAN

IT'S thirty-six years now since I first met Mr. Roosevelt. I had a log-cabin three miles south of the Chimney Butte Ranch, up the Little Missouri, where I was living with my husband and children; and one day in the fall, riding south for a buffalo hunt with Joe Ferris, he stopped there.

Joe Ferris comes to the door and says, "Good morning, Mrs. Roberts. Come out here and shake hands with Mr. Theodore Roosevelt." I came out and there he was, a mighty fine-looking man as I remember, straight and slim, with big glasses which made him look queer at first until you got used to them. He was very pleasant-spoken, and after that he used to stop in to see me every time he rode by on the way to or from his hunts. I was told that he had come out for his health, but he never looked sick to me. He was always full of fun and lip and, except for his glasses, no different from the other boys. He was just one of us.

We were neighbors, close neighbors. He lived with Sylvane Ferris and Joe Ferris and William Merrifield at Chimney Butte Ranch, which we used to call the Maltese Cross after the brand of their cattle, and the three miles that lay between our ranches was just a step across the dooryard in those days, to us who used to call twenty-five or thirty miles just a short distance between neighbors.

Life was rough and simple and hard in those days in the Bad Lands. There were no comforts, and now and then even the necessities were scarce and hard to get. My husband, Lloyd Roberts, was foreman for the Custer Trail Ranch owned by two brothers, Howard and Allen Eaton. The first year we lived at Eatons'. Then one day I was riding four or five miles up the river and came to a place that I particularly liked.

"I believe I'd like to have my home here," I said.

My husband was agreeable, so in 1883 we built the house in which I lived with my children for over twenty years, all in all. It was a long one-story affair, built of cotton-wood logs, floated down the river—the same shipment from which Merrifield and the Ferris boys built the original log-house at the Maltese Cross. It wasn't a palace, but we had a dining-room and two or three bedrooms, and managed to be pretty comfortable, as we counted comfort in those days. The roof was just loose logs covered a foot deep with dirt.

I planted sunflowers there, and Mr. Roosevelt and the other boys used to marvel, riding along and seeing the roof of Margaret Roberts' house just one mass of sunflowers, coming up, it seemed, from nowhere. They said it looked funny to see those sunflowers all over the top of a house, and they didn't see how I ever made them grow. I made a lot of things grow those days. I had a garden that was really a garden; in spite of sun and drought, I had it. Every night through the summer I used to draw water, sometimes as much as twenty barrels, to water it.

It was hard work; but life at the edge of civilization was bound to be hard. I'd have been a fool if I'd expected it to be anything else; and I wasn't a fool. I thought it was hard enough while I had a husband to support me, but I wasn't long in the country before I lost him; and it was harder then. He went to Kansas City with some cattle that the Eatons were shipping to market, and he never came back. I had a letter from him from Cheyenne, and that was all. I never heard a word from him again or about him. He had a good deal of money with him at the time, and I've always said that he met with foul play.

So the burden of the ranch and the bringing up of five little girls came on my shoulders. It wasn't so heavy a burden as anyone who didn't know the frontier might think. There was a wonderful friendliness in the Bad Lands. No one would think of riding by a ranch without stopping. Cowboys would pull in their horses at all hours and stop for a bit of jaw with Mrs. Roberts, and though I wasn't the talker then that I am now, I'd manage to pass the time

of day with them. They were good boys all of them, though, of course, it was the Maltese Cross outfit that I liked best, perhaps because I knew them best, Sylvane and Joe Ferris, Merrifield and Theodore Roosevelt. We were all of us youngsters—I was only at the end of my twenties in those days, and I was the oldest of the lot.

One of the first times Mr. Roosevelt came to see me, he came with Mr. Merrifield. I had just finished churning and I offered them a glass of the buttermilk. Mr. Roosevelt drank it and thanked me with that hearty, enthusiastic way of his that made you feel as though you had given him a bag of diamonds.

He used to come in often, alone or with the other boys, and we'd visit and have fun all together as young folks will. He was as lively as a cricket and I'd enjoy every minute that he was there. I was full of the old Nick myself in those days, always ready for a joke. When he first came out, he was sad and quiet, for his wife had just died, but he was always interesting and friendly and courteous; and later, when he got his health and spirits back, he would laugh and joke with the men to beat them all.

AFTER my husband went, and I was left a widow with five children to raise and no money to raise them with, the cowboys, and especially the Maltese Cross outfit, sort of adopted me, keeping an eye on me and my children and seeing that we never lacked. I had my garden and some cows and chickens, and we got along comfortably enough. It was hard work but there was plenty of freedom; and it was freedom that I had come West for. There were no such things as fences in those days. Nobody owned land. You would have been insulted if anybody offered you a piece of land as a gift. You didn't want a piece. You felt that you owned all there was.

We had good times. Most of the neighbors, scattered fifty miles north and south along the river, were young, adventurous, simple people. There were a few that were different, but we didn't pay much attention to them. There was the Marquis de Mores and his wife who built a grand house of sixteen rooms near Little Missouri—they were different. They tried to bring France to Dakota, and it didn't work. Then there were some gun-fighters who used to shoot up the town—they were different, but they never bothered us. Then there was Deacon Cummins and his wife. They were different, and they bothered me a lot. They got me mad.

I don't know whether Deacon Cummins ever really was a deacon or not, but he acted as though he ought to be and he got the name. He was from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and he thought he could make money cattle-raising, and bought title to a cabin and corral up in Teepee Bottom, two miles south of me; he got a few horses and mules and cows and settled down. His wife came with him. Not counting the women that hung about the saloons in Little Missouri, she must have been about the fourth woman to come to the Bad Lands.

She wasn't like the other three of us, who were just hard-working folks, with tempers that got out of hand now and then, plain as a cow's tail, without tomfoolery or frills. Not a bit of it. She had been a school-teacher in the East, and she wanted everything in the Bad Lands just as she'd had it at home.

She was one of those refined women who didn't want to have any work done on a Sunday. She said Sunday should not be made a day of pleasure, but of worship. The poor old Deacon had nothing to say. She kept him home Sundays, watching like a dog at a rabbit-hole, seeing that he didn't get out.

I remember once we all rode up to the Cummins on a Sunday, fifteen of us there must have been, and Roosevelt was along. The poor old Deacon, he spoke to us all nicely; but Mrs. Cummins, she was stand-offish. Roosevelt was always courteous and gentlemanly and he asked her in his polite way how she liked the country.

"I like the country very much," said Mrs. Cummins, "but I don't like the people in it. They're rough. They run religion right into the ground."

I suppose she thought that Mr. Roosevelt, being an Easterner and a wealthy man, would sympathize with her views. But he just said, "In what ways?"

"I don't approve of people riding around and making Sunday a day of pleasure," she said.

That took us all down considerably and we didn't have much use for Mrs. Cummins after that; and Mr. Roosevelt had no more use for her than the rest of us. But she was one of those fool women who want to reform the earth; and just because we knew what she was out for, we made up our minds that she wasn't going to get away with it. I guess God liked our idea of Sunday better than he liked hers, for things came about in such a way that we turned the tables on her good and plenty.

One Sunday, the boys from the Maltese Cross—Roosevelt and the Ferrises and Merrifield—rode up to my cabin and said, "Come along, Mrs. Roberts. We're going up to Deacon Cummins' just for the fun of it. We haven't desecrated Mrs. Cummins' Sabbath for so long, she'll think we've reformed."

I said, "Boys, I'm with you."

It was just a matter of two miles or so to Mr. Cummins', and a merrier party of Sabbath-breakers you never saw than we were, all in our Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, when we rode into the Cummins yard. We thought the Deacon and his lady would be reading prayer-books, but they weren't. The Deacon was out in the garden planting potatoes and the Deacon's wife was doing her Saturday jobs, baking, cleaning house and making the dust fly.

"Mrs. Cummins," I says, pretending to be shocked, "don't you know this is Sunday?"

"This isn't Sunday," says she, "this is Saturday."

"Well," I says, "I tell you this is Sunday."

She looked at the boys, all dressed up and shaved; and a more surprised and humiliated woman you never saw. She called to the Deacon and made him come out of the garden; she wouldn't let him finish planting the potatoes.

"To think that I should let myself be influenced so soon to lose track of the days of the week," she said in a kind of

(Continued on page 56)



He stood on the platform and raised his hand for the crowd to be quiet, and then he says: "Does anybody here know where Mrs. Roberts is?"



The most famous musical instrument in the world

Victrola fame is based on Victrola quality.

More people all over the world have wanted and have bought the Victrola than any other musical instrument of its type. Because the Victrola brings to them the greatest music by the greatest artists. Because it covers the whole field of music—it may be a violin, a band, a piano, a voice, at will. Because the Victrola is supreme in fidelity and beauty of tone. Because of all instruments the Victrola is the most completely responsive to every varying mood.

And it is the instrument which the world's greatest artists have selected as the best. It is the instrument selected by music-lovers throughout the world as the best. It is certainly the instrument which you will want for your home.

Victors and Victrolas \$12 to \$950. Visit your Victor dealer.

VICTROLA

"Victrola" is the Registered Trademark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month



Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture, and should be used together to secure a perfect reproduction.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO., CAMDEN, N. J.



IVORY has *all* the qualities that people of refinement desire in a soap for their toilet and bath.

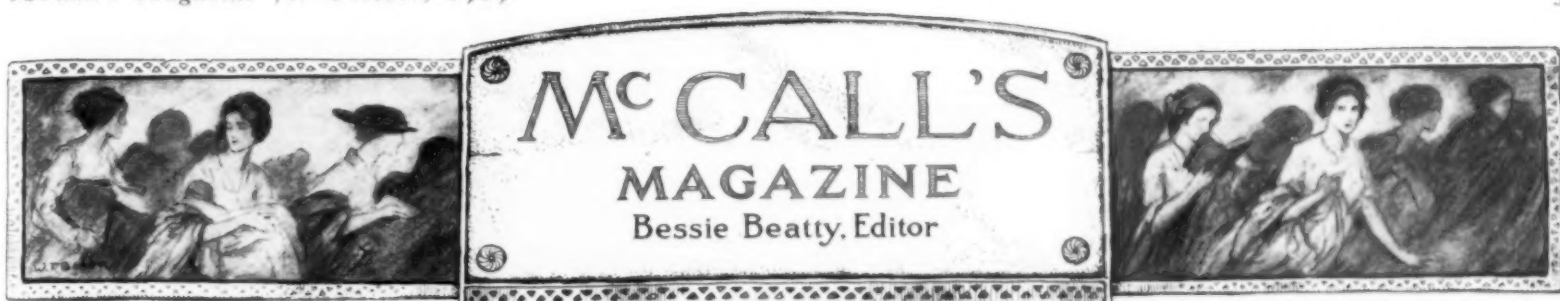
It is white, as a skin soap should be. It is unscented, but is faintly fragrant with the pleasing natural odor of its high-grade ingredients. It is pure—contains only the choicest materials, which are cleansed and refined until free from all foreign matter. It is mild—so free from uncombined alkali that it feels grateful even to the skin of a baby. It makes a thick soft lather of myriads of lively bubbles—a lather that can be rubbed in thoroughly without drying on the skin. It rinses so easily and completely that it never leaves a trace of soapy stickiness or unsightly gloss. It floats.

Can you think of *anything* else *you* would want in your soap?

IVORY SOAP. . .  . . . 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE
IT FLOATS

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada





The Dark Mirror

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK FAY



"I don't know," he said; "it's one of the most extraordinary cases I've ever heard of!"
"You don't—you don't think it means—insanity—do you, Philip?"

PART ONE

I. ASLEEP OR WAKING—WHICH?

ROUSING on an elbow, Priscilla Maine found herself with a racing heart, a throat swollen with a cry of horror, and a mind through whose painted murk the reflection of a woman's screams ran like a thread of purple light. Yet here was only silence absolute, in darkness.

Drugged with lees of dream, her wits at first refused to take hold on reality. Sinking back, she lay in motionless suspense between dream and waking—save she panted and was shaken by the panic of her bosom—till staring vision cleared sufficiently to perceive, overhead, the rectangle of a skylight framing violet gloom.

With a low gasp of relief that was half a sob of fright as well, she sprang up from the divan, stumbled to the wall, and after a few moments' groping found the switch and flooded the studio with milky radiance from an inverted dome.

Dazed eyes identified, one after another, objects which lifelong association had made common and kindly in her sight. And, in a passion of gratitude, she embraced the reassurance inherent in the atmosphere of that richly furnished, spacious and silent room—her father's workshop till his death, and ever since her own.

It was true, then. She was safely restored to her own intimate environment. Here nothing resembled even remotely that frowzy room of terrors. She had merely dreamed a dream, one more of those amazingly real dreams of hers which she had learned to accept without protest as phenomena of slumber unavoidable, singularly harmless, on the whole rather amusing.

So at least they had seemed till this night when, for the first time, stark tragedy had stalked in them unbidden, unheralded, rending with ruthless hands the flimsy texture of illusion and rendering the dream more fact to her than this awakening, more true, and so much the more dreadful.

Pressing palms to temples that throbbed and burned, she made her way to the bathroom and bathed her face with cold water, then with cologne, till in the sensory reaction of

flesh and nerves she began to feel measurably more calm and self-possessed, more Priscilla Maine than the woman of her dream.

A twittering telephone recalled her to the studio. Receiver to ear, she heard the agitated voice of the elderly kinswoman whom she called aunt.

"Priscilla! Where have you been all evening? I've been half frantic!"

"I haven't been anywhere, Aunt Esther—only asleep, here in the studio."

"But I called up twice, and Central said you didn't answer."

"I'm sure I didn't, so Central must have told the truth." She heard a complaining vague murmur—"that dreadful studio"—and laughed lightly. "Please don't be cross. I didn't go to do it, honest I didn't. About half-past five I stopped painting and thought I'd lie down for a little rest. And now it's—" she consulted and frowned reprovingly at her wrist-watch—"a quarter to eleven. I felt sure it was much later."

"Late enough for you to be alone there, in that horrid place. Do hurry home. I'll send Arthur with the car at once."

"Please."

She donned hat and cloak before a mirror in whose insusceptible depths she saw, set in her own hat and individual coiffure, the face of the girl whom in her dreams she knew as another woman altogether. Yet it was likewise the face of Priscilla Maine.

VAINLY, with importunate eyes, she questioned that counterfeit of two countenances. How could this thing be? Was she one woman waking and another while she slept? Was there in her a dual personality? Did two natures struggle within her, one prevailing only in her hours of slumber, and not always even then? That train of speculation she was afraid to pursue too far.

Beside the mirror—a long pier-glass—a heavy studio easel held a full-length canvas, an unfinished portrait of herself in the Zingara dress she had once worn at a costume dance. Started long ago, the painting now neared completion. Inspecting it with fault-finding eyes, she saw that it was good, and she was hard to please when her own work

was in question. The figure on the canvas lived; its striking pose was instinct with an almost insolent vitality; the face glowed with zest of life; the eyes seemed transiently arrested in an instant of gay impudence altogether charming.

Her troubled gaze turned back to the mirror's faithful presentment of a slender, modishly gowned young worldling, finished product of a fashionable upbringing, a little proud, reserved, thoughtful, exquisite—Priscilla Maine.

But the girl on the canvas was of a world outside the one she knew. And in her Self both lived. Which was which? Which false, which true? She shook a head baffled, bewildered, and dull with wondering.

THE door-bell interrupted. She answered, finding the chauffeur waiting to escort her to her town car which he had left in Macdougall street, at the mouth of the Alley. She was glad of his company, for the Alley was poorly lighted and rather grimly desolate at that hour. Their heels struck echoes uncannily loud from its uneven flagging. Doorways made deep pockets of ambiguous shadow. Any thing might happen there after dark, Priscilla told herself, and none be the wiser before morning.

As the car turned through Eighth street, then north upon the avenue, studiously dissipated Greenwich villagers were seeping into the café of the Brevoort, all yearning to be "different." She envied them desperately, whose one desire was to be normal, commonplace, an every-day girl with no secret eccentricity to stand between herself and love.

She had long since made up her mind she must never marry while this dream life continued to exert its occult influence upon her. To risk transmitting to her children a mental taint or lesion was unthinkable. So, though she met love or its likeness as often as a woman will who has not only grace, beauty and charm of breeding, but secure position and comfortable fortune, resolutely she had put love aside, not infrequently at dear cost to herself in nights of wakeful mutiny.

Now of a sudden she remembered the man Mario (man or merely shadow?) and in a poignant turn of reminiscence recalled his luminous and compelling eyes, the potent magnetism of his presence, and felt anew upon her own the pressure of his lips.

In the memory of that kiss she found a sweetness ineffably precious. And in the knowledge that his love was dedicated to that other Self, Priscilla suffered the first bitter pang of that torment which spares not body, mind, nor soul, and which is jealousy.

Was it to be her fate to love one shape of dream and hate another?

IT was high noon when she awoke in a pleasant languor and rang for her maid. She adored breakfasting in bed, and did so today with a relish somehow sharpened by a mischievous sense of playing truant. Not the least inclination toward work influenced her decision not to visit the studio all that day, or the dozen diverting plans she made for frittering away the hours.

Recollection of the dream recurred tardily, sluggishly, like images reluctantly taking shape on an under-exposed photographic film, and when sharpest and most definite seemed pale and unimportant in that warm flood of sunlight which bathed her bedchamber, as little worthy of consideration as a wraith of nightmare. But it served to pique her curiosity, and she lay a long half-hour in pensive indolence, something distraught, toward the end aware of an imperative need for enlightenment. The thing had grown too serious, was figuring too largely in her life; if the influence was not to prove altogether ill, she must have knowledge of its nature to give her heart courage.

In all the world she knew but one person in whom she could conceive it possible to repose such confidences.

She took the telephone from the bedside stand. Merely to hear his low-pitched, agreeable voice with its ineradicable tinge of humor was comforting. Her clouded countenance was lighted up by a smile of gratitude—and of affection, too.

"Philip, dear! Do you know I haven't seen you for ages?"

"That's brazen blague, Priscilla. You know I know it, and nightly tears bedew my pillow if you haven't called up during the day."

"Don't be silly. Nothing can excuse the way you've been neglecting me."

"It's your own fault. You will insist on drenching your springtime with turpentine and varnish, overlooking the most important things in life entirely."

"What do you consider the most important thing in life? Yourself?"

"No; you. And next to you, letting me make love to you."

"But, Philip, you do it so poorly, you're so professional; you transfix me with the penetrating eye of diagnosis and prescribe: 'Love me!'—for all the world as if love were something in a bottle labeled *Shake well before using!* And I really don't feel run down."

"I see. You want love slipped over on you—like bribing the cook to put a philter in your coffee."

She laughed delightedly. "That's it, Philip! Subtlety does it."

"Thanks for the tip. Don't be surprised if you wake up some fine morning and find yourself madly in love with me."

"Please, Philip! I called up to ask you a very serious question. What's a psycho-analyst?"

"Well, I'm one—a cross between a quack and a confidence man."

"I know; but what do you do when you're duly functioning as such?"

"You mean, how do I make a living?"

"No—only what do you do to make people pay you fat fees."

"Why, without their knowing it, I pry into their souls and ferret out their secrets—those they purposely try to cover up and those they themselves know nothing about."

"Do people have secrets they don't know about?"

"More often than not we suffer from the pressure of secrets buried so deep in the subconscious we don't even suspect their existence."

"How do you do it, Philip—find such things out?"

"Mostly by low cunning, Priscilla; I ask apparently innocent questions that *ain't*, and lay traps and beguile patients into giving themselves away in various ways no real gentleman would stoop to."

"And then what happens?"

"Why, naturally, when I've dug up the scandal that makes the soul sick, I show the patient how foolish he is to let himself be affected by matters past mending, and tell him how to overcome his weakness. Sometimes even that isn't necessary; secrets thrive in the dark, you know; expose them to the sunlight and, as often as not, they shrivel up and vanish right under the patient's eyes. In which case, there's no use arguing; he's cured already."

"I see. . . . Philip, will you do me a favor—psycho-analyze me?"

"Hello!" He was impressed. "What's up?"

"I think I've got a buried secret, and I want you to ex-lume it and see what it's made of."

"Are you serious?"

"Desperately."

"M-m-m. . . . What are you doing this afternoon?"

"Having you to tea at the studio."

"Right-o! What time? Four?"

"Please. I'll be waiting for you—and so very glad to see you, Philip."

"There!" the eminent psycho-analytic physician complained—"there you go, taking all the joy out of life. Just when I'm figuring my fee ought to buy me a Rolls-Royce, you spoil everything by overpaying me in the beginning."

"How?"

"Didn't I hear you promise to be glad to see me?"

FOUR o'clock found Priscilla in her studio superintending the preparation of tea by the maid she had brought with her, placing the table and the chairs the way she wanted them—setting the stage for a scene which, she felt instinctively, might affect most intimately all her days to come. In spite of this tolerably grave consideration, she was in a most cheerful mood, more than once caught herself humming the latest irresistible fox-trot, and, when she stopped to think about it, appreciated that the pleasure of anticipation was largely responsible for her good temper. She was always pleased when Philip was about. He was, she thought, the dearest man she knew. He never failed to amuse her, to bring out all that was best in her; and consciousness of the love he had for her was something she would not willingly have forfeited. She was only sorry she didn't love him in return; at least, not in the way Philip wanted and deserved to be loved. In her own way she did, with a very quiet, undemonstrative and enduring affection; a vastly different thing from what she might have given had she not set her face so steadfastly against love and all its wiles. Vastly different, too, from such love as had thrown Leonora into the arms of Mario.

She paused, a slight frown puckering her delicately lined brows. Strange how the memory of that caress had power to tug at her heart-strings! Stranger still that anything as fantastic as that shadowy love of shadows should seem so real, more real than all else in the content of her dream, even its culminating tragedy more real, indeed, than anything in this world of reality wherein she moved and lived and had her being.

It was none of it so real to her as Mario's kiss. . . . She gave a gesture of doubt and anxiety. If this were not love, what was it? Not sanity; how could one love a phantom? She began to regret the impulse which had moved her to call up Philip Fosdick. How could she bring herself to confess this secret even to him? Yet how keep it hidden? How hope to hoodwink that keen insight which had lifted him to his present high place in the ranks of psychopathologists? She was anything but proficient in deception; life thus far had afforded her too little reason for mastering such accomplishments. She sang no more, and awaited Philip's coming with graver misgivings than she liked.

But Fosdick had a way of ignoring constraint and implanting confidence even in those who had no special liking for him. And when he took Priscilla's hands and held them well apart while he looked her over with shrewd, indulgent eyes, she found it impossible to keep from answering his smile in kind. And when she saw how well he looked, how very much alive and alert—mentally and physically Philip seemed always keyed to concert-pitch and never to know a let-down—hesitation and doubts were swept away like leaves in an autumnal wind.

"I suspected it," he announced, nodding sagely; "you're a fraud—and thank God for that! Nobody ever looked so wholesomely lovely who 'let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek.' Now give me tea, please, and tell me *all*."

She made a little moué of petulance. "I knew you'd laugh at me."

Philip flopped boyishly into his favorite chair, and helped himself to a cigarette. "Well?" he demanded with mock brusqueness when she gave him his cup. She demurred with her adorably shy smile. "Come now! I'm called in as a physician. Let's get down to business."

"Give me time to think."

"Against the rules. How can I unmask your shameful duplicity, whatever it is, if I give you time to build up barriers?"

"So there was nothing left for it but compliance."

"How long have you known me, Philip?"

"To the best of my recollection, since you were about a year old."

"Have you ever noticed in me anything to lead you to believe I am abnormal?"

"Never!"

"Well, there *is* something. . . . Philip, I have dreams."

"That's good. You look so angelic I was beginning to be afraid you weren't human at all; and I'd much rather love a woman than an angel."

"But the strangest dreams. . . . Let me tell you. And please don't laugh."

He drew the soberest face of sympathy imaginable.

"Go on."

"As far back as I can remember, I've every now and then had a special sort of dream that seemed very real to me. Even as a little girl, though they weren't so definite. . . . But when I began to grow into long dresses, the dreams took on a certain form they've kept ever since. Perhaps I can best describe them by saying they're not ordinary dreams at all—confused, you know, and meaningless."

"Few dreams are meaningless, if one knows their symbolism," Philip interrupted.

"But these are different, like chapters from another life; as if one opened a book at random and read part of a story that had neither beginning nor end but still intelligible form. . . . you know."



"That's clear enough."
"And in all these dreams I seem to see myself, precisely my identical self in looks at least, in surroundings such as I've never seen but only read about."

"Such as—?"
"What I fancy slums must be like. The self I see in dreams belongs there—dresses, acts, talks like a girl who has never had any advantages to speak of, education nor contact with the pleasant side of life. All the same—she is myself—much as if I put on a disguise so complete it changed even my habits of thought and speech, even my sentiments and impulses. This girl does and says things I never could and, awake, have never thought of. But to her they seem quite right, the right and natural things to do and say."

"I understand." Now unfeignedly intrigued, Philip had abandoned all pretense of treating the matter lightly, and was sitting forward, an idle cigarette smoldering between his fingers, his eyes intently searching Priscilla's face. "Tell me about the material of these dreams. Go back as far as you can."

"My first memories are very vague," Priscilla told him; "I don't recall being impressed that they were strange or in any way real. They were childish and simple, impressions of another little girl who was unhappy most of the time. She lived with a wretched old woman who was cruel to her, seemed to enjoy beating her—in a mean little flat some-

She heard a dull crash and saw the door slam back against the wall. Deafened by Red's profane instructions to get herself out through the window, she made a vain attempt to obey



A rattle of shots sounded and, looking back, she saw the man Ennis pitch forward on his knees, then fall prone. The policeman, scrambling up, pistol in hand, received the rest of the clip in Red's automatic. Screaming with horror, the girl fell back from the window. Red caught her by the arm and dragged her after him

where. The old woman used to tell fortunes with cards, in the front room. But now all that's very vague. I don't remember much more, except that the little girl used to play a great deal in the streets."

"But when she—or you—grew up, you say the dreams grew more real?"

"Yes; something happened to the old woman, I presume she died; and the girl was left alone to look out for herself. I don't know what she did for a living because I never saw her except at night. Then I would meet her, or rather find myself with her in *The Street of Strange Faces*."

A questioning look obliged Priscilla to break off here and explain about *The River*, *The Dark Corner*, and *The Street*; and the explanation merged naturally into the story of last night's dream.

II. THE STREET OF STRANGE FACES

THE way of the thing was ever the same (she said). It befell without warning. Or rather, Priscilla had never learned to take heed of signs which seemed plain enough in retrospect, when she sat alone and puzzled her pretty head with the dark riddle of this shadow life which set her so widely apart from every girl she knew and, indeed, from all the rest of humankind.

Yesterday, as always, had been a day of restlessness with her, whose every hour brewed its own peculiar mood, whose every mood was purposeless, with times of almost feverish gaiety, causeless, fitful, fugitive; and other times when for no reason in her knowledge she caught herself sighing long fluttering sighs that shook her strangely.

Toward nightfall all these were soothed away into a feeling of serene poise and self-possession. And she fell asleep thinking of life in the likeness of a wide and placid river, wherein she drifted like a fearless swimmer—a stream whose waters were warm, sweet, and calm with a penetrating quality of delicious calm she never dreamed could be disturbed, so absolute it seemed, so permanent, so imperturbable.

But insidiously while she slept the tranquil surface of that contentment was flawed by apprehensions of nameless danger, as though the swimmer felt herself subtly ensnared by a current whose irresistible will was altogether toward destruction.

Now at length perceiving what was to come, panic paralyzed in her the instinct of self-preservation. And, at the same time, fascination was at work; deep within her a mad desire to go again that wild way she had so often gone, and once more be, and do, and see.

On ahead, like a bend in the river, waited that turning in her psychic life which she knew as *The Dark Corner*: while she lay passive in the grasp of that power which so obscurely had its rise in her, yet was repugnant to her, being at once her *Will* and her *Necessity*. And as *The Dark Corner* drew momentarily more near, the transfusion which she termed the *Change* was effected by what may only be described as a convulsion of her very soul, after which came lassitude, a vast enervation in which all lingering traces of reluctance were obliterated.

Now she was no longer herself, but another woman, a strange woman clothed in her own flesh but no other way akin to herself of every-day, having no thought, impulse or sentiment with which that Self could sympathize, save such as may be considered common to their sex. Yet, incomprehensibly, consciousness of the old self-identity survived; and though (as she conceived it) dispossessed from its tenement, her Self continued by her body's side, observant, critical, intrigued.

In this wise rounding *The Dark Corner*, she passed into that place which she had named *The Street of Strange Faces*; and the enigma of this confusion of Self with non-Self was forgotten in a rush of exotic sensation and emotion, excitement and lawless joy.

TO Priscilla the strangest thing about *The Street of Strange Faces* was that she found neither it nor any of its *Faces* really strange. She knew *The Street* whose stones her feet had never trod; knew all its turns and windings, its doorways and byways, its smells and sounds, its babel of tongues, its window-lights that bit the shadows with such diversity of ardor.

Through this welter of light and shadow, in the sidewalk channels, the *Faces* passed and repassed, lurking darkly in forbidding doorways, coming and going in uncouth carnival: kind and brutal, cunning and naive, wicked and innocent, swarthy, fair, unique, commonplace; faces that disgusted, faces that allured, faces that meant nothing, were mere empty, mouthing masks; faces twisted and working, or set and stamped with every passion flesh is heir to; grinning, leering, scowling, blazing, bacchic, austere, blank.

She knew them all; they all knew her. The sense of strangeness ebbed; with every step, with every look round, with every breath she drew, the girl was losing touch with that other Self which had so singularly faded into impotence at *The Dark Corner*, but which still kept step with her. It clung to her more closely than her shadow, and watched and compared while taking part in actions foreign to its nature and experiencing reactions obscure to it.

Now the girl went swiftly, with ease and boldness, giving the *Faces* look for look, smile for smile, frown for frown; laughing impishly up at a tall policeman who knitted black brows over indulgent blue eyes; flinging racy retorts to the banter of a knot of men emerging from a gin-mill; chaffing hucksters over the tawdry virtues of their wares; pausing once and again to exchange more kindly persiflage with friends. She cut an impudent figure, as confident and unabashed as a colt turned loose in home pastures.

She liked it, she liked it all, she was permeated to her very marrow with delight in sounds and sights and smells.

The Street, never wide, was the narrower for its double rank of push-carts. Between these the occasional automobile or horse-drawn vehicle went gingerly, to spare the multitude of urchins, half-dressed and less than half-washed, that swarmed upon the asphalt. Tenement houses—their fire-escapes converted into balconies lavishly draped with candid bedding and still more candid women—drew confident heads together on high. The air was sluggish, thick with unnatural haze and rank with many odors. The night was tumultuous with screams of children at crude play; howls of babies wallowing in neglect; bawling of street-vendors; clatter of tinny pianos; blare and whine of jaded phonographs; the drunken giggle of a fiddle; and, from some far, high coin, the forlorn complaint of a French horn.

The girl hugged to herself the joy of living; all this to her was the breath of life; even more, it was enterprise, adventure, the very stuff of *Romance*.

She went her way smiling, with a conscious smile bred of knowledge that she was dressed in her best. If her looks were free and roving, they were likewise keen and watchful. Though the width of the street was between them, she was well aware of two plain-clothes men who turned to stare when she had gone by and conferred together concerning her. But that was a minor circumstance; more fun, than reason for worry. Let 'em rubber as much as they wanted; they hadn't anything on her—never would have. They

couldn't jug a girl for wearing good clothes, even if they didn't know where she had got them or how.

The stress in her attention was due to considerations far more weighty; and when, of a sudden, at a crossing, she descried its cause, she stopped in unfeigned dismay, with startled pulses.

On the far corner a tall man, simply clothed, composed of habit, stood—head and shoulders lifting above the crowd. Against the tawny flames of naphtha torches his profile was sharp and black, the silhouette of an ascetic; but none better than she knew how its austerity was belied by haunted eyes whose sincerity could wring truth from lips that moved to frame a lie.

And he was looking for her. She knew that, too. In a flurry so real it touched her anger, she swung aside into a grim by-street, heedless of everything but the necessity of escaping, knowing in her heart she could not escape.

She detected the sound of pursuing footfalls. Tempted to run, she refrained only because flight must be interpreted as a confession of weakness.

"Leonora!" Her name was called in a voice of resonant accents. "I beg of you. . . . It is I, Mario!"

She stopped and swung round with a specious show of surprise. "Oh, hello! It's you."

The man paused, hat in hand, his attitude one of pleading and reproach. "You saw me, Leonora. You heard me call. Why did you run—from me?"

She tossed her head. "What makes you think I did?"

"I do not think, I know. You turned up this street to avoid me. Why?"

"If you thought that—that I wanted to be left alone—why'd you follow me?"

The man lifted his hands, palms uppermost, and let them fall. "You know. . . . I love you. I make no secret of that. I have told you—how many times?—a hundred! Yes"—his enunciation grew more rapid—"and you are not indifferent to me. You never said so, but. . . . I know."

"Oh, I like you all right—"
"No—more than that; too much to wish to hurt me. Is it not so?"

"Why, of course. But—"

"Then when you run from me as if I were a plague, what am I to do? Stand still and let my hurt heart break? Or follow and beg you to tell me why?"

"Well—if you've got to know—I'm in a hurry. I've got a date."

"And I am detaining you! Forgive me—but let me go with you a little way."

The girl shot hunted glances right and left; then, since nothing in sight promised diversion, said ungraciously: "Nobody can stop your walking with me."

"Nobody but you, Leonora. One word—"

"One word from me, and you'll do exactly as you please." With a nervous laugh—"Oh, come along!"—she turned back, walking hastily, the man Mario falling in at her side. "I'd just as leave you didn't come all the way, though."

"You do not wish me to know where you go." He nodded sober confirmation of an unuttered guess. "I see."

"You see a terrible lot!" The girl had a spasm of irritation. "You're always seeing things. Well, what do you see now?"

"You go to meet those others—those whom I have so often begged you—"

"Guess it's my business who my friends are."

"That cannot affect the truth, that such associations are unwise."

"Maybe, I'm best judge of that, too."

"Leonora, why pretend to me? Deceive yourself if you must and can—but do not attempt it, even, with one who loves you as I do. It is so useless."

Mario put his hand under her arm, lightly piloting her through the human mazes of the brawling street, which they crossed squarely and quickly left behind. After a little, being in the wrong, she said sulkily: "I don't see why you're always making out I'm trying to put something over on you. I never promised."

"True. But you know I am right, that I would never ask anything of you not justified by man's natural solicitude for the woman of his love. You know what these friends of yours are; and their ways, their inevitable end. You know, if you persist, your fate must be as theirs."

"I guess what's good enough for my friends is good enough for me—"

"No, Leonora, you are too good for that—or I could not love you."

The man paused and drew the girl to an unwilling pause with him, midway down a dark, dead block of industrial buildings, with a windowless wall beside them and not a soul near-by to hear. The rays of a distant street-lamp revealed an intense earnestness animating his dark, strong face, and the girl was distressed by this revelation of an affection more enduring, generous and frank than any she had ever known.

"I am not a common man," Mario was stating simple fact, innocent of conceit. "I know the world and those who live in it. Where I go, I look about me, and reflect on what I see. I am seldom mistaken in people who interest me. And you whom I love. . . . I tell you, Leonora, there is something fine in you, something finer than you dream, something that might ennoble you if you would give it leave."

You are no more of this life than I, and you do a wrong thing, a wicked and a cruel thing, when you trample down that which is good in you and might bring you to a splendid destiny."

Impressed against her will, touched, and flattered, too, she looked uneasily away, twisting her hands together, her tongue faltering. "I suppose you know what you mean."

"And you, also. I mean, you could love me if you would, and in my love, in the life I offer you, become the self that today you hide away so jealously—your real self, a woman fine and strong and true, not this adventure-loving companion of rogues and vagabonds, and worse!" He gave an imploring gesture. "Ah, Leonora, if only you would give them up."

She looked up with wistful eyes, all effrontery abandoned. She searched his face in wonder. When he disturbed her so profoundly, why did she like him so much? What was it that gave him power to charm her wits away, discontent her with all that had otherwise seemed excellent and complete, make nothing of the steel of her set purpose? Was it love alone?

He loved her, she was satisfied of that, but with such forbearance, such consideration, tenderness and understanding as left her incredulous. In *The Street* love was another thing entirely, a fiercer, cruder business, brusque and selfish without disguise—something open, direct and casual, but as essential as meat and drink. But this was different, this love Mario had for her.

Yes; and it was true, what he asserted, he too was different. There was no one like him, so gentle and strong and brave, fastidious, reserved and thoughtful. In her world he made a figure strikingly incongruous. Yet he lingered in it obstinately, in part (he told her) because it was his passion to study every side of life, but in main because he loved her and would never willingly give her up. Her heart misgave her; she was afraid.

"Leonora!" he pleaded. "Come with me."

She sought to put sentiment aside with a hard little laugh of scorn. "I guess you don't understand. Red would kill me if I chucked him!"

"He would never find you where I would take you; or if he ever did, he would not dare lift eyes to you, or know in you, a lady, moving in the world for which she was born, the girl he knew as Leonora and loved—with whatever feeling it is he calls love!"

In a dull voice she insisted: "You don't know Red."

But she was more than tempted. She liked Mario too much, better even than Red—at last she admitted it—Red whose conquest had, till now, been her greatest pride. In his narrow sphere Red prevailed solely through brute cunning, hardness and ruthlessness. Life with him would never lack interest. But with Mario she could be happy, content and unafraid.

"Come with me, Leonora, and be your true self. Life can be beautiful."

He played shrewdly on her most secret weakness. She was fond of believing herself, through some romantic accident, better than her associations, superior in point of birth as well as in spirit and intelligence. Vistas opened to her contemplation. She knew momentary intimations of a fate as strange as that he promised her. But this vision was swiftly dissipated by her honest conviction that no earthly power could save her from Red's vengeance.

"You don't know Red." She shook her head solemnly in a spirit of fatal prophecy. "He'd croak you, too; he'd croak us both." And, as Mario smiled faintly, "He isn't the only one, he's got his gang."

"What are such creatures? Vermin—less than vermin, nothing!"

"You're not afraid of dying?"

"Who knows but death may prove infinitely more wonderful than this life? There is but one way of finding out."

She heard him in a stare. The woman in her could hardly be unaffected by the handsome gravity of that extraordinary countenance. And under the spell of his mentality, she acknowledged now for the first time that he was essential. Nothing mattered if she must forego the love of Mario. And, of a sudden, care wrung from her heart a cry of self-betrayal:

"Maybe you're not afraid, Mario. But I am—afraid for you. I wish you'd go away."

"You care that much!"

"No—not the way you mean—"

"You love me!" Her hands lifted in protest. He caught both in his own. His shadowed eyes grew luminous. "You love me, Leonora—at last!"

He was drawing her steadily toward him. All her strength seemed to have ebbed from her limbs. There was madness in the beating of her heart; madness mounted like mist into her brain. Now she was in his arms, and glad. For a long breath she was a mere thing of reeling senses.

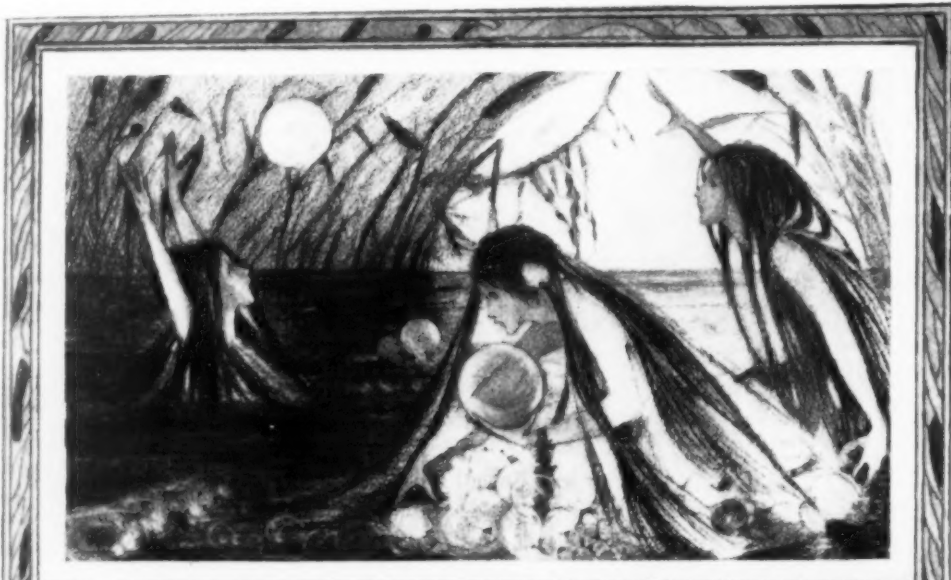
"You love me!"

"I don't know," she murmured—"maybe—"

"Tomorrow you will marry me, and we will go away. Say you will marry me!"

"I don't know—perhaps—yes. But not tomorrow—not right away."

"Why—?"



CHILD-SONG

By Jane Myer

*Do you see, little girl, how the lilacs blow,
Blow in the moonlight to and fro?
Do you hear the song that the fairies sing,
Sing in the fragrant night of Spring
By the brook in the moonlight glow?*

*Years will pass, little girl, and the lilacs blow,
Blow in the moonlight to and fro;
But the song will be hushed, for the fairies sing
Just to the child in the night of Spring,
By the brook in the moonlight glow.*

*But if through the years, when the lilacs blow,
Blow in the moonlight to and fro,
You would hear the song that the fairies sing—
Be as a child in the night of Spring,
By the brook in the moonlight glow.*

"Let me go—I'll tell you."

He released her. She stepped back, shaken with love and fright, looking fearfully up and down the street. It remained dark and lonely, singularly deserted.

"I can't marry you just yet. I've got to break with Red so's he won't know it wasn't him that broke with me. But you can trust me, Mario. I've promised, and I will, as soon as ever I can." Her voice quavered, and she thrust out her hands, fending off his arms. "Please don't kiss me again, please let me go now. If anybody saw us and told."

He made a sign of submission. "As you will, Leonora. I will see you again, when?"

"Tomorrow. I'll give you a ring about noon and fix it to meet you—uptown somewheres, I guess. Now—I've got to run. Good night . . . dear."

HE uttered in resignation: "Good night." With a flickering smile of fondness she turned and left him, her slight young figure flitting swiftly through the shadows. Beneath the lamp at the far street-corner, she turned, looked back, saw him motionless where she had left him, surmised his look of longing and, waving a hand, ran on, wild joy in her heart contending with cold fear.

For now she had done it, and there'd be the devil to pay. But it couldn't be helped. Though heaven and hell were leagued against them, she would go through. And Mario, too, would go through, now he knew she loved him, though Red and all the world should try to stop him.

Breathless, she presently modified her pace to a rapid walk, but went on blindly, threading a labyrinth of streets of which she retained no impression other than of a blur of dubious shadows and uncertain lights.

Her walk took on the semblance of an aimless saunter. She met the policeman she had seen from a distance, looked him impudently up and down, got a blank stare in response, and passed on. Half way down a block, in the shadow of the elevated, she turned sharply and entered what had once been a dwelling of some pretentiousness but was now

dedicated to the decadent uses of—according to its painted sign-board—*Ristori's Table d'Hôte—Dinner with wine 75 cents—Luncheon 50 cents.*

She was late. Few patrons of the establishment remained in the general dining-room. Scanning their faces, she recognized nobody; and, glancing backward, she saw that nobody paid her the least heed as she darted up the stairs.

In the corridor at the head of the first flight, she turned to the back of the house and knuckled the panels of the farthest door with a triple knock of peculiar timing. A hum of voices in the closed room died away, a key grated, the door swung open. She went in, nodding lightly to the man who had admitted her and, finding herself under the concentrated regard of eleven pairs of eyes, paused in the middle of the floor and struck a spirited pose.

"Evening, folks! Pipe me new rags!"

A silence answered her, broken after a little by Red Carnehan, who said heavily: "Hello, kid. Sit down."

Ignoring his invitation to an empty chair on his right, she dropped her pose, lifting her eyebrows and reviewing the company with quizzical gaze.

Though both windows were open, closed shutters prevented any draft from vitiating the stuffiness of the "private dining-room." Discolored paper of a morbid pattern was parting in reluctant spirals from the walls. Dust of decades weighed down an elderly carpet and obscured its design. Scorbatic paint disfigured fine old woodwork.

The man who had let Leonora in having resumed his place, twelve were now seated at a table littered with debris of a meal. Because of the heat all the men but one—Mr. Harry the Nut—had put off their coats and collars. The women had loosened their blouses at the throat. Leonora, looking from one face to another, found each sullen of cast if not openly hostile. She sketched a lofty smile.

"What's the funeral?"

Red Carnehan—red of head and hand; an Italo-Celtic product, as slender, supple and sinewy as a snake, and as deadly—replied sufficiently, "Nobody's—yet," and again waved a hand toward the vacant chair. "Why'n't you sit down? You're pretty late."

"What about it?" The girl flounced to the table and threw herself sideways into the chair. "I don't see as that's any reason why everybody's got to wear mourning."

English Addie, blonde, blowsy and full-bodied, sprawled half across the table, and, without removing the cigarette from her mouth, spoke in accents of cloying affection flatly denied by her semi-sober stare of jealousy.

"Maybe you won't mind tellin' us w'at miled you lite, dearie."

Leonora experienced a qualm of misgiving. Had somebody spied on her and Mario and hurried ahead to tattle? Even so, that was a matter between

Red and herself, nothing to excite ill-feeling in the others. But Red was apparently untroubled.

She lied readily, without a quiver, naming the two plain-clothes men she had noticed in *The Street of Strange Faces*.

"Ennis and Corbin lamped me on the way here—if it's anything in your young life, Addie dear—and I had to chase all over to lose 'em."

"You did shake 'em, kid—sure?" Red demanded with keen interest.

"If I hadn't I wouldn't be here now."

"Maybe so," Charlie the Coke drawled in a voice as colorless as his face. "Maybe not."

"Where do you get that stuff?" In flashing resentment, Leonora swung to face him. For a thought Charlie endeavored to withstand her gaze, assuming a look of vacuity; but the task was beyond the compass of his drug-drenched powers; his eyes shifted, their lids drooped, and his essay in insolence died miserably in a sickly grimace.

"Ah, I didn't mean nothin', Nora."

"You're a liar," the girl stated with crisp conviction. "What's all this, anyway? I want to know."

Her eyes ranged the array of faces, challenging each in turn; and each in turn averted his gaze with an expression more or less sheepish and disconcerted—all but Red, Harry the Nut, and Inez, the third woman present.

Red's look was morose and anxious; Harry, slenderly elegant in flashy but admirably tailored clothing, wore a look of satiric amusement; Inez, like Leonora, dark and young but lacking her clear pallor and regularity of features, confronted her with an unquestionable sneer.

"Well? What's it all about? Start something, somebody—why don't you? If anything's gone wrong, let me in the know."

The Nut shrugged and, with supercilious nonchalance, selected another cigarette from the flat gold case he was fond of displaying. Inez seemed eager to speak, but Red forestalled her.

"It's like this, kid: Eddie's been pinched."

[Continued on page 31]

The Man Who Played Safe

By Jennette Lee

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

THE room in which Herman Radnor sat was ruled off half-way up to the high ceiling by a mahogany rail. Below the railing a ground-glass partition shut off the rest of the bank, and the ground-glass door bore the inscription in black lettering, *President's Room. Private.*

Herman Radnor spent his days in the ground-glass room. He arrived punctually, as the clock in the neighboring steeple was pointing to nine, and he left when the heavy pointers indicated three in the afternoon. In the hours between he attended faithfully to the affairs of the First National Bank of Camden.

On Sundays, when the affairs of the bank did not need attention, he worshiped in the church adjoining, occupying a pew well up the middle aisle on the left. The pew opposite on the right was occupied by Ellen Hillary.

It was the dream of Herman Radnor's life that some day Ellen Hillary would move across the aisle and view the preacher from the left instead of the right. He was only waiting for a safe day to put the question to her. Generations of Hillarys had occupied the pew on the right of the aisle. They had also controlled the affairs of the bank next door. But because Ellen was a woman, and a young woman, the presidency of the bank had now passed to Herman Radnor, who had achieved this position of trust by hard work and strict attention to business. He administered the financial affairs of Camden to the general satisfaction of the public. If there were those who felt that the bank was a little too conservative for modern times, they were in the minority and they were for the most part younger men, who believed that personal power and business integrity should count for as good collateral as stocks and bonds.

Herman Radnor respected business acumen and personal integrity, but when it came to the question of collateral he held tenaciously to more solid substance. For this reason several enterprises that gave good promise for the future went to Ludlow, across the river, where the banks held a more liberal view of security. He believed conscientiously in safety first and he looked forward confidently to the collapse of the Ludlow boom. But as yet the collapse had not come, and Ludlow moved forward to the position of third city in the state, while Camden remained as always a safe town in which to do business, and a pleasant but not exciting place of residence.

Herman Radnor did not ask for excitement from life. He preferred walking to motoring. He could afford a car and a chauffeur, but he walked to and from the bank each day. He liked the exercise and it helped to keep him in good form for work. He took excellent care of his health. His digestion was perfect.

As he sat in the ground-glass room, his competent eyes following the list of securities his pencil checked off, he was the embodiment of all that the First National Bank of Camden stood for—a man of substance, well-groomed, well-shod and well-fed. The carpet under his neat shoes was thick and lustrous, the polished table beneath his arm was of solid oak, and the chair his vigorous frame filled out so comfortably was equipped with the best of springs and covered with pliant leather.

A young man entered and moved noiselessly across the thick carpet. Herman Radnor looked up with tolerant suspended pencil. The young man spoke in a low voice—

"Someone that wants to see you personally."
"Didn't he give his name?" he asked austerely. The young man winced.
"He said you would know him. I will tell him—"
"Show him in," said Herman Radnor curtly. He did not allow his clerks to think for him.

The ground-glass door swung together and swung open again and closed noiselessly behind the man who came in. Herman Radnor did not look up. His pencil finished verifying the column of figures.

The man by the door did not advance. He was surveying the well-furnished room with a little smile. His eyes turned to the safe set in the opposite wall. The open doors revealed well-oiled bolts and locks, and the thick walls of steel.

WHEN Herman Radnor did glance up there was no recognition in his gaze. "You wished to see me?" he asked coldly.

The smile in the man's eyes became a little laugh. "You don't know me, Herman?"

The President of the Bank leaned forward. He surveyed the trim, well-set figure in its shabby clothes. He shook his head.

The man waited without moving and Herman Radnor's eyes studied him again with a detached look.

"It's not Jim Fenshaw?" he asked, half doubtfully.

"Certainly is!" replied the other, and came forward.

Herman Radnor took the extended hand. His gaze still studied the lean firm jaw and the keen blue eyes that looked out under level brows.

"You are changed," he said shortly.

"I hope so!" responded the other. "It has been four years, you know."

"Sit down," said the president, pointing to a chair.

"When did you get back?"

"This morning."

"Came right here?"

"I've been up to the old place."

"Well—" Radnor hesitated. "I'm sorry we haven't anything for you—"

The man stared at him a minute oddly, then he smiled.

"We advanced Butler, you know, when you left—got in a new boy. So that leaves no opening. We have to take care of the people who stand by us."

"Of course," said Fenshaw absently.

"If you had waited till we went into the war we should have kept your place open. But to leave two years before it was necessary—in a mere spirit of adventure, one might say—"

"I did not come about work," said Fenshaw abruptly.

"I want a loan."

"Ah—" said Radnor. His face grew cold and a little cautious.

"You have security?"

"My place. . . . I suppose you will accept that?"

"For a certain amount," allowed the president.

"Five hundred will do me."

"We should be willing to stand for a thousand," said Radnor. "More if you want it."

"Five hundred is enough—for the present."

"Very well." One could have fancied almost a note of disappointment in the smooth voice. "It is unencumbered, I suppose?"

"Absolutely. And taxes paid—up to date." He laughed.

"I've managed it so far. But I don't mind telling you I need a little help when they come due this next time."

Herman Radnor touched the bell.

"We will have the mortgage papers made out," he said quietly.

Fenshaw looked at him. "You would not be willing to advance it on my personal note—if I assure you the place is free and will remain so?"

"A mortgage is only a form," replied Radnor pleasantly.

He did not glance at the clerk who came in. "Bring a copy of Form B and tell Crippen not to go out. I shall want him to swear in a paper." He turned to Fenshaw—"You have the deed with you?"

"Yes—I thought we might need it." He smiled a little

dryly and took it from the pocket of his loose-fitting coat.

Radnor noted that the cuff was frayed as the hand drew out the paper. He glanced at it carelessly. "You don't care to sell outright?" he asked.

For a moment James Fenshaw hesitated. His fingers on the deed seemed to come together almost of themselves.

"I might," he said slowly. "I will let you know tomorrow."

"You have not made your plans then?"

"In a way—yes. I want to keep on in the Service."

"Going to stay in the army?" asked Radnor, surprised.

"Not in the army necessarily, but in aviation. That is my branch, you know."

"No, I didn't know. Risky business, isn't it?" The president looked at him pityingly from his height.

"Perhaps." The man's smile touched it. "Most things are risky—that are worth while," he said.

"Do you think so?" The banker's tone was smooth. He sat back solidly in his chair. He surveyed the lean figure—the firm-set lines and shabby coat with its frayed cuffs.

"There is risk in most things," he admitted. "But flying is different, as I look at it. It's one of those things we can get along without. I should call it foolhardy myself—now that the war is over," he added tolerantly.

The other laughed out. "You are right, it is—foolhardy! That is just the word! And there will always be fools who will want to keep on doing it." He placed the deed on the table.

Ten minutes later, when he left the room, the deed remained on the table and beside it was a note for five hundred dollars, interest payable semi-annually. In his shabby pocket-book Fenshaw carried five hundred dollars in clean crisp bills.

Herman Radnor's gaze had followed the bills, almost regretfully it seemed, as Fenshaw counted them and folded them away.

"You don't care to open an account?" he suggested.

Fenshaw shook his head. "Later perhaps. I'll see what I have left. There may not be enough to trouble you with."

Then with another smile and glance about the luxurious room, and a care-free nod to the clerks figuring away behind their steel bars, he passed through the outer room and stepped into the spring sunshine.

As he stood on the walk before the bank he paused a moment and glanced back at the solid structure rising behind him—and then up at the sky where white banks of clouds piled high against the blue. With a little smile he turned and went down the street toward the house he had mortgaged for the crisp new clean bills tucked away in his pocket.

HERMAN RADNOR gazed

thoughtfully at the solid

oak table and at the deed

lying on it and the note for five

hundred dollars. Their neatly-

parallel edges lay at right angles

to the beveled edge of the table.

A smile touched the president's

face—a smile of satisfaction.

James Fenshaw had come back

poorer than he went away. He

was a proud man. And Ellen

Hillary was proud. . . . The

little fear that always haunted his

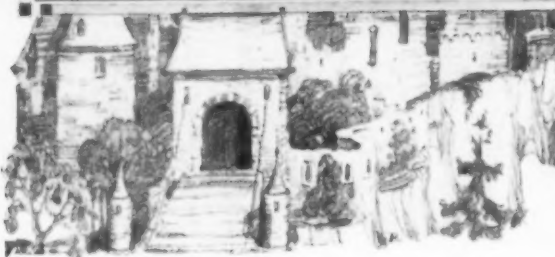
[Continued on page 41]

"Do you love me?"
she demanded. Her
voice was tense



The Twilight

Written by One
Their Sparkling
The Splendor



Sophie, the Kaiser's sister! She who used to weave intrigue behind the palace gates in Athens, in reduced circumstances, like any American chorus girl out of a job! She has exchanged the wide streets of Athens and the garden of pepper-trees and the fragrance of hyacinths and violets blowing royally sweet in the spring, for a Swiss boarding-house and the terrible consciousness that it is better to be a Smith these days than a *née* Hohenzollern. Her husband is still big and handsome and difficult to manage. I recall his coming to tea one afternoon on the yacht on which I was riding in Piræus harbor under the blue Greek sky. Shots were heard from the guns on the warships of the toy Greek navy as the royal launch cut through the bay, and flags went dipping in water. (All such jolly ceremonies, I suppose, will vanish with Venizelos, but Greek bootblacks will have more bread, I hope!) Constantino, on that day, spoke more than he knew of his own fortunes. We were talking of the hospitals. "I never visit them any more," he said, "not since the last Balkan war. I sometimes think that what I used to see might be my fault. Now I send the

and puffed with bright blue satin. And the King of Italy, in the mood of a Royal Santa Claus, had sent her a Sicilian donkey, a mouse-colored darling, and a cart. I had only Shank's ponies. Yet she, too, couldn't learn a music lesson; she, too, talked too much and squabbled with her brothers.

to slaughter for dominion in a world where, if men only tried, each might be a prince in a realm of human brotherhood?

Once when I was young, I coveted. The little Victoria-Luise, the Kaiser's daughter and his favorite child, lived like a little maiden out of *Brothers Grimm*. A Turkish Sultan had sent her two wee ponies and a gaudy pony-cart, lined

Poor girl, poor woman! She donned the uniform of colonel of her father's *Death's Head Hussars*, as one of the Imperial honors. I wonder if she knew what she was doing. I wonder if she guessed the black volition of her father or her own sin against the rôle of woman on this earth—to make life "more abundant and more beautiful." Victoria-Luise, on the eve of her wedding to her father's enemy, Prince Ernest of Cumberland afterward the Duke of Brunswick, said, as any girl might, "I was born on Friday and the thirteenth of the month but my luck hasn't been so very bad, has it?" August, 1914, came hot upon the heels of her happy question.

I remember when the Grand Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, lovely in a



Victoria-Luise in the uniform of colonel of her regiment, the *Death's Head Hussars*



Victoria, Queen of Prussia and Empress of Germany

Victoria-Luise, Duchess of Brunswick, and only daughter of the Kaiser

Alexandra Feodorovna, Czarina of Russia



Olga, eldest daughter of the Czarina of Russia

THE twilight of the kings and of their queens has come. Who will quote now with Robert Louis Stevenson:

*The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.*

Long ago, when the first columns swept through the peace of Belgium and the cannon roared in Poland, and the great war seemed to you in America a strange smoke beyond the waters, there was a prophet in your country. As if he had before him some old magic crystal, he gazed into the valley of the years to come. In words that were afterward translated into nearly every language of the earth, he made a picture of the coming desolations. Savagely he wrote of kings and emperors who pray to God for aid in arms.

"If divinity enters here," he said, "it comes with the sword to deliver the people from the sword. It is the twilight of the kings. The republic marches east in Europe."

"Western Europe of the people may be caught once in this debacle but never again. Eastern Europe of the kings will be remade and the name of God shall not give peace to a hundred square miles of broken bodies."

It is all as he said—the twilight of the kings and queens is here. Soon their story will be companion to the fairy-tales where dwarfs keep watch over the fabulous wealth of princesses, kind and beautiful.

And yet, as I saw them in the days before the war, what a company they were! Sparkling in the sunshine, warm in ermine and cool in fine linen! Sights I have seen man shall never see again. The pomp of their weddings, the glitter of their diamonds, the luster of their pearls! Knowing their doom, and the justice of it, may I not sigh at the passing of so great a pageant and be sorry for the frightened end of these queens and empresses?

Ugly the deeds of their ruined dynasties, but they were women—Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress of all the Russias, with her four flashing daughters; Zita of Hapsburg, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary; Victoria, Queen of Prussia and Empress of Germany; Sophie of Greece; and the host of petty queens, countesses and duchesses that made a German acquaintance of mine say pleasantly, "Ah, we Germans did better than the rest. We got rid of so very many."

"The poor H. R. H.!" writes a friend in Switzerland who is incurably romantic and tender where the blessed dignitaries are concerned, and always a *Town Topics* in herself about crowned heads. "We've all been shocked to know that she's pawned her jewels."

queen." She who now blushes in the Dolder hotel in Zürich, and quarrels with her servants, while, hardly out of hearing, the waiters grumble that the tips aren't large any more.

Hard things, without pity, are being thought of that other poor old woman, chagrined and ailing, who followed her All Highest in his flight to a Dutch villa, and watches him chopping fir-trees into bits, and who dreams, perhaps, at night, of the Belgian peasants who may cut down some fir-trees of their own, naming it the Kaiser's gallows. Poor woman! I never saw her but once, though often enough, in the years before the war. I used to feel a personal grievance toward this woman who listened so patiently to her Lord's exhortations about the relationship of woman to kitchen, church, and children. I wished she had been a militant suffragette and boxed his bristly mustaches. But I wept with her, the once I saw her. She was tired and wretched for all the groomed look on her face. She sat in front of me Christmas week, 1916, at the *Singakademie* in Berlin, listening to Beethoven's *Solemn Mass*. Being a woman, I craned to see the hat of velvet and tulle the Queen of Prussia wore upon her head and wondered if it were one of the twelve hats William II was accustomed to give his Empress on New Year's day, not so much to celebrate the day as to celebrate his own taste. What creature with shawl over her head envies now the white hair of the *frau* of the false prince, leading his people

Princess Feodore of Schleswig-Holstein, who seems to have been planning all her life for just this universal contempt for coronets. She always wore tweeds, wrote books to amuse herself, climbed ladders to the barn, and cured chickens of the pip. "The only truths in life are founded upon work," she makes a character in one of her books say. When she gazes at the host of tumbling German and Austrian coronets, she must feel sorry for her kin as "folks," and really know, with the Berlin postman and the Kiev cobler, that "better times are coming."

It is well that the Durbars has its legend preserved in cinema, for who can promise plumes and trains of elephants and the blare of thousands of trumpets, even to an emperor of India, now that the fêtes of Holy Russia are no more.

The throne-room on Moscow's Kremlin Hill is silent. Not yet have the newer generations learned to trip through, calling it a museum. It is a mere history, a monument of taxes, for the crowning of a Czar and his Czarina.

trailing gown of silver tissue, wedded the *Kronprinz*, with heralds in tabards and twelve thumping-hearted pages all in red helping to make a gay parade. Now she is Mrs. Hohenzollern, and thinking of divorce! How kind her destiny looked in the days when, like any other girl seeing the wonder of May moons, she signed her name to the telegrams that went the round of all her friends:

*We are engaged,
William and Cecilie.
Well, she will probably be comforted by her husband's Tante Feo.*

of the Queens

Who Knew Them in
Morning and in
of Their Noon

Five million dollars they spent to deck the hall of Saint Andrew, where, in purple and gold, the Imperial throne stood, with seven steps ascending to it, and *L'Accueil de Dieu* emblazoned above it, surrounded with a golden glory. But the Romanoffs are gone. Whether they are buried under the bleak sod of Ekaterinburg, or hiding in exile, they are not more lonely than the thousands of subjects they and their officials sent in chains across the ice and snow, through a hundred years of woe. They are not more lonely than the three million sleepers in Poland and Galicia, piteous victims of a "Little Father."

Three years ago, in Russia, I used to go from the hospital, full of hundreds of soldiers with frozen feet and mangled

bodies, to the apartment of Madame J., on the French Quai, looking down the river Neva to the Winter Palace.

With the samovar between us, I sat listening to tales of the life of the Princess Alix from the lips of the wife of one of the Czar's chamberlains. Her betrothal to the Russian heir came while the Czar Alexander III was on his death-bed, and the girl-bride was quite forgotten in the royal mourning. Instead of entering Petrograd in the golden coaches that are brought out for Imperial brides, she came swathed in black, a German princess not greatly wanted at court, an unimportant little shadow beside the Dowager Empress, mother of the new Czar, Nicholas II.



Tatiana, second daughter of the Czarina of Russia

At Madame J.'s the talk was of Imperial Vanity Fairs—about the golden toilet-set of the Empress Ann that had been brought out for the wedding, and of the bad omen of the hair-dresser's ticket. The Princess Alix had been kept waiting an hour on her wedding-day because a zealous guardsman, fearing as always an avenger of the people in every knock at the royal doors, had refused admittance to Monsieur the Hair-dresser. Without him, no one could put the diamond crown of the Romanoff brides on the fair hair of the German Princess. Imagine the restless gossip and the tension throughout the great palace, before the bride appeared, gleaming in the long mantle of cloth of gold, ermine lined, that fell over her white gown.

She was Empress of all the Russias, but the life of this bride was like the life of many another one, the world over. She went to live with her mother-in-law, in the Antischkoff Palace, while the Alexander Palace was redecorated. And, like many another bride, she couldn't agree with the older woman. The Dowager Empress thought a maid of honor, eight maids, and a retinue of servants cluttered up the house. With thirty palaces, each with fifty rooms, royalty complained of lack of peace and space like any of us common mortals!

The Dowager Empress didn't like the many gowns the young Empress was forever buying from Worth. Alexandra Feodorovna's purchasing was, for all the world, like the delicious dream of a shop-girl making up for a whole life in



Crown Princess of Germany in the uniform of colonel of the King Ferdinand III Dragoons

They say the Russian Court was not sorry when the demented Serbian boy tore the first royal heart at Sarajevo and the heir of Austria fell. And now Empress Zita and her family are gone from Vienna and, in the castle at Budapest, Bela Kun holds sway. A British colonel and his staff guard the gates, where Mr. and Mrs. Hapsburg, with servants enough only for a business-man's family, are hidden away in the ancient dreary castle of Ekartsau, and the colonel dictates when some member of the family, and who, shall go to Switzerland for the air.

Queen Eleonora of Bulgaria—queen, indeed, but as little to be envied as the rest. I spent a happy March afternoon with her the first year of the war. She had come down

neat black. "You behave like a *nouveau riche*!" snapped the old Dowager to her daughter-in-law—or so the legend runs.

Now, the daughter is probably dead and the old woman, after a perilous journey through Constantinople, has nothing left but a little secret court in London, where officers of the Czar's guard come to kiss her hand before they go to fight the Bolsheviks. If Alexandra Feodorovna is dead, she worries no more that she bore four daughters and no heir; or because at last she bore an heir and he was a weakling; or because smudgy gossip ran rank in the kitchens and drawing-rooms of Petrograd about Rasputin, the monk who wove health-spells for her boy. And she does not have to bother about royal marriages for the four grand duchesses.



Zita, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary

Sophie, Queen of Greece, and the sister of the Kaiser

Cecilie, Crown Princess of Germany, with her three sons



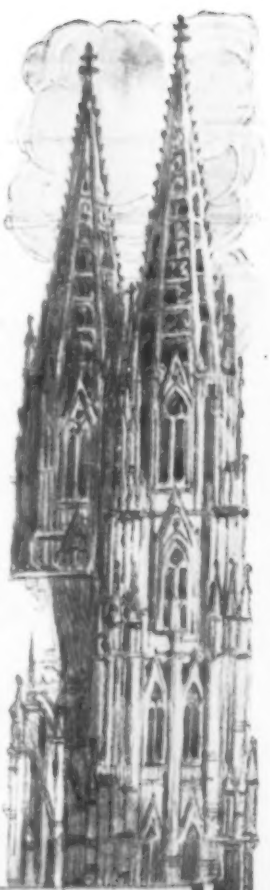
The queen was a homely woman, but with a dignity. Poor lady, she had been a German Princess of Reuss, an old maid, and a busy one. She had been head of a hospital-train during the Russo-Japanese war, when the Grand Duchess Pavlovna made the match between "dear Eleonora" and the hook-nosed Ferdinand. True, the four motherless children of the Bourbon Princess, who had been the first queen of the bleakest of the Balkan states, did need mothering. But it was a sad life. She had nowhere near money enough to make the little presents people were always expecting of her, nor enough for her charities. A bill was brought before the Bulgarian Parliament to increase the queen's allowance out of the taxes, but the selfish king's ministers didn't lift a finger for her. It was an old peasant member, from somewhere in the north, who made the speech that loosened the nation's purse strings:

"I say," he said slowly, glowering at the king's ministers, "the old woman ought to have more money."

Oh, how different all this from the precious company of queens and pretty princesses that troop from fairy books, where things are dated once-upon-a-time and all ends happy-ever-after!

We talked of no proud things, that Balkan Queen and I, while her freckled maid of honor sat knitting socks for soldiers. We spoke of straw mattresses and typhus and refugees, and though I have her picture in stiff court-ropes and a golden coronet on the frame, I think of her as a worried woman walking with a cane, who could not sleep at night for fear the bandages and chloroform would not come.

Long would have to be the string of beads if one were to tell off all the golden names, no longer precious with power. Queen Mary opening bazaars; Queen Marie of Rou-



Eleonora, Queen of Bulgaria, who was a Princess of Reuss



from her mountain palace and I had gone up to Samakov, in the king's second best motor-car, to wait for her at the American Girls' School. Outside the window of the head-mistress' simple little sitting-room, the schoolgirls made the gray day sweet, chanting old folk-songs and dancing about on restless feet as they restrained themselves from pecking in the window.

mania traveling to the United States, like any other patroness raising sums for her charities; Queen Elizabeth of Belgium busy with her hospitals—these we have, but the barbaric splendor of the ancient houses is no more. Romanoff, Hapsburg and Hohenzollern—they have toppled over like mere face-cards in the pack. Truly it is the twilight of the kings and queens. The republic marches east in Europe.

Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

PART TWO

By Maud Younger

ILLUSTRATION BY F. STROTHMANN

THE path of the lobbyist is a path of white marble. And white marble, though beautiful, is hard. The House office building runs around four sides of a block, so that when you have walked around one floor, you have walked four blocks on white marble. When you have walked around each of the five floors you have walked a mile on white marble. When you have done this morning and afternoon through several sessions of Congress you have walked more weary miles on white marble than a lobbyist has time to count.

Women had trudged that white marble way, past closed doors, through doors opened on sneers or indifference, for thirty-nine years. But suddenly, in January, 1917, the long, hard path before us telescoped as though by magic, and, hardly daring to believe our glorious good fortune, we saw ourselves standing at the end of it.

There were two hundred of us in the East Room of the White House that day. Clear afternoon light poured through the tall windows, and long mirrors reflected our expectant faces and the watchful glances of secret service men, eyeing every bag and muff. We stood in a semi-circle before the folding-doors through which, in a moment or two, the President of the United States would appear. He was coming, we hoped, not only to receive the Inez Milholland memorial resolutions, but to pledge his support of the suffrage amendment.

When our long struggle with the Judiciary Committee had ended in defeat, Alice Paul had said, "We will take the fight out to the states and tell the women voters about it." We had campaigned against Mr. Wilson, but it had been the campaign of a daughter who wants a college education against a father who does not believe in education for girls. We had made suffrage a national issue. Now, far-sighted Democratic leaders were anxious to dispose of the question before another election. It needed only the President's word to win the long struggle at last.

We lacked one hundred votes in the House. The only power that could get us those votes, quickly, was the President. And we had been assured, indirectly, that today, with one word, he would wipe out uncounted miles of white marble. Our feet were on the very threshold of victory.

A smiling young secretary announced the President's arrival. A hush fell over us all. In that moment each of us, I am sure, thought of beautiful Inez Milholland whose life had gone out in the struggle for woman's freedom. "How long must women wait for liberty?" had been her last words before she fell. In our hands were the memorial resolutions passed for her.

The doors opened, and, surrounded by secret service men, President Wilson entered. He came quickly forward, smiling as he shook my hand. Contrary to the general impression, President Wilson has a very human, sympathetic personality. He is not the aloof academic type one expects of a man who, avoiding people, gets much of his knowledge from books and reports. Though he appears to the general public as in a mist on a mountain top, like the gods of old, he is really a man of decided emotional reactions.

I answered his greeting briefly, giving him the resolutions I held, and presented Mrs. John Winters Brannan, who handed him the New York memorial without speaking at all. We were saving time for his declaration. Then came Sara—small, delicate Sara Bard Field, a woman of rare spirituality and humor—whom we had chosen to speak for us.

She began to talk very nobly and beautifully, while the President listened cordially. But suddenly a cold wave passed over him. Sara had quoted Mr. Hughes. At that name the President's manner chilled. The look in his eye became so cold that, as Sara says, words almost froze on her lips. She finished in an icy stillness, and after a moment the President spoke.

Instead of the assurances we had expected, we heard words to the effect that he could not dictate to his party. We must first concert public opinion. He would help concert public opinion. Enjoyment of a happy phrase, Sara says, lit a gleam of appreciation in his eyes at those words, "concert public opinion." It was his last gleam, for, looking about him and seeing amazement, disappointment, indignation, he grew still colder. With a last defiant glance at us all he abruptly left the room. Secret service men, newspaper men and secretaries followed him. Where the President of the United States had been was now a closed door.

Stunned, talking in low, indignant tones, we moved slowly out of the East Room and returned to our headquarters. There we discussed the situation. We saw that the President would do nothing for some time, perhaps not until the eve of the Presidential election in 1920. He said we must concert public opinion. But how? For half a century women had been walking the hard way of the lobbyist. We had had speeches, meetings, parades, campaigns, organization. What new method could we devise?

OUT of our conference that day the idea of silent sentinels was born. Next morning the first of them started out with the words of Inez Milholland, "How long must women wait for liberty?" flanked by banners of purple, white and gold—our colors. As they left, Alice Paul said to them:

"Stand against the White House fence. Don't obstruct traffic. Don't get arrested. If the police tell you to move, go to the edge of the sidewalk. If they won't let you stand there, stand in the street. If they say you can't do that, walk up and down. Walk around the block. Keep on walking. Don't come home until your time is up."

From that time, in all weathers, our sentinels stood before the White House, visualizing to the world the long waiting of women for justice. While they stood before the President's door, the lobbyists descended again upon his Congress.

Finding the door of Mr. Dewalt's square and orderly office open one day, I walked in. Before a mirror in the corner a heavily brown-mustached man stood combing his hair. He acknowledged that he was the Pennsylvania congressman and intimated that I proceed with the conversation while he proceeded with the combing. I had not thought of a congressman as combing his hair, but someone must do it and he was plainly the proper person, so I proceeded.

"Well," said he, looking in the glass and carefully parting, "just tell them you saw Dewalt and he knows nothing about woman suffrage."

"Nothing!" I exclaimed.

"Nothing," said he unconcernedly, reaching for hat and coat.

"But you will want to know?"

"Oh no," said he, casually disclaiming any such ambition. Putting on his hat he left me staring at his retreating back.

Mr. Huddleston, the thin, blond type of congressman, sat at his desk in his low-ceilinged, well-lighted office.

"What is it?" he greeted me when I entered. His manner was very brusque, but I refused to be repelled by it. I began to speak.

"There's always someone hippodroming around here with some kind of propaganda!" he snapped, interrupting. "We're very busy, we've got important things to do, we can't be bothered with woman suffrage." He

made a jerky motion, rattling the papers on his desk and turning his head to look through the window. I thought of several things to say to Mr. Huddleston, but this was obviously the time to say none of them. So I murmured "Thank you," and withdrew.

Outside his door the marble pathway, stretching past door after door, seemed to me to reach through unnumbered years of the future. But it was the way that led to woman's political freedom, through which I hoped to better things for the factory girls. So, as brightly as possible, I approached the congressman from South Carolina.

Mr. Whaley's face is red; his head is prematurely gray outside and his thoughts prematurely gray inside. "We don't need women voting in South Carolina," he said with a large masculine manner. "We know how to take care of our women in our state. We don't allow divorce for any reason whatsoever."

He was continuing, with expressed contempt for suffrage and implied contempt for suffragists, when the door opened and a negro, evidently a clergyman, entered.

"Get out of here!" said Mr. Whaley. "You stand in the hall till you're called." As the negro hastily retreated, Mr. Whaley turned to me and said with pride, "That's the way to treat 'em!"

One minute later I was walking rapidly toward the door of Mr. Sisson of Mississippi. On the threshold I encountered his colleague, Mr. Stephens. Large, easy, good-natured, Mr. Stephens steers through life avoiding trouble and wanting others to do so. He said kindly, "It's just a waste of time to see Sisson. He won't listen to you. Take my advice and leave him alone."

The career of a lobbyist, however, is not one of avoiding trouble. I thanked Mr. Stephens, but a few minutes later I opened Mr. Sisson's door and saw him, very large and rugged, standing with some letters in his hand and dictating to a stenographer.

"I can't discuss that subject," he interrupted at my first words, and then he discussed it at length. He had meant that I was not to discuss it. He spoke of woman in the kitchen, in the nursery, in the parlor. He spoke of her tenderness, her charm, her need for shelter and kindness. Wearily shifting from one foot to the other, I listened. At last I opened my mouth to speak, but he silenced me with a brusque gesture.

"The reason I'm so lenient with you," he explained—for he had allowed me to stand and listen to him—"is because you're a woman. If you were a man—" He left the end of the sentence in dark doubt. What would he have done to a man, standing dumbly in my place, holding tight to a muff? I shall never know. Discretion did not allow me to ask him.

WHILE I stood wondering about it, as by a miracle a dimple appeared in Mr. Sisson's cheek. It was such a funny place for a dimple that I stood wide-eyed looking at it, until suddenly I heard again what he was saying. He had become the gallant gentleman, and was offering me gallant compliments. This was more than I could bear. With all the dignity of five-feet-three, in the presence of about eight-feet-ten, I thanked him and walked out of the room. Sadly I jotted down in my note-book what I thought of Mr. Sisson.

Then I saw Mr. Taggart of Kansas, he who had been so whimsical about Haroun-al-Raschid and the Judiciary Committee, and I learned that we were threatened with a new danger.

"Yes," said Mr. Taggart, triumphantly slapping down a pamphlet, "you're going to get a vote this time. You've been saying in the campaign that we wouldn't give you a vote. Well, you're going to get it now. This session."

"But we—!" I bit my lip, and stopped. It would never do to say that we did not want a vote. But we didn't.

It was the short session. Our bill had been reported out of committee to an irresponsible dying Congress that would expire on March fourth. One-fifth of the men had been defeated. The others would have two years in which to redeem themselves should they vote wrong. It seems an unwritten law among congressmen that the time to vote on a stormy question, such as suffrage or prohibition, is in such an irresponsible, dying Congress.

"We wanted the vote last year, before election," I said.

"We told you, you couldn't have it last session. You had it the year before. You can't have a vote every year. You can have it once in two years, and the short session is the time for it." He made a gesture of despair. "You women don't know anything about politics!"

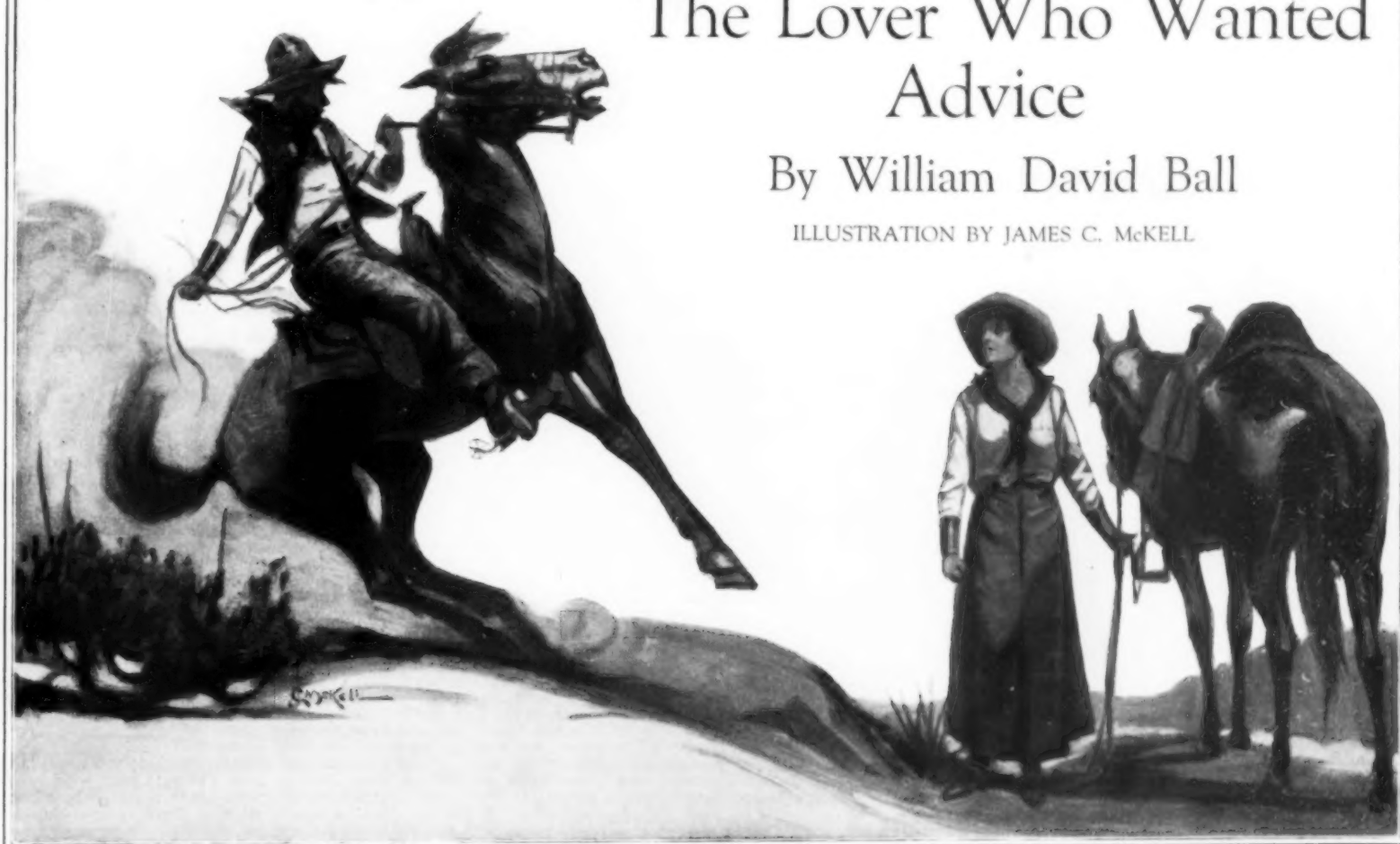
[Continued on page 38]



The Lover Who Wanted Advice

By William David Ball

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES C. McKELL



When he pulled Gyp back on his haunches at the coulee's edge, the horseman was disappearing down the road. The girl, white and tense of face, stood alone

JOE REEVES halted his horse on the ridge, and threw one leg contentedly over the saddle-horn. Below lay rolling plains of sage and lava—a gray-blue waste with a few fresh scars where the hand of man had touched. One, a curving streak of yellow, indicated the high-line canal; nearer, a ribbon of white curling gracefully northward—the road to Buhl. A dreamy expression came into Reeves' gray eyes. This was the land he loved; this uncouth, stubborn land he was helping to subdue.

From a dust cloud floating lazily along the ribbon of road a horseman emerged and trotted down to the coulee, brimming with the irrigation run. At the water's edge his horse refused the crossing, balked, and began to prance.

Reeves, from the ridge-top, watched curiously. He saw the man swing down and lead his animal into the water; saw him gain the other side, seize the big bay by the bit, and kick him viciously. Suddenly, a second cloud sped along the road. A lithe sorrel streak flashed through a curtain of spray, and a girl jumped from her saddle to confront the enraged man.

Reeves dug in the spurs.

When he pulled Gyp on his haunches at the coulee's edge, the horseman was disappearing down the road. The girl, white and tense of face, stood alone.

"Nick Curlew, wasn't it?" asked Reeves.

"Yes," she answered without looking up. "I gave him a piece of my mind, too!"

Reeves chuckled delightedly. "I'll bet you did, Nell."

He forded the coulee and dismounted. With caressing hand he stroked the sorrel mare's velvety muzzle. "I knew Vic could run," he commented, "but I didn't know she could stretch out like that."

"Victory's out of Gold-dust running stock," smiled the girl. She relaxed, her head against the satin of the mare's neck.

Joe stared. "Nell!" he exclaimed. "Do you know what wonderful hair you have? It's like—like—why, it's the exact shade of Victory!"

"Yes, I know—it's sorrel," replied the girl quietly. "You're not the first to mention it this morning." She swung into the saddle. "Coming to Buhl?"

Joe mounted hurriedly. "I really ought to be irrigating my young alfalfa; but pshaw, with the whole town celebrating—Say, Nell, let's talk. I want to ask you something about—about—"

An embarrassed flush suddenly spread over his clean-cut features. He scratched his head, pulled his hat down hard, and broke out boyishly:

"You and I went to school together in Boise. We've called each other partner ten years. I need advice! I'm twenty-three, but I don't know much about courting girls. Kind of dense, I guess. It's—it's Fay—"

The girl turned to watch a jack-rabbit loping through the brush. She faced him again, slightly smiling.

"You, too, Joe?" she asked teasingly.

"Oh, I know—half the fellows in the county are in love with her, which isn't strange. She's the—"

"She is," laughed Nell.

"Will you help me, partner?"

"Rather a problem," mused the girl. "But I'll tell you one thing. Fay likes luxuries; fancy her living on a sage-brush farm! I know your plans, Joe, but you must admit your hundred-and-sixty is still a long way from being a model farm."

"I know," admitted Joe gloomily. "Been so darned busy on that Turkestan alfalfa patch—Say, Nell, I think it's going to make seed!"

Nell's eyes suddenly glowed. "Really? Fine, Joe! If Turkestan seed will mature in this district, and you're the first one to introduce it—"

"You suggested it!" he broke in breathlessly. "Nell, this farming game is great. I love it!"

"Of course," she nodded. "Who wouldn't? But tell me, Joe, how does Fay treat you?"

Joe nervously twisted Gyp's ear. "That's the trouble. Treats us all alike."

"Well, I don't blame her for that," retorted Nell whimsically. "You're pretty much alike yourselves—the way you treat her!"

A silence fell, that lasted until they climbed the short grade into Buhl. The little street was crowded with festival-goers. Nell swung Vic toward the hotel.

"Look me up at the bucking contest, partner," she called. "I think I've a plan!" Victory whisked away.

Teams and saddle-horses were filling the vacant square behind the hardware store. Joe tied Gyp to the railing and approached a knot of men by the long implement shed. One was holding forth with loud voice and emphatic gestures. Joe frowned. The speaker was Nick Curlew; and Curlew in thirty minutes had had five drinks. Hat on the back of his head, coat thrown carelessly over one arm, Nick was embroidering the morning's incident at the coulee.

"I called her sorrel-top," he bragged, "sorrel-top, right to her face! And that's what Nell Warren is, a red-headed, fire-spittin'—"

Joe Reeves stepped swiftly and struck. The smack of his open hand resounded across the auction ground. People turned to look. Curlew reeled back, then recovered. His face went white—all but a broad band across the mouth. He rushed.

Joe met him with a left to the body that brought a grunt; but, hemmed in by spectators, there was no escaping that bull-like charge. It hurled him backward. His neck was encircled by Curlew's arm, and a big fist crashed twice into his face. Locked together, they hurtled into the dashboard of a light buggy, snapping the upright iron braces, and stopped with a jolt as the buggy rolled into a wagon.

Both men sprang free, and swung simultaneously. Curlew was the heavier, but not the quicker. Joe beat him by the fraction of a second; Curlew took the swing on the angle of his jaw and toppled backward to the ground.

Reeves stood panting, wiping the blood from his lips. The men crowded up. Suddenly there was the swish of a blue skirt and a flash of slim ankles. A girl knelt beside the fallen man.

"Fay!" gasped Joe.

Her glance lifted to his face with slow scorn. "Get me water," she commanded. "I never want to see you again!"

WHILE he hesitated, dumb with astonishment, Nick Curlew opened his eyes and sat up. Fay, her arms about his shoulders, helped him to his feet.

Joe turned away. Across the auction ground he went, slowly, miserably. He washed his face at the horse trough, then wandered down to the corrals. Moodily he stood aside and watched the crowd clambering up the benches, newly erected on three sides of the enclosure. The bronco-busting would shortly begin. It was to be a day of fun and laughter—a great day for everybody but Joe Reeves! Fay would never speak to him again.

Nell Warren, high on a bench, beckoned. He crossed the corral.

"Where's Fay?" she asked mischievously.

"Oh, Nell, I pulled an awful one!" he groaned, and told her. "And, partner, I'm puzzled," he concluded. "I thought women admired bravery, strength, all that sort of stuff—what-do-you-call-it—prowess!"

Nell looked thoughtful. "They do," she said. "Only the mother instinct in a woman is stronger than the—the other. What made you fight?"

"Why, if you'd heard what he—"

"Yes?" she prompted.

"Nothing. He deserved all he got."

Nell considered briefly. "Well, don't take too gloomy a view, partner. I've a suggestion—oh, there's the first one! Look!"

A barred gate opened with a crash. The first "outlaw" shot into the corral dragging two cowboys at a rope's end. For two hours, horse after horse fought with the men in chaps and spurs. Conversation was impossible.

LATER, the excited, hungry crowd drifted to the huge shed, now cleared of farm machinery and set with long tables. Three steers had been roasted over a trench of red-hot coals. After dinner, Joe and Nell found a quiet place on the hotel veranda.

"Now that plan, partner," he begged.

"You tell me first how often you've been seeing Fay."

"Pretty often—three or four times a week."

"M-m—that is pretty often, but Fay Marsh is a very beautiful girl and she knows it. All you men act exactly alike; you stuff her with candy, beg for dances—continuous attendance, undying devotion. Don't you suppose she gets bored?"

"Bored!" exclaimed Joe.

"If you want to interest Fay Marsh, you'll have to be different," stated Nell with conviction. "You wanted advice. Well, here it is: Try absent treatment."

"Absent treatment?"

She nodded. "Be independent, cool, indifferent. Don't see her for—say, two weeks. When you do, be friendly, but don't crawl all over yourself. Try to look as if you had an interest elsewhere. Think you can stand two weeks of that?"

Joe shook his head doubtfully. "Isn't she too—too proud?"

"Proud!" laughed Nell. "Of course she's proud. That's why she wants a proud man. I'll tell you something. She saw you with me, just now, at the barbecue; I caught her eye. She looked real interested!"

"Did she?" roared Joe. "Then I've got it! I'll raise you one, partner. Will you be my 'interest elsewhere'?" A flush spread over Nell's face. "That wasn't in the bargain, Joe," she laughed lightly.

"But it's your plan! You said you'd help. You said yourself it had begun to work!"

"Well, it's mean to punish you, Joe. But if you can stand a sorrel-top—come on!"

They ate ice-cream in the drug-store, they had their pictures taken in the red-striped tent behind the town bank, they fought confetti battles with their friends. And throughout the afternoon, Joe Reeves marveled at his companion's spirits, the sprightliness of her laughter, and the keenness of her wit. Nell Warren had flung aside restraint and was daringly out for a good time.

Once, with a piece of candy in either hand, she leaned forward and ordered him to tie a ribbon that had slipped from her tawny hair. He did the tying very creditably, although he took an unconscionably long time. As his eyes lifted from a vagrant wisp of red-gold that refused to be confined, he encountered the cool stare of Fay Marsh, strolling by on Nick Curlew's arm.

Joe's gaiety vanished. The look in Fay's eyes had been a flash of lightning behind a curtain. He looked dubiously at Nell.

Her tinge of red had deepened; her eyes sparkled with just a hint of devilment. "It's working, partner," she murmured.

At the evening dance Joe Reeves deliberately waited until half the numbers had been danced. Then he sought Fay.

(Continued on page 37)

At the End of the Road

By Eva Chappell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES E. ALLEN

"If you've affairs to straighten, don't lose time," these words were all that Arnold brought away

ARNOLD slowly went up the steps of his house, and, at the top, turned to look back through narrowed eyes into the street. Odd, he thought, bewildering. The same buildings across the way, the same children dashing noisily about on roller-skates, but—

His hand, groping toward the bell, shook, but he gave the signal-ring to which the maid paid no attention, and which never failed if Esther were at home to bring her dear dark face into view by the time he had fitted his latch-key and opened the door. It was one of the little manifestations of devotion which in the five years of their married life had crystallized into a habit, automatically observed even in time of stress. But, the door open, he remembered her telling him when she went out that it was for the day—a family visit, or something of the sort. Arnold had never needed her more, but the feeling of desperate aloneness gave place to one of welcome postponement. Even though he did not tell her, she would learn the truth from a swift sure reading of his face—Marian, he remembered, used to do the same thing—and before that it was well to have a little while of solitude to accustom himself to the thing Goodrich had just told him; told him straightforwardly, as one brave man to another, but with a voice tender with a lifetime's friendship.

Arnold had been stunned. Advice to rest he had been prepared for; caution not to burn the candle at both ends, perhaps a bottle of medicine to be set on the dressing-table and forgotten. But even the sudden gravity of Goodrich's jovial face had not warned him; nor the averted eyes and swift turning away when Arnold, never the most patient of men, had prodded his hesitation with a demand to be told what was the matter. Goodrich had gone to the window and stood there staring down into the street until Arnold, fastening his collar and knotting his scarf, joined him. Then—

"You want it straight, of course, Fred," Arnold wondered at the huskiness in his voice. "I've no choice but to tell the truth in a case like yours." The hand on Arnold's shoulder gripped. "If you've any affairs to straighten, don't lose time. I don't know when it will be, but it's sure to be soon."

More had been said; much more; but these words were all that Arnold brought away—these, and a conviction of their truth.

"Straighten affairs. Don't lose time. Sure to be soon."

Arnold, pacing his study, repeated it aloud, trying to realize that this was coming to him—the thing he had talked glibly and thought calmly about when it was a far-away, sometime happening. But, eye to eye, it was not a glib, calm thing. Death was inevitable; men moved toward it from the first breath drawn, but this was *himself*!

THE pacing halted before a mirror, and he looked at his reflection. Impossible to realize that the fires in that face—virile, intense—would ever die out; impossible that sensitive body would become a lump of earth. Arnold lifted the hair from his temples where it was beginning to gray. "I had counted myself still a young man," he said, and turned swiftly from what he saw in the eyes that gazed back at him. He was still young; one of those who remain so no matter how many years pass over their heads. Life with shining eyes and finger on lip still allured him.

His abrupt turn brought him before his desk, littered with the manuscript on which he had been at work when the pain in his heart, dull and persistent for months, had suddenly grown sharp, and had sent him hurrying to Goodrich, feeling, however, rather foolish for disturbing so great a physician with what was, no doubt, a trivial disorder. Now he stared at the desk for a moment, unseeing, then dropped into a chair and gathered the typewritten sheets together. Things in order Goodrich had said; he might as well begin. The story might sell; it would be that much more for Esther. And, too, for Marian; he must make the best possible provision for her.

The consecutive paging arranged, Arnold began to read with a vague wonder that it could all have meant so much a little while ago. From this impersonalness there came an

exactness of judgment ordinarily impossible with fresh work, and he knew that it was good—the best he had ever done. There had come to him at last the fulness, the richness, the power that would have won him enduring high place.

Arnold dropped the sheets with a stifled groan. This novel would have been his seventh wave, and it could never be finished. Months were needed. At best he had only weeks. It might be only days. The power to do won and no time left—it was hard! He wished that he had not been told; that the gray fog had closed about him while he worked, or while he slept, unknowing. But that might have been harder for Esther. He shivered with the shock of her, unwarned, finding him cold. His mind, trained to visualization, brought a picture of her agony-written face while her warm strong arms clasped his stark body. And with the picture came, stinging, the realization for which he had groped.

Not that he feared death, but that he loved life—loved it for the joy of the moment and for all the future might have held. Never before had he known the passion of that love. The days, the months, the years that were no longer his to look forward to, how full they were to have been!

From the blank wall of the future, he swerved his thought into the past. Curious, the sense that came of the long past, counting as greatly as did yesterday; the long past—his boyhood, and youth, and Marian. Black-haired, gray-eyed, stormy Marian.

What a mess they had made of it between them! Arnold covered his eyes with his hand while he thought of that early marriage which ought never to have been.

He and Marian, temperamentally unsuited for life together, should have loved each other as boy and girl, and have kept a fragrant memory. Plain enough now. At its best there had never been the rare sympathy and completion that had made the years with Esther so rich; yet the marriage had been sweet with young love, exquisite with young passion, until poisoned with young intolerance and misunderstanding. They had separated; it had been the only way.

Since then they had not seen each other; theirs were not natures that could admit an occasional meeting for the transaction of business or the discussion of a problem that concerned the child. Arnold's financial provision had been made through his lawyer brother; and Marian had given a promise to communicate through him should need arise. Even the existence of the child, hard as that had made it, had not altered their determination not to meet. Since he was to go his free man's way from the wreck of their dream, it had seemed the least he could do to allow Marian to have the child, unshared.

But all that was for yesterday, when life stretched far. It had nothing to do with this end-of-things time. Marjorie! His child! His vital spark continued! There had always been moments of dumb yearning when he thought of her; yearning resisted because of his promise to Marian, but never before had the race-old instinct been so poignant. And Marian, too. The old tenderness swept him; something that was almost the old need of her. The realization flashed clear that he could not die without seeing her again, without knowing how it had been with her. The hours before Esther should return stretched endless, to be filled only with this aching need—

And he might not, must not wait. Don't lose time, Goodrich had said. Holbrook, the little town where Marian had gone to make her home, was only a three hours' journey away. If there were a train soon—Swift on his hurried planning, Arnold consulted a time-table, telephoned for a taxicab, left a message for Esther, and was whirled to the station. The desire to go had become a compulsion.

The journey seemed endless. The train was crowded and Arnold's seat was shared by a man who talked much and well about the happenings of the day. Arnold's answers were perfunctory. Yesterday the conversation would have interested him—he had liked brushing elbows and minds with strangers—and he, too, would have talked with imagination and insight about the world's affairs. Today all this meant nothing. His thought was of his meeting with Marian; of taking Marjorie in his arms. Through the window he looked out on villages and green farms. An apple-tree, old and scraggy and covered with blossoms, caught his attention. It was

like the trees he and Goodrich used to climb. And now Goodrich was a great doctor, who told people to straighten their affairs; they hadn't much time—

When the brakeman called "Holbrook," Arnold, alighting, stood for a moment on the station platform wondering which way to go. He shook his head at the driver of the lone carriage that met the train. It was good to walk while he might. The town was small enough to make it unimportant that he had no street and number to guide him; probably anyone could tell him the way. But, he thought with whimsical remembrance, no need to ask yet. If Marian were still Marian, she would choose to live in the hilly part of the town, and he turned his steps in that direction.

A vague feeling of familiarity with the place gave way to a memory of having been there before. They had spent a day there and Marian had loved it. Perhaps that was the reason she had chosen to go there to live when the break came instead of returning to her girlhood's home. It had seemed dull to him, he recalled, but today the little town among the hills had a compelling charm. Life here must lack the high lights and the intoxication of a city, but it would be filled with a subtle exquisiteness and a great peace. The pity of it, that with the appeal of so many kinds of life, a man should have but one to live!

AT the foot of the hill Arnold asked directions of a young girl who stood at a street-corner waiting, obviously, for a chattering group half a block away. "It's near the end of this street," she answered, gesturing. "A brown bungalow with a garden. You can't miss it."

When he had thanked her and gone on, Arnold again heard her clear treble. "That gentleman was asking the way to your house, Marjorie."

Marjorie!

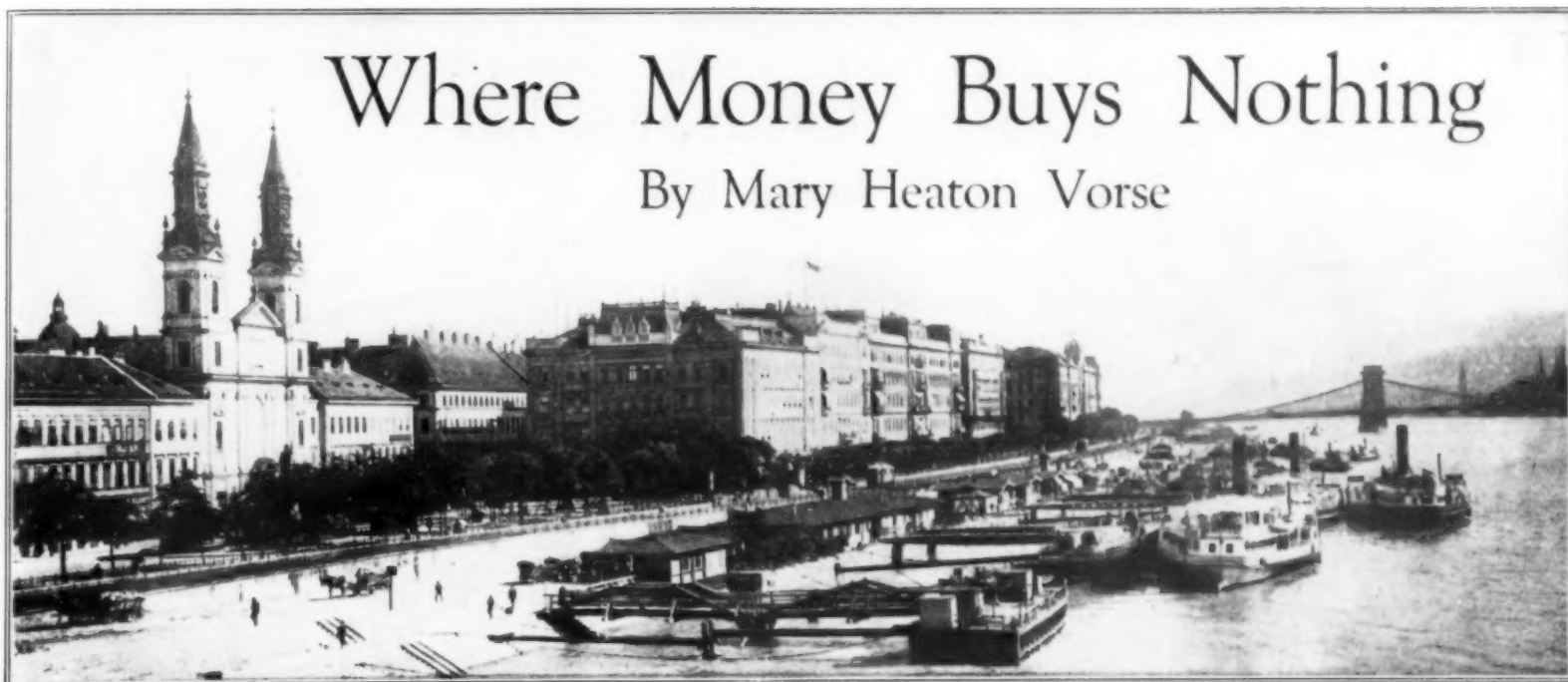
Arnold whirled, and saw that his guide had been joined by the other girls; all were walking rapidly away. He could not know which was his daughter; he had passed her in the street without so much as a quicker heart-beat—he who had heard her first cry, listening for it in an agony of suspense and vicarious pain. He felt curiously baffled by life while he stood gazing after the girls. That Marjorie should be one of them! It had not even occurred to him to scan the faces of those tall girls for a resemblance to himself or to Marian. Marjorie had been a memory of baby-roundness. The realization that his daughter was budding into adolescence made one more sweet in life cruelly hard to relinquish. Arnold stumbled when he turned to go on.

He halted abruptly before a gate. Marjorie's friend had been right; there was no possibility of mistaking the house. He would have known this for Marian's home had there been nothing more than the garden to guide him. It was as individual as her face; as a tone of her flexible, unforgettable voice. She had always had flower favorites; some so

[Continued on page 76]



"Marjorie will go to the station with you," Marian said, when the girl, swinging her flower-covered hat, joined them



Where Money Buys Nothing

By Mary Heaton Vorse

MY first picture of Budapest is one of red and gray—gray shuttered streets and red banners. Shops closed, streets empty of traffic. Everywhere an unnatural quiet as though the city were suffering the enchantment of some strange holiday.

How many times in the last years my thoughts had turned to those women who had been my hostesses at the last International Suffrage Convention in what was then a glittering, triumphant city! War had drawn its iron curtains around them and, after war, blockade and silence had continued.

I had seen what war had done to the women of France and England, of Italy and of my own country. Now I was to discover what war, revolution and a blockade had done to women of another land.

I measured the gulf between the circumstances of pre-war days when it had seemed a mighty breaking down of tradition for Dr. Anna Howard Shaw to speak in a church in feudal Hungary—the first time such a privilege had been granted a woman. Now, women sit in all the governments of Central Europe. Here in Hungary the very fabric of life, such as we had known, had been turned upside down, and a whole new system of economics was being tried out.

On my way to see the proletarianized homes of the well-to-do, I drove past block after block of quiet, splendid houses where rich people lived in great apartments, giving on gardens. Tasting the new atmosphere of the town, I passed mile after mile of grave, shuttered buildings.

A feeling of homesickness and remoteness from all familiar things swept over me. I wanted to find my friends of the pre-war days. Suddenly we stopped. "We will get out here," my guide said. "This was the family of Károlyi, Károlyi, you know, the former minister of finance."

The name lit a dim lamp in a remote corridor of my memory. The janitress knocked on the door at the back of the house. It was opened by a tall blonde girl in white—a handsome, proud girl—the sight of her I remembered—this was Carlotta Károlyi. I had met her at tea at the Ritz in 1913. She looked at me without any glimmer of recognition, for why should she remember? War and death and suffering had engulfed her country.

Our guide explained what it was we wished, and I hung back, miserably embarrassed at intruding upon what little privacy was left them. She alone seemed quite self-possessed. I recalled to her our former meeting.

"I thought your face seemed familiar," she said. "I couldn't remember—so much has passed."

"You wish to see how we live?" she asked. "Formerly we had an apartment here of sixteen rooms, now mother and I and my sister-in-law and her little boy live in the back of the house. The proletarians have the front."

"It must have been very difficult for you," I said.

"Yes," she answered, "at first. The hardest of it was to have strange people living among our things and to be surrounded by strangers; to feel them and hear them in the rooms we had always lived in. But, as you see, we have arranged a certain sort of privacy for ourselves."

She pointed to a stack of heavy wardrobes on top of which were piled chairs and screens, which made a sort of partition for the hall.

MANY people like you have left Hungary—"I suggested. She didn't let me finish.

"That has never occurred to us," she said. "Only the people who were afraid, or who loved their position and money more than their country, ran away. We prefer to remain here. I have nothing to fear. I am young, I am not afraid to work. It is hard for my mother."

"You see," she went on, "I and many others of the younger generation see a certain sort of rough justice in it. It surely is not fair, when you come to think of it, that we should occupy sixteen rooms, while mothers with small children share their one room with other people. Budapest was terribly overcrowded with refugees from the invaded districts."

"Do they give you much trouble?" I asked.

"No, very little," she said. "I understand the people in front are clean people and touch nothing. And there is one thing which is some consolation."

She took us to a window and pointed to the garden. I saw a crowd of children playing underneath the trees.

"Before this there were only two or three children playing there, while these had no place to play. Though we don't like Communism, we are glad these children are getting something out of it."

"Do you think that this government will last?" I asked.

"It will never go back, permanently, to the old way. But we feel if we once had our country clear of the enemies which are attacking it on every side, and if the blockade were lifted, the less extreme elements would come into power."

"You mean that the government would return to one like that of Karolyi's regime?"

"Something of that kind is what we hope for," she said.

"Of course, the thing that is of supreme importance to us is to have the blockade lifted, the industries going again, and our country free of invaders."

"What about the marriage laws? We heard that marriage had been abolished."

"That's untrue. The marriage laws are very much like those of your own country. Formerly, the consent of parents had to be obtained and bans published. Now people can be married in twenty-four hours."

"What about divorce? We heard that all a man had to do was to leave his wife."

"I wonder what the use is, of such lies? Things are bad enough as they are," she said impatiently. "If two people agree upon a divorce they can get it. If only one wants a divorce, the case is tried."

"Another thing that I heard, repeatedly, is that people's personal clothes had been nationalized, and that they were allowed only three sets of underwear."

SHE shook her head. "None of our personal belongings have been touched except our jewelry and our plate; they have been commandeered. This government has robbed us quite enough without the need of exaggeration."

"And how do you buy things now?"

"It seems quite ridiculous," she said. "If I wanted to buy anything I would have to go to the house-man. Every house has its house-man. He is elected by the people who live in the building. I believe ours is a plumber. I would have to say, 'Mr. Twiller, I want this or that,' and if he were sure I needed it, I'd get a ticket to present at the government depot. Of course, this is only a temporary measure. Later, when the blockade is lifted and there are things to buy once more, people are to be allowed to buy them when they want to, but there's going to be no more shopping as we used to know it. No loafing from store to store."

"That would never do with us," I said. "That powerful person, the American woman, would rise up in a mightier revolution than Communism, if they tried to take her favorite game of skill from her."

"Well, the women here don't like it either. A town without stores is a very dull place. It is strange to live in a community where money will buy you nothing."

We said good-by, and my guide and I went to the front of the house. The great drawing-rooms and libraries were empty. The summer slips were over the heavy furniture, the lusters were done up in sheets, and sheets were neatly tied over the statuary. The great bookcases were locked. Nothing had been disturbed, except that in the room stood proletarian beds—two iron beds in one place and two babies' cribs beside them. Shoved inconspicuously against the wall was a wooden chest of drawers and a wardrobe—possessions of the workers. These pieces of meager furniture looked uncomfortable and lonely in the midst of all the solid magnificence around them, which in its very dignity made mute protest against the humbler companions. They seemed to be saying to them, "What are you doing here and what have you to do with us?" In one large bedroom two young fellows were reading. They were laborers who could work only half-time on account of the shortage of coal.

I went away with Carlotta Károlyi's words echoing in my ears—"money will buy you nothing." That has been the immediate result of the shortage of all materials. I had learned how little money could buy when I went from Austria to Hungary, over the great divide. I passed by way of a little bridge under which runs a quiet river.

This bridge was guarded by two sets of soldiers—on one side were the soldiers of the people of German Austria; on the other the Hungarian Red Guards. They were dressed in the same field-gray. They were equally shorn of military glory. The Austrian soldiers wore red buttons in their hats. The Red guards wore a red star. This was the end of all apparent difference between these two groups, but here the old world, as we knew it, stopped.

When we drove through it was the summer day of Pfingsten, the great national picnic, the great national outing of Austria and Hungary, when, for a Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, all work stops. This festival was stronger than war or revolution, for the people of this country obey their national customs and are more instructed in their legends and obedient to the songs which they have sung from one generation to another, than to anything else.

So all the people in Hungary were still keeping their immemorial appointment with summer. They were streaming out from the towns, along the country roads, like a happy colorful banner. As soon as one was well within the country, the color scheme was changed to a brighter hue. We passed fields of unripe grain, full of the shining promise of

harvest. These people, who lived in the country and close to the earth, have been fed in spite of the war, and the lusty children who smiled at us, silhouetted against the lush, growing fields that would presently feed them, made one's heart go back to the pale stunted children of blockaded Vienna, who had lived for so many years with the stealthy bitter tide of slow starvation rising higher and higher about them—a tide which had washed the color from the cheeks of the young girls, and condemned the children to death.

In the old days it was written of a conquered town: "Their young children also were dashed to pieces from the tops of the streets." In this present warfare the young children only perished miserably. They perished from starvation slowly, quietly, and inevitably. And since the blockade was not lifted after the armistice, the children who lived in the cities continued to die.

It was at lunch-time that we began to realize money could buy us nothing. We had brought with us only some dense, sour Viennese bread. So I stopped at a prosperous-looking inn, built about a courtyard. But it had no food to sell. We drove from place to place, and nowhere, neither in hotels nor stores, was there anything to sell. We might get food in the next town, they told us. This was a large, flourishing, fat-looking place, and here again we could buy nothing. Presently a man hurried up to us. He pointed to the flag on our motor.

"You're Americans!" he exclaimed in English. "Oh, so long, I haven't seen Americans! Me—I came from Eighth Street and Second Avenue." He spoke with the accents of one who says he came from heaven. Nothing would do but we must go to his house for a bite to eat. His wife, how she would love to see someone from America!

"How do you like the government?" we asked him.

"I don't understand much about it," he answered. "They say the factory where I work belongs to the people."

"Are you paid well?"

"Oh, yes, we have plenty of money, but what can you buy with money?" his wife broke in. "Nothing!"

SUDDENLY, within a few months, the government was changed from an old monarchy with a reactionary feudal system, to a Socialist government of the most advanced type. People's minds were dazed and bewildered. Certainly, they did not want the old rule back again, but they were not sure where the new would lead; and they suspected the money issued by a government which they believed to be temporary. The farmers wanted articles for their food, things to wear and use, and these were not to be had for any money.

This was our first lesson, and all the long road from Vienna to Budapest we could buy nothing except once a piece of bread which the Red Guards helped us get from their canteen. Lunch and ten eggs were given to us because we had an American flag on our motor.

The next lesson was in Budapest. We went to the Ritz, which, like other hotels, has been taken over by the government. When last I had been there, it was filled with a glittering crowd swinging to a rhythm of pleasure. Now, the place was like a crypt. The lights were turned low to save coal. A listless man gave us our key. An indifferent boy took our things. These had been the obsequious servants who had served pleasure and excitement, and who had waited with deft swiftness on beautiful extravagant women. Now, pleasure-seekers with their money and privileges had vanished, leaving only these poor ghosts.

Here in the middle of gloom and indifference, stood an important-looking man. He had also come by motor from Vienna, and he was demanding food.

"What? No supper?" he cried. "Nothing to eat?"

"No food served after nine o'clock," they replied sourly.

It was only five minutes past nine he informed them, using the ponderous emphasis of the man accustomed to swift obedience. He breathed fat tips. They didn't even listen to his noise. Where, he wanted to know, could he get something to eat? Nowhere, they assured him, shrugging their listless shoulders. Was he to go hungry to bed? They turned their backs. The gentleman's shouts were as futile as though he were on a raft in mid-ocean.

The striking thing about this government was that one felt there was no trifling with it. For there is that in a country's atmosphere which tells you, as soon as you come within its frontiers, whether its laws are paper or realities whose infringement terminates inevitably within a courtroom. You could trifle with this government as little as with the German Imperial Government, or that of the democratic Swiss Republic. It kept its rules rigidly.

Budapest was not run on the à la carte plan. The whole country was rationed and you could eat only at meal-times. Money wouldn't procure so much as a soda-cracker out of hours. It would buy nothing.

Little Joy San, comes from Japan. She's brought you a Puppy-cat, Lantern, and Fan

By Barbara Hale





For the Children's Sake

Now is their strenuous season. They must grapple with new tasks, with harder problems. They have fresh worlds to conquer. And they are growing, too.

Your problem is to fortify these active young minds and bodies; to build them up with simple inviting nourishment every day.

They cannot fail to benefit in every way by the regular use of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Its high nutritive value, its strengthening effect on digestion, its captivating flavor, all give added zest to the entire meal and make other food also yield increased nutriment and energy.

Dietary science teaches that good soup once a day at least should be the unvarying rule in every home. There is no surer means of building good physical condition for your boys and girls.

Order this tempting soup by the dozen or the case and give it to them often.

21 kinds



"Campbell's for me? Well, I'll say so!
That's the splendiferous fare,
That's why I study and play so,
With pep and ambition to spare."



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



*Rich fabric,
simple lines,
for the formal gown*

IRENE CASTLE planned to meet every test of formality when she chose Corticelli "Satin Patria" for her newest evening gown. Just long, lovely lines of delicate maize yellow, with the gentlest bit of "bouffant" draping and a single sash at the side.

Then, because the satin was so soft and beautiful, she turned it up for cuffs and added a little roll collar!

The bodice is of fine old lace over the softly gleaming satin, and a petticoat of the same cream lace hangs just a little lower than the satin skirt.

A satin so exquisitely smooth and lustrous—"Satin Patria"—woven with the fastidious care of all Corticelli Dress Silks. Among them you will find the lighter weight satins, wonderful poplins and softest taffetas. If your store cannot show you the particular weave or color you want, please write us.



MADE IN AMERICA

CORTICELLI DRESS SILKS

Also makers of Corticelli Spool Silks, Yarns and Crochet Cottons

If you have chosen Corticelli "Satin Patria" you may do as Irene Castle does—call attention to it by cordings of the same material for trimming.

Free booklet. Showing the fascinating new models originated by Irene Castle in Corticelli Satins and Taffetas.

Pattern for this gown. Cut from Irene Castle's own design! Sizes 34 to 40 bust measure. Order by name—"Graceuse." Price \$1.00.

Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 310 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass. No Canadian orders can be accepted.

The Ingredients of Youth

A Recipe for Keeping Young

By Genevieve Parkhurst

THAT woman is almost forty. She has two grown children, and she's had to earn her own living and theirs for ten years. And yet look at her! She has the walk of a seventeen-year-old girl. No one takes her for a day over thirty. What's her secret?

They were women talking—and of another woman.

It was a man who answered them. "Love and a sense of humor. There you have it in a nutshell."

A new recipe—that; but I know the woman well—better than he does, perhaps, and he is right.

There are few women—and I challenge even their existence—who do not dread that fallacious period known as "middle-age." None of us minds old age, for it has a certain hallowed sanctity about it. We dream of it, remotely, maybe, but nevertheless truly, as a time of peace and rest, surrounded by our children and grandchildren whose happy duty it is to make us happy. Hair of silver, face, creamy with rare memories, soft silk of lavender and hyacinth—these are the delicate traceries of our imagination when we let ourselves look beyond the horizon of our present years.

But middle-age! How we shudder at the mere mention of it! "Perish the thought!" we exclaim and clap our hands to our ears, shutting out those dreadful words. How, as we feel it coming on, we ponder means to stave it off! Cosmetics, pomades, lip-sticks, eyebrow pencils, peach-bloom, henna, massage, exercise! With

so that when Romance came riding by he'd stop to look over the fence. And then, of course, he'd want to come in.

There's love of beauty, too. This woman who seems so young has that more than anything else, I think. Ugliness is a non-essential with her. If it thrusts itself within her vision, she just unsees it—quickly if she can, persistently, if the phantom dies hard. Once she argued for a whole morning with her father, a pompous old creature and crotchety in his precision, on what he called facts—because she insisted that the garbage wagon, as seen from a high window, with its multi-colored collection of tomato, and lemon, and orange, and apple peels, and its tin-cans shining in the sun, was indeed a lovely bit of color. "If you're high enough up," she said, and she was only fourteen when she said it, "things always look pretty."

Love for one another is the hardest of all these loves. But it is necessary, for it keeps away discontent. Everyone wants to criticize other people very often. If we're out of love with ourselves, we're out of love with the world, and, being human, we usually show it. Tempering this tendency, we go far toward ironing out the tiny lines that draw down the corners of our mouths and draw furrows across our foreheads.

A SENSE of humor helps an awful lot with this woman whose heart is young. Having a large capacity for love, she also has a large capacity for suffering—seeing that this is far from a perfect world. But she can always, even through her tears, find the funny side at which to laugh. As somebody once said, "She enjoys nothing so much as the drive in the carriage to and from a funeral. She cries all the way there and laughs all the way back." And this applied to her own funerals as well as to those of others!

Youth is not placid. It is turbulent. But it is also resilient, and rebounds lightly to the call of new enthusiasm. A world that was all a flat plain would be monotonous and unlovely. One that was all deep valleys and high mountains would be oppressive. It is the same with life. It must have contrasts. For after all, plains

She rested her chin in her hand and looked into space



avidity, and in vain, we follow their grotesque array, for these are but flimsy veils which cannot hide the secret of the soul, expressed in sagging chin, in drooping mouth and tired eyes.

"The secret of the soul?" you may laugh. "These are high words."

Yes, they are high words—and true. For it is right within our own hearts, locked away where no one can touch them but ourselves, that we find the qualities which, put into practise, guarantee us a debutante adventure along the road that those who do not know call "middle-age."

LOVE! Now what does that mean? Oh, so many things. First of all, there's romance. No woman's ever too old for that. She may be too mean for it, or too blind to greet it, or too tired to accept it. But if she is, she doesn't want it very badly or she would keep her garden sprouting with little seeds of gentleness and generosity and kindness and happiness.

are but the resting places between rugged lands.

To be young, one's life must not necessarily have been uneventful. The handling of events determines their importance either for good or evil. Love and laughter, and an appreciation of values keep faith alive, and where there is faith there is youth.

In a restaurant, not long ago, the difference between youth and age was clearly defined by contrast. At one table sat a couple, old in years—for the wife was sixty, I am sure. The husband was some years older. I never saw so young a pair. They laughed all the way through their dinner. They beamed upon the whole world. There was not one dull moment for them nor for those around them, for their sheer delight in life radiated a warm happiness through the room. That romance had never died was obvious in her evident desire to amuse him, in his courteous attentions to her. Once, when they

(Continued on page 22)



Boston Cream Pie

Distinctly Royal

Royal Baking Powder has a claim exclusively its own. Whether it be a Boston Cream Pie, a new kind of a Doughnut, or a tempting sandwich of Peanut-Butter Bread, Royal gives it a delicious flavor that is simply irresistible.

ROYAL Baking Powder

is most economical because it keeps baked foods fresh longer and never wastes good materials. Royal is also most wholesome because it is made from cream of tartar and contains no alum, so strongly condemned by pure food authorities.

Boston Cream Pie

2 eggs 1½ teaspoon Royal Baking Powder ½ teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon vanilla or other flavoring ½ cup boiling milk ¾ cup sugar 1 cup flour

Beat yolks and whites separately. Add the beaten egg yolks to the stiffly beaten whites and gradually add the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together three or four times. Lastly add very slowly the hot milk. Add vanilla. Bake in deep layer cake tin in moderate oven about 35 minutes. You will have better results if you put the cake into a cold oven and turn on the heat to a moderate temperature. When cool, split and put between the layers the following cream filling. Sprinkle powdered sugar on top of cake.

Cream Filling

½ cup sugar 1 teaspoon butter 2 tablespoons corn-starch 1 cup scalded milk 2 eggs ½ teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix sugar, cornstarch, salt and beaten eggs together. Pour on gradually the scalded milk. Put in double boiler and cook for at least ten minutes or until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Add flavoring, and butter; cool, and spread between layers of cake.

Peanut-Butter Bread Sandwiches

2 cups flour 1 teaspoon salt ½ cup sugar 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder ½ cup peanut butter 1 cup milk

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together into bowl; add peanut-butter to the milk and mix well. Add to dry ingredients, beat thoroughly and bake in greased loaf pan in slow oven 45 to 50 minutes. This is best when a day old. Cut into thin slices, and, filled with either cream cheese or lettuce and mayonnaise, it makes delicious sandwiches.

Luncheon Doughnuts

2 eggs 6 tablespoons milk 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder 6 tablespoons sugar 2 tablespoons melted shortening Little grated nutmeg ¾ teaspoon salt 2 cups flour

Beat eggs until very light and add sugar, salt, nutmeg and melted shortening. Add the milk and the sifted flour and baking powder. Mix well and drop by teaspoonfuls into deep hot fat and fry until brown. Drain well on unglazed paper and sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar. Delicious with afternoon tea.

Potato Rolls

2 cups flour 1½ teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon sugar 3½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder 1 medium-sized, cold, well boiled potato Water, milk or equal quantities of both

Sift thoroughly together flour, salt, sugar and baking powder, rub in the potato or add potato which has been put through ricer; add sufficient liquid to mix smoothly into a stiff batter or soft dough. This will require about three quarters cup of liquid. Divide dough into small pieces; knead each and shape into small rolls—put on greased pan and brush over with melted shortening and allow to stand in warm place 15 to 20 minutes. Bake in hot oven and when nearly done, brush again with melted shortening.

Corn Fritters

2 cups fresh cooked corn 1½ cups flour ½ cup milk 1 teaspoon salt 2 eggs ½ teaspoon pepper 1 tablespoon shortening 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

To the corn add milk, flour sifted with salt, pepper and baking powder, melted shortening and beaten eggs. Beat well and fry by spoonfuls on hot greased griddle or iron frying pan. For corn fritters that are to be fried in deep hot fat, make batter stiffer by adding to the above recipe ½ cup of flour and one teaspoon Royal Baking Powder; beat well and drop by spoonfuls into deep hot fat.



Peanut-Butter Bread Sandwiches



Royal Luncheon Doughnuts

Our booklet "55 Ways to Save Eggs" contains many valuable suggestions on economical baking. Write for a free copy together with the Royal 500-recipe Cook Book, addressing

Royal Baking Powder Co., 134 William Street, New York City



This picture is a reproduction of a famous Johnson & Johnson hanger to be seen in most drug stores.

And still the wonder grew that any tin could hold such comfort

EVEN "Snookums" knows and appreciates the soothing qualities of Johnson's Toilet and Baby Powder. It is quite logical that baby's smile should so serve as a register of satisfaction.

Johnson's Toilet and Baby Powder *is* different; *is* cooling; *is* comforting. These are the open secrets of its superiority—the reasons why this powder has long had the endorsement of physicians and nurses everywhere.

Chemically pure, washed and floated talc, combined with antiseptics in proper proportion, alone find their way into Johnson's Toilet and Baby Powder. But it's the *scientific blend* of these ingredients that makes it a perfect powder for baby's tender skin.

Years of patient experimentation in our great laboratories have enabled us to secure a powder that *does* keep the skin clean, that *does* keep it fresh, that *does* keep it cool and healthy. If it contained starch, clay, and useless fillers, as do many talcum powders, it couldn't do as we claim, nor would it carry the imprint of the world's largest makers of surgical dressings.

Your druggist is as glad to sell Johnson's Baby Powder as we are to have you go to him for it or for other Johnson & Johnson products. We owe much to the druggist as do all Americans. The druggist is a tremendous factor for good in the community. We wish to acknowledge this and urge a similar appreciation on your part—an appreciation, however, that should be shown by *increased patronage*. Your druggist has earned it—he deserves it.

Johnson's TOILET AND BABY POWDER



**"Best for Baby
Best for You"**

Johnson's Toilet and Baby Powder is safer than most talcs, and more beneficial. It is an old standby with the medical profession. Use Johnson's on your baby at least once a day from the moment of birth.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.



Start Early to Teach Good Health-Habits

FROM the moment baby comes into the world he is a person. He begins forming his habits with his first cry. It depends on mother whether these habits are to result in an unhealthy body or a robust one. "Begin this training as soon as the baby begins his life," says Dr. Baker. In this article she tells you how.

Dr. Baker will answer any questions you care to ask her about keeping baby healthy, happy, and normal.

Address Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Baby Welfare Department, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



Every Mother—Every Baby

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

AS the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. Habits acquired in the early years have an effect upon a person's whole life. This is specially true with regard to health-habits. The kind of care and training in matters of health which are given to the baby during his first year will not only influence him then, but will determine to a large extent whether the rest of his life is to be interrupted by frequent illnesses or continued ill-health, or whether his is to be a strong, robust body which can defy any disease to which he might be exposed.

I do not believe there is a mother who does not know that her baby begins to form habits the moment he is born. If these habits are to be the kind the mother wishes, she must begin this training about as soon as the baby begins his life.

Little babies have only one way of making their wants known—by crying. If they are taken up, or rocked, or fed or given any of the other things which seem to them desirable; simply through the process of starting a good cry, then it seems to them the most simple thing in the world to keep on crying until they get just what they want. When the mother gives in to this method, she not only forms in the baby the habit of irregular sleeping and eating, but, what is far worse, she starts him on the road to selfishness and lays the foundation for nervous irritability or a real nervous disease in after-life. It is because the results of irregularity, wrong feeding and the formation of bad habits may mean so much distress and suffering later on that I want to show all mothers how easy it is to start early to teach good health-habits.

The baby's actual needs are very few and always simple; the things that mean good health are not a question of money but of care. Some wise person has said that "The baby's environment is its mother," and it is true that the mother can supply almost every actual need. There are some things which, as I pointed out in my first article, must be supplied by the community, such as sufficient recreation space, clean streets, good housing and the other things that mean sanitation and hygiene. However, if conditions are not altogether ideal in this regard, mothers still have it within their power to protect and guide their babies to an unusual degree. Every baby needs and should have (1) proper food, (2) fresh air, (3) sufficient sleep and quiet and (4) exercise. Every mother can supply these simple things.

Food, we have already discussed. Let me say again that if mothers would only nurse their babies during the first nine months, they would find themselves rewarded in the sound bodies, firm bones and strong muscles of their children.

Next in importance comes fresh air. It is far more vital than food, for it is the one supply that we cannot lessen for any great length of time without serious injury to health, and we cannot, of course, live deprived of air. Because it is so free and abundant, its use is apt to be neglected. Babies are like plants; they need unlimited fresh air. The ideas we used to entertain as to the time the baby can first be taken outdoors have changed. There is no reason, if the weather is clear, not below twenty degrees in temperature, and the sun is shining, why the first outdoor airing should not be taken when he is from a week to ten days old in the winter, or three or four days old in the summer. If the baby should be born in the coldest part of the year, when heavy storms are raging, or if the air outdoors is unusually dusty or excessively hot in summer, it is wise to keep him in the house a little longer and gradually accustom him to the more severe weather.

From birth, babies should sleep in a room where the windows are open both day and night. By the

use of window boards or an arrangement of screens around the crib, there is no reason why there should be any draft. In the event of rain or snow, the daily airing may be taken indoors. For this purpose, the baby should be dressed to go out, placed in his carriage, the windows of the room opened wide, and the carriage wheeled about for half an hour. When the air of the room needs to be changed in bad weather, it is well to take the baby out until the airing has been completed.

During the first month of life the baby should stay outdoors for one or two hours a day. From one to three months, he should be out from eleven o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, if the sun is shining; and by six months he may be out practically all the time. While sleeping outdoors in the daytime is recommended, it is not always possible to arrange for the baby to sleep out-of-doors at night. When this can be done, however, on a properly protected sleeping-porch, it is advisable, and such babies form a health-habit of fresh air which is invaluable throughout life.

When the baby is taken outdoors, either in the daytime or at night, there are certain simple precautions to be observed. In cold weather, the hands and feet must be kept thoroughly warm. This can be accomplished by the use of worsted socks, mittens and hot-water bags, carefully covered so that they will not burn the tender skin. Veils are not advised, but a warm, soft hood, long coat, and plenty of soft blankets are necessary. As the hot days of summer come, the crib or carriage should be covered with mosquito netting. Care should be taken that the baby is not placed where the sun may shine into his eyes. This is one of the commonest forms of neglect. Anyone can recall the many times he has seen babies left on the sunny side of the street, with the carriage hood down and the sun shining directly into the baby's face or on its head. The shady side of the street, porch or tree is best, except in cold weather.

THE third important health-habit is regular and restful sleep. The newborn baby sleeps practically all of the time. At the end of one month, he should sleep from twenty-two to twenty-four hours. The sleeping time gradually becomes less until, at the end of six months, it is not more than twelve or fourteen hours at night, with two naps in the daytime. The mother should not be disturbed if the baby sleeps as much as eighteen hours a day up to the time it is six or seven months old. Remember that during this period the growth of the body is very rapid, and the time when most of this growth takes place is during sleep, so that every hour of added sleep means an added hour of strength and the chance for proper growth.

Sleep in itself is not all that is needed. It must be restful sleep, not a restless or disturbed one. There is no reason why babies should not be trained to sleep



In the two top pictures baby has cried and gurgled away his allotted fifteen minutes. Here, his toy lamb offers him solace and quiet amusement

through the ordinary noises of the house or street; but protect them, always, from sudden and unusual noises. Noises are not only apt to awaken the baby, but they give shocks which, when often repeated, may do permanent injury to the nervous system.

When baby is put to bed, see to it that all his clothing is freshly clean, the diaper just changed and dry, and that there are no chafed or sore spots on the delicate skin which have not been cared for. See also that the sheets on the crib or bed are smooth, and that the baby's hands and feet are warm. Do not tuck the bed clothing in tightly. The best way is to lay it over the crib in a loose manner and pin it down around the bed with large safety-pins. This gives the baby plenty of room to toss about in the bed.

It is not wise for the baby to sleep on his back. The most restful sleep is obtained on one side or the other, but in no event should one position be maintained for a long time. Start the baby to sleep on one side and then change him to the other side just before the mother goes to bed herself. He may be turned a second time if she awakens during the night. Occasionally, if he is restless, placing him directly on his stomach, with the head to one side, may be the one thing needed to make him sleep calmly. No pillows are needed for little babies, and if training and feeding have been begun so that the last night feeding takes place at ten o'clock and the first morning feeding not until six o'clock, there should be an uninterrupted night's rest for mother and child.

It seems hardly necessary to emphasize the need of exercise for a healthy baby, but all too often the clothes are so tight and over-abundant that he does not have a chance for the normal exercise he wants and should have. This is one of the reasons why his clothes should be simple and light.

In any event, he should be completely undressed except for the little shirt, placed in a warm room, on a blanket or sheet, and allowed to play and kick about for a time before the daily bath. When the room is too cold for such undressing, the simplest possible short gown should be put on and, two or three times a day, he should have a chance to kick about and play to his heart's content, either on a clean sheet on the floor or on the bed.

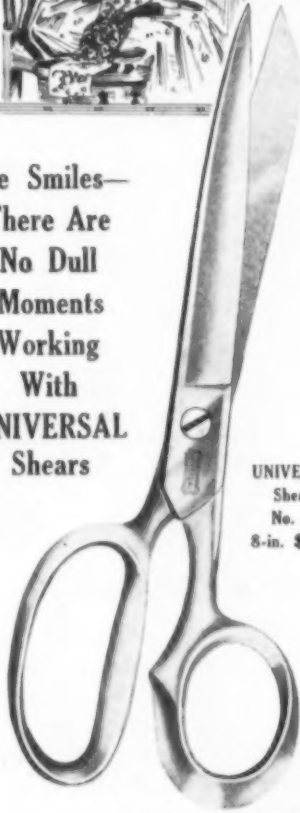
The baby should not be urged to creep or to make early attempts to walk. Both of these efforts should come about as a result of natural action on his part. Usually, the baby will begin to creep between the seventh and the tenth months, although habits vary widely in this direction. Creeping is good exercise, but care must be taken that the floor is clean and that no dangerous little articles like matches, pins or buttons are on the floor, as the baby will be sure to put them in his mouth. The first attempts at walking are usually made at the end of the first year and these, when properly controlled, form a splendid method of exercising practically all the muscles of the body.

One form of exercise that is excellent is crying. Every normal baby ought to cry at least once a day and, better yet, two or three times a day. There is a great difference between this kind of crying and the crying that means actual discomfort or illness, and, when the mother is sure that it is not the latter kind, she may feel quite calm about letting him cry for fifteen minutes or so, or until he stops of his own accord.

Proper food, fresh air, sufficient sleep and quiet and exercise, then, are the simple things that every baby needs to keep him on the road of good health. There is no reason why every baby with an intelligent mother should not have them.



She Smiles—
There Are
No Dull
Moments
Working
With
UNIVERSAL
Shears



UNIVERSAL
Shears
No. 20
8-in. \$1.75

In selecting a pair of Shears or Scissors the same discrimination that a woman displays in buying a fine piece of wearing apparel should be used. The first cost should not be considered, but service and length of time that it will prove useful should prompt the purchase.

Universal Shears, while costing a little more, will give three to four times the service of the ordinary kind.

Prices range from \$1.00 upward. Each pair is warranted fully. Made in all the popular sizes and patterns.

UNIVERSAL POCKET KNIVES

Do you own a good first-class Pocket Knife? It is easy; just remember that a Knife if called for under the Universal trade-mark insures a good pocket knife for all purposes. One that will give satisfaction to the owner. Sharp when you get it, quality of steel and temper the best. A knife with a conscience, that will make you proud of its ownership. Insist upon having the Universal Knife; don't accept something as being equally good. Every Standard Variety for Selection—price from 50c to \$5.00.



UNIVERSAL
Pocket Knife
No. 73327 \$3.75
Pearl Handles



UNIVERSAL
Pocket Knife
No. 43185 \$2.00
Buffalo Handles

On sale at Hardware,
Housefurnishing and
Department Stores
Everywhere

Write for Free Booklet
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
New Britain, Conn.

The Trade Mark Known
UNIVERSAL
in Every Home



Add a Cup to a Favorite Recipe

Welcome variety in many every-day dishes and plain foods may be enjoyed by simply adding Dromedary Cocoanut to some of your favorite recipes. This is the cocoanut that is fresh and moist to the last shred.

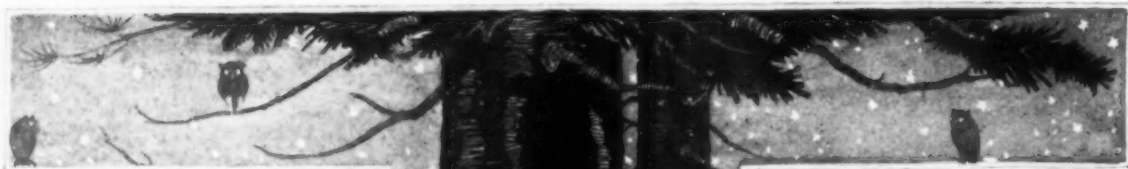
Send a postal today to The Hills Brothers Co., 375 Washington Street, Dept. 23, New York, for latest Dromedary Cook Book for new ideas. In the meantime try Dromedary Cocoanut in some of your own favorite recipes—for example:

Cocoanut Cookies
Cocoanut Puddings
Cocoanut Muffins
Cocoanut Pies
Cocoanut Waffles
Cocoanut Candies



The House the Girls Built In Which a Ranch Wife Takes the Easy Chair

By Mary Gordon Page



LOVE, witchhood, and even motherhood, are not enough if the life to which they commit one does not keep alive and growing the inner best. There must be something besides. What is it to be? It was this question that I took to the hill-top house for discussion in the firelight. The letter of a ranch woman, poignant and full of desire, brought it close to me.

"Our home is a ranch, many miles from a city. Naturally we find few amusements and fewer friends. For a year I was contented, seeming to find in my husband, who is the best man in the world, and in my baby, all my heart desired. Then as I became better acquainted with the lives of the women about me, and saw the awful rut they had fallen into, with its endless round of washing, ironing, cooking, ceaseless toil from morning until night with no outlook except one of drudgery, I rebelled—mentally, of course. I did not know how I could look down the years and see my mind and soul stagnating while my back and arms broke with the strain of work. But how to prevent it? I love my home, and would not leave it for the world, not even to ease my aching muscles, so I must find my solution here."

Before I read on to her tentative solution of her problem, we talked of her gallantry and her passionate determination for the sake of her husband and child, as well as for herself, to keep in touch with the colorful world seemingly so remote.

"And it will be winter before long," Wilma mused, stirring the fire. In the flames we saw pictures; endless stretches of imprisoning snow.

"Those ruts aren't lying in wait for ranch women only," Olga said. "Still, their loneliness and isolation make them realize. And realization, if one is strong, is a tonic thing; preventive."

"I'm glad she is the fine, true kind that knows she must find her solution there, instead of taking her child and trying to get back into the 'ranks of the doers,' as she phrases it. She is clear-sighted, and knows that the real significance of her life lies there with her husband."

"'Ranks of the doers!'" Jane exclaimed, impatiently. "She is doing more right now than many a half-dozen other women put together. Us, for instance. Hers is the job of a pioneer woman, and requires the finest and strongest and best that she can bring to it."

"Yes," I told her, "but it is much easier to admire that kind of a heroine than to be one. And besides she is altogether right. This letter isn't a matter of discontent, nor longing to do something easier and more picturesque than her big duties. She isn't shirking her life; she wants something to enrich it. She is one of the women—probably every woman is so constituted—who finds four walls deadening unless she has other contact. To be at her best, she must have outside mental stimulus. After a day of hard work she hasn't the opportunity to freshen her thought by brushing minds with an interesting stranger, whose talk will set her mind following new trails. She can't be sure of having one such experience in a year, except, of course, by way of a book.

Even that is not simple when one is far from bookshops and libraries."

"Brain work of some sort," Helen said.

"Yes," I told them, "she is considering writing, and wants our advice about whether it is worth while."

"If she wants to write, she should," Jane was emphatic.

"I wonder whether she takes pleasure in that form of self-expression, in writing for its own sake, or whether it is just a vague

BOUND softly in the gray old gossamer cocoon of domesticity—helpless. A ranch wife, she was, with a big desire for life—a desire that made her reach out through the cobweb of her existence for contact with vital people. She touched the girls. They helped her—they can help you too. Each has encountered sometime on her path just the problem that is baffling you. By letter you can find your way into this cozy fireside group. Their knowledge is a golden treasure they want to share with you. Come into the circle. The latchstring is always out.

desire to do something. It makes a difference," came from Wilma.

Margaret nodded. "Of course, a vague desire never accomplished anything, but a real desire to do a thing goes a long way toward proving it can be done. Everybody has a life to interpret and illuminate, and doing that with words is what writing amounts to."

BUT there is a practical angle that we must consider," I said. "Wishing to do a thing and taking pleasure in doing it is one thing, and finding justification for the time and energy spent is quite another. Just self-expression in words is not enough. It has the unsatisfactory quality of talking to one's self. Those of us who have packages of rejected manuscripts know that."

"I am talking of the practical side," Margaret said. "Did you ever hear me talk of anything else? There is only one way to do anything, and that is, first to want to do it, and then to set about doing it. Get the ideal, the objective, and then master the mechanics. If she wishes to write professionally, she must write notwithstanding all the obstacles. She must do as much

as she can, as well as she can. Studying the work of others will help her in getting a technique. Unless her experience is rare, indeed, she will have a heart-breaking time with rejections from editors. It may take her many years to accomplish anything, for she will have little leisure and energy to give to it. But if she is interested, and goes about it wholeheartedly, subconsciously her mind will work at phrase and situation while she goes through the day's routine; I can fancy her looking forward throughout the day to the evening, when she can have a while at her desk, to get on paper the work she has planned."

I WAS reminded of a woman well known as a magazine writer. She told me that those life studies and essays of hers were every one written after the last bit of housework had been done and the last child put to bed; then she walked three miles to a post-office to start her manuscripts on their way to the editors. That was the way she earned money for her children's education.

"So, you see, it can be done," Margaret commented. "Isolation doesn't prevent, nor weariness."

"But if she fails?" Helen asked. "If she finds that, notwithstanding her work, success does not come?"

"She can't fail. Even though her work never reaches the excellence she desires, she will have found in it the growth, the mental stimulus that she must have. She will find new zest in her reading; a new meaning in life. Whatever she does and feels and enjoys and suffers will have new significance. But if she works intelligently and dauntlessly she will probably have, too, the other satisfaction that she wishes."

And so we left the problem, each hoping that the little ranch woman will use whatever moments and hours she can wrest from her busy life to give to the work she most wishes to do. It will set her feet on a new road.

It may be that out of her isolation and loneliness will come finer work than would

be possible to her in the distractions of an easier life, and it may give to her a finer recreation than could come in any other way. I have a friend who, out of a season of hard work and much loneliness, brought a knowledge of astronomy which might well have come from a well-equipped observatory. "While John and I were up there in that top-of-the-world camp," she told me, "the stars seemed about as near as my other neighbors, and were far more interesting. There was a star map in the city paper that we took. With it, an old school astronomy and a pair of opera glasses, I went to work." Later there came a chance to go on with her study, a chance that would never have happened, or, happening, would have meant nothing, had it not been for her preliminary work. "At the time it had seemed far beyond my mental vision—it was, I thought, an almost unattainable something."

I want my ranch woman and, too, all the other women who are trying to find something to keep them from a rut, to think about her. There is always some new window to throw open in one's house of life.

The Ingredients of Youth

(Continued from page 18)

thought no one saw them, he slipped his hand under the table and gave hers a gentle pat. In everything she referred to him. Each dish was a matter of comment and enjoyment. And when it was over, they sat back contentedly and viewed the people about them with a sane humor in the complexity of human habits and relations.

At the next table were a man and

woman—hopelessly middle-aged. They did not speak to each other during the entire meal, except when he asked her what she would have, and she, with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders, said she didn't care, and, later, when she criticized everything brought upon the table. He sat stolidly with his face buried in the evening newspaper most of the time. She rested her

chin in her hands and looked into space. The picture presented by these two couples demands no discussion. One couple were twenty in soul, and so were they twenty. The others had no common interests; they were in the rut of dead enthusiasms. And so were they middle-aged. Let us keep faith with our ideals! In this, there is lasting youth.



YOU will be delighted with the wonderful effect of Goblin Soap on the little grimy, play-stained hands. The dirt is dissolved in creamy lather and the skin left in a beautifully healthy condition.

Fine for office, home or shop, toilet or bath—a good all around soap.

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 West Monroe Street, CHICAGO
64 Macauley Avenue, Toronto, Canada





Millions of Germs

Breed in Tooth Film
—Keep It Off

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Film Wrecks the Teeth

THAT slimy film which you feel with your tongue causes most tooth troubles. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. In crevices and elsewhere that film clings. That is why your brushing fails to keep teeth white, free from tartar, clean and safe.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief causes of pyorrhea. So all these troubles have been increasing despite the wide use of the tooth brush.

Dental science, after years of search, has found a film combatant. Able authorities have amply proved this by careful clinical tests. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer a 10-Day Tube free now to everyone for home tests.

See the Results, Then Decide

The results of Pepsodent are quickly apparent. Some are instant. We ask you to see them—watch them ten days—then decide for yourself about them.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. The inventor has been granted patents by five governments already. It is that invention which makes possible this efficient film combatant.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 669
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

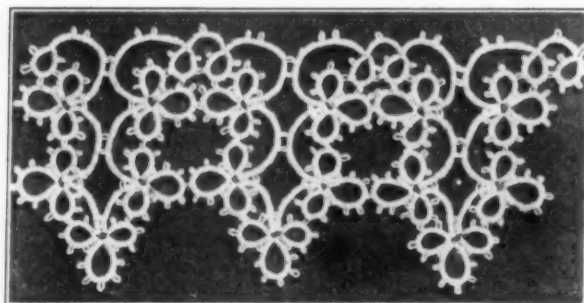
Send this Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

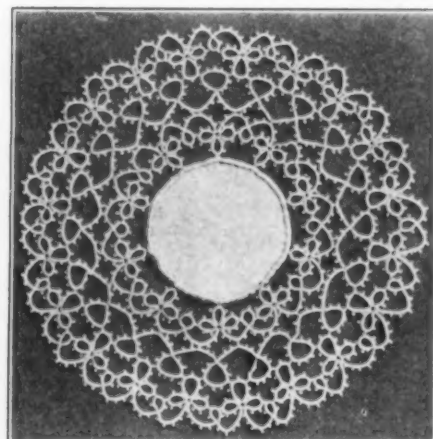
This test is most important. Cut out the coupon now. (227)

With Shuttle and Hook

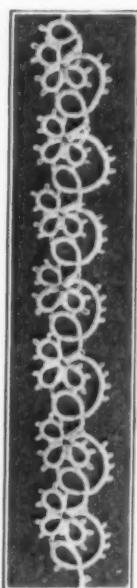
By Elisabeth M. Blondel



A 3-inch tatted edge of unusual leaf design



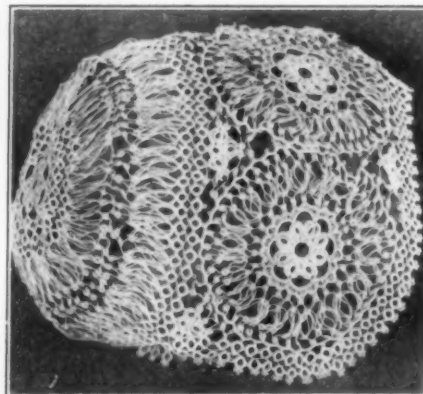
A tatted doily from a charming luncheon set



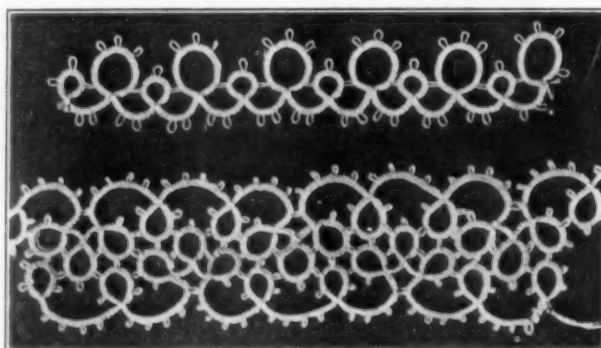
A useful narrow edging in simple tating



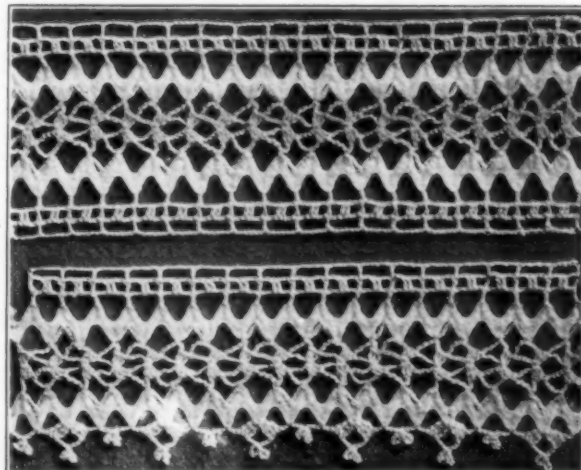
A narrow tatted edge with turned corner



A tatted baby cap marvelously delicate in design



(Above) Tatted insertion and edge of interesting pattern. (Below) Novelty bandings of rickrack braid and crochet



Editor's Note.—Tatting and crochet directions for making the articles above are printed on one leaflet, No. FW. 122. To obtain this send 10 cents in stamps or money order. With your request enclose a stamped envelope for reply. Address The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N.Y.

Make your
Housecleaning
easy

with

You will get through
sooner, have a cleaner
house, and be less tired
if you use Old Dutch





Her Mouth Is Growing Old

STILL young—but her mouth is growing old. The pretty lips are losing their youthful contour. They are taking on the look of withered age.

"Pyorrhea," says her dentist. A long neglected case. The gums are shrunken and receding—the teeth loosening, and decaying fast.

Pyorrhea is a preventable disease. Take proper care of your gums and teeth and you will not have it.

Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary tooth pastes and powders cannot do this.

If you have tender, bleeding gums (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) start to use Forhan's immediately. Then watch that bleeding stop, and the tenderness disappear.

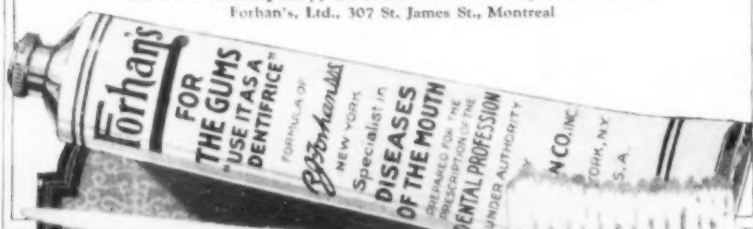
But better still, don't wait for symptoms. End the trouble before it begins. Keep Pyorrhea, its disfigurements and train of dangerous ills away by using Forhan's for the Gums. It makes the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white, and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

Forhan Company, 200 Sixth Avenue, New York
Forhan's, Ltd., 307 St. James St., Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

A Breath of Spring in Winter

By Rachel Irwin



OCTOBER first. What a vision of frosty mornings the date commands! We linger over the few flowers that are left to us. A late cosmos assumes untold importance; the marigolds are minted eighteen-carat pure. We are jealous now of every bud, mindful of the barren months that loom ahead; yet, for all those of us who can number a cool cellar, a sunny window, and a fair store of patience among our possessions, October is robbed of its dread. It becomes not a season of farewells and garden memories, but a time of planting and sowing—the birthday of the garden within doors.

I have set as the first requisite, a cool cellar. That is for the bulbs. Along about September fifteenth the seedsmen's fall catalogs begin to arrive, offering bargains in fragrant narcissi and hyacinths, daffodils at so much a hundred, and freesias and crocus at prices ridiculously low when one remembers the generous returns they give. With a little care in planting in pots or earthenware bulb pans, a little patience, while the roots are growing, plenty of water, sunshine, and fresh air, one may look for a rich harvest that will hold out a promise of April even while the February snows lie close about.

About the time that the first frosts rob our outdoor gardens of their wealth, it is time to start the garden within doors. The first planting of bulbs should be made the first week in October, certainly by the fifteenth of the month, that we may have them in bloom at Christmas. From five to eight weeks are needed to give them the necessary root growth before we may bring them to the sun to force the flowers.

Get a dozen or more of the broad, shallow pots, known as "bulb pans," purchasable at any florist or hardware store. These should be filled with rich soil, with which has been mixed a certain amount of well-rotted manure. Be careful not to let the bulbs themselves come in contact with unrotted manure, as they are liable to decay and turn yellow. The lilies are especially tender, and should be surrounded with a thin layer of sand.

THE number of bulbs to each pot varies from a dozen crocus or freesias to four of the big Darwin tulips, and all, with the exception of the hyacinths and cyclamen corms, should be planted a good two inches beneath the surface. The hyacinths seem to do better if planted only an inch deep, while the crown of a cyclamen corm should show half an inch above ground. After planting, give the pots a thorough wetting and set them in a dark corner of the cellar, well away from the furnace. Here their roots will grow.

Besides the familiar narcissi, hyacinths, crocus, tulips, and freesias, there are gladioli, cyclamen, montbretias, zephyranthes, and several varieties of lilies which will repay culture indoors.

Some of the bulbs are so much quicker in their development than others, especially the hyacinths, crocus, and polyanthus type of narcissus, that before Thanksgiving they will have begun to send up thick green shoots. As soon as these appear, bring the pots upstairs to the heat and light. Give

them a thorough watering, and from this time on, the soil must be kept moist, for the bulbs are putting forth all their strength and need every encouragement. While the buds are forming, a good plant food made by diluting a teaspoonful of nitrate of soda in a quart of water may be given them. One or two treatments of this go a long way toward producing large blooms, but beware of overdoing.

The bulbs brought up at Thanksgiving will bloom through the Christmas holidays—and by a little forethought, others may be ready to replace them as they die.

BUT the indoor garden has need of other flowers as well. For the first two months these may be supplied by taking up one or two plants of the hardier annuals, such as marigolds, snapdragons, nicotiana, or petunias, from their places out of doors, cutting them back to within four inches of their growth, and planting them in pots or boxes of earth.

Starch boxes, stained green or brown and filled with earth, may hold a planting of alyssum, whose snowy flowers will come into bloom six to eight weeks after sowing and flower continuously for several weeks.

The old-fashioned pink Impatiens Zanzibar, known to my childhood as "Impulsive Lucy," makes one of the most satisfactory of indoor plants. It is easily raised from seed, or cuttings, and if given plenty of water and sunlight without too much heat, is never without a few cheery blooms. These plants live for many years. Verbenas, too, make a welcome addition. Seed sown in October in small boxes of rich earth should produce plants big enough to set out in four-inch pots by Christmas. Then, if the tops are pinched back to insure side growth, you are fairly certain of having a mass of flower-studded green by the time your supply of bulbs begins to run out.

And now for a site for our garden within doors. Three things it must have—moderate heat, a sunny exposure, and a supply of fresh air. A bow window at the south or west side of the house makes an ideal place. Two or three shelves may be built across the pane to hold the pots. These should be at least eight inches wide to allow the broad bulb pans plenty of room without touching the glass. On very cold nights, it is well to slip a newspaper between the plants and the window pane as an extra precaution. But better than shelves, I find, is a plain deal table, the legs stained dark, and the top covered with green oilcloth, which is easily cleaned. Have a carpenter build uprights three feet high at the corners, and between these, across the narrow end, fasten two shelves on which some of the small pots may be placed. The nicotianas and petunias will be glad of the support to cling to; and if you add one or two pots of Kenilworth ivy to your garden, the uprights and even the shelves will soon be transformed into banks of soft green that are truly lovely. The top of the table gives room for the broad bulb pans, and lower-growing flowers.

Plenty of water, sunlight, and fresh air, and the garden within doors bids fair to rival its outdoor cousin, whose days are numbered now that October is here.



What Does Your Mirror Reflect?

When you see your face reflected in a mirror, do you have that sense of pride and satisfaction which comes from the consciousness that your skin is healthy, glowing, and altogether charming?

Or are you discouraged instead, because you have tried so many recommended treatments and still your skin looks muddy, oily and colorless.

Try Resinol Soap now, and see if it does not make a blessed difference. Its refreshing lather, filled with soothing, healing qualities, searches every pore, and helps to cleanse them from the little particles which have lodged there,—giving the skin a chance to breathe.

RESINOL SOAP FOR BABY'S BATH TENDS GREATLY TO PREVENT CHAFINGS, AND TO KEEP THE TENDER SKIN SOFT AND HEALTHY.

For sale by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. Trial on request.
Dept. 3-C, Resinol,
Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

A Penny Dish

Forms the School-Boy's
Ideal Breakfast

Better Than 10c
Meat Foods

A big dish of Quaker Oats and milk cost about a penny.

In meat or eggs the same nutrition, measured by calories, costs from 8 to 10 cents.

In Quaker Oats you serve the ideal boy-food. It is almost a complete food—the greatest food that grows.

No meat food compares with oats as nutriment for young folks.

1810 Calories
Per Pound

The calory is the energy measure of food value. Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories per pound, which is twice as much as beef.

The cost at this writing, compared with other necessary foods, is about as follows:

Cost Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats . . .	5½c
Round Steak . . .	33c
Veal or Lamb . . .	46c
Average Fish . . .	50c
Eggs	50c
Stewing Hens . . .	52c

Saves \$10 per Month

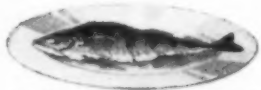
A Quaker Oats breakfast, in the average home, will save \$10 monthly compared with meat or egg breakfasts.

And it starts the day with the food of foods.

Serve other foods at other meals. People need variety. But use this one-cent breakfast dish to average up your food cost.



Costs 9 Times Quaker Oats
Per 1000 Calories



Costs 10 Times Quaker Oats
Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats

Flaked from the Richest Grains

In Quaker Oats you get a matchless flavor without extra price. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the richest, plumpest oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

From all the world over oat lovers send here for Quaker Oats. You get it for the asking. Don't forget.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover



When Birds of a Feather Come Flocking Together

By Claire Wallis

WHEN the Juniors entertained the Freshmen last year in a certain progressive High School, they gave what a very precocious Freshman called a "bird of a party." It was that in every sense; for, you see, the Juniors, fresh from a course in biology, had used the idea of a last gathering of the "birds" before going South for the winter as the central idea of the entertainment. Their invitations went out on plain gilt-edged correspondence cards, which the artist of the class had decorated with two curving lines depicting birds in flight. They were so easy to make! She had filled in the inked outlines with water colors so that each flight of birds—which were drawn as if flying to meet each other—was done in the colors of the different classes. On the invitations themselves were written,

The Juniors bid the Freshmen
To a perfect flight of fun,
So come prepared to imitate
A bird, by dress or pun.

The party was held in the school gymnasium. It was not a hard task to cut hundreds of birds from crêpe paper, magazine advertisements, children's story-books, and plain colored Bristol-board to string on uneven lengths and hang from lines, fastened across the gym. What a gay sight from the entrance! One believed truly that the trial of cock robin's murderer was in progress. Some of the birds had been tucked into the school palms brought into the gym for the occasion, and a few real canaries gave reality to the scene.

The fun began as the guests piled in, and were asked to give their imitations of the birds they represented. The "mocking bird" for instance, did nothing but repeat the words of the receiving committee, laughing as he did so. A "parrot," of course, kept calling for his cracker. One girl, dressed in black, said her dress was her admission. The strutting walk of another immediately suggested a peacock. Another girl hummed continually and was soon admitted. The crow was also soon guessed. Some of the impersonations were really clever, and served to break up the ice of formality between upper and lower classmen.

To start the entertainment, each guest was given a small typewritten "catalog" and shown the way to the "museum," where some rare specimens of birds were supposed to be on exhibition. A small dressing-room was used for this purpose. There, spread out on tables and numbered, were the "birds." Each numbered group or object was to be guessed and set down opposite that number in the catalog. Following is the list and the names of birds represented:

Chickadee (small yellow Easter chick and a large D).

Eagle (ten-dollar gold piece).

Kingfisher (drawing of a crowned king engaged in fishing from a bridge).

Turkey (map of that country).

Heron (piece of hair and letter N).

Robin (clipped magazine illustration of burglar entering house).

Blackbird (draped stereo-scope with nothing but a piece of black cloth in it).

Swallow (glass of water with just one swallow in it).

Parrot (two apples) with sign "Rot" over them.

Sparrow (set of false teeth).

Magpie (small pie labeled, "Made by Margaret").

Nightingale (picture of knight in storm). Woodpecker (wooden peck-measure with R painted on it).

The first prize for this was a pretty little book on bird lore, and the booby prize a toy water swan for the bathtub.

Next on the program came the "Dodo Hunt." The Dodo was a small wooden bird painted red and polka-dotted in white to distinguish it from the decorative birds around the gym. He was tucked away in some inconspicuous place but was not concealed. One member at a time was sent out during the hiding process and given a pair of opera glasses through the diminishing lens of which he had to find the Dodo. Two minutes were allowed for each search. When the whistle sounded, the glasses were passed to another member, who left the room while the bird was being hidden again. This took a considerable time, but it was kept up until the Dodo was found. The Dodo became the possession of his discoverer.

"Killing Two Birds with One Stone" proved to be a ten-pin game arranged on a table. The pins were labeled with names of birds, and each bird counted so much in the score. Each guest was given three balls, and the prize for this was "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers" for the boy, and a bluebird pin for the girl.

AN uproarious game of blind-man's buff was dignified by the name of a "Wild Goose Chase." A whistle was passed around, and the one blindfolded had to respond to the "bird call" when he heard it. Anyone caught by the blind-man was made the next "wild goose chaser," but if caught with the whistle, was put out of the game.

"Flying South" was a hopping race with a South Pole as the goal. All contestants were lined up in a row and the ankles of each tied with a handkerchief. When the whistle blew, the birds hopped South. The first to reach the pole was given a Japanese print of birds, and the last one a toy bird that climbed a stick.

The feather game was called, "Plucking the Goose." It was extremely spirited, as the classes took sides. A rope was stretched across the room to separate the teams. Each person had a feather, dyed in his or her class colors, which he blew across the rope; the other side, being on the defensive, tried to blow it back while aiming to keep their own feather moving in the same direction. Each time the feather crossed the dividing line it counted a point for the side that owned it. The victorious Freshmen were termed "good blowers" by the Juniors, who gracefully yielded to their supremacy in this respect.

By this time refreshments were uppermost in everybody's mind. A halt in the entertainment was called. Birds cut in two were given out, and the partners found by matching up the halves. Lemonade and sweetened sandwiches with date, fig, and nut filling, made very thin and cut in the shape of a "bird-house," were served.

Because of the nature of the light "supper," conversation kept sprightly and gay. It was announced in due time that each girl's "supper" partner was to be her escort home. This resulted in much amusement and some consternation among the merry revelers, as in several cases the most dignified of Juniors were paired off with the greenest Freshmen.



The BRUNSWICK Method of Reproduction



Achieving the Ultimate in Phonograph Music

By Means of Two Exclusive and Scientific Features

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction gained instant and widespread public favor because it enriches the tone qualities of all records. For this alone it is adored by artists and approved by the hypercritical. It embodies the true principles of tone reproduction and complies with the established laws of acoustics in projecting tone. Two revolutionary factors, among others essentially different from other phonographs, make this possible. They are the Ultona and the Tone Amplifier.

The Ultona Plays All Records

The Ultona—a product of creative genius—enables one to play all make records on the Brunswick. Not a combination contrivance nor complex mechanism, yet involving a fundamental principle of sound. By a slight turn of the

hand it supplies the proper needle, correct weight and precise diaphragm.

The Amplifier Enriches Tones

As the name implies, it amplifies tone, making it truer and sweeter. It is a vibrant tone chamber like the sounding board of a fine piano or violin. Constructed entirely of moulded hollyhock and free from metal it gives the requisite resiliency for unfolding and projecting true tone.



Ask to Hear The Brunswick

Any Brunswick dealer will be glad to demonstrate the many claims made for it. Choose your favorite record to be tested—the one that will help you judge best. Your verdict, like that of unnumbered thousands, will be "the one super phonograph."

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

General Offices: CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of
United States, Mexico and Canada

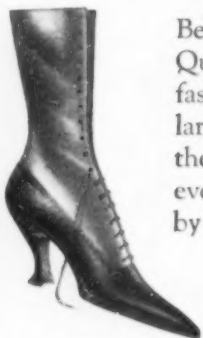
Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise
Sales Co., 819 Yonge Street, Toronto

Queen Quality

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SHOES

Styles of Intimate Appeal to Every Woman



Beauty continues supreme in Queen Quality's happy blend of worth, fit and fashion. An expert organization—the largest of its kind in the world—reflects the shoe needs and ideas of women everywhere. The Fall styles identified by the "Queen Quality" Trade Mark are supreme in leading shoe stores and departments the country over.

Perfection in Fit and Service

For nearly a quarter-century "Queen Quality" shoes have been built on honor and preferred for style and true worth by millions of women. Under the stress of world conditions they have sustained their character and grown in the confidence of discriminating buyers.

Because reputation is valued above all else, Queen Quality fine black kid shoes are made of "Shoe-Soap" Kid. Eight years of consistent service have proved its leadership, and in combination with Queen Quality style it insures to women the united success of tanner, manufacturer and retailer in providing shoes which wearers have tested and now demand.

At the "Queen Quality" exclusive agency in your vicinity you will find courteous attention, careful fitting and maximum of value.

The new
Fall Style
Booklet
is ready for
distribution



THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY

1 Bickford Street

BOSTON, MASS.

Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins



TO MEND A HOLE IN LINOLEUM without patching. Into a small amount of heated paraffin put enough plaster of Paris to make the mixture fairly stiff. If the linoleum you are working with is of a blue tone, add a few drops of bluing water. On the four sides of the hole place flat-irons to prevent the mixture from spreading. Pour on while it is very hot. Fill just to the level of the hole and pat down to make the surface smooth.—Mrs. S. L. S., Gardena, California.

WHEN YOU RIP AN OLD GARMENT, first cut a few stitches with the scissors. Then, put the material under the presser-foot of your sewing-machine to secure it firmly, and see how easily it will rip with the aid of a razor blade or sharp knife.—Mrs. L. M., Wedderburn, Oregon.

TO MAKE CHILDREN'S SHOES WEAR LONGER, put a little melted beeswax under the sole where it joins the upper part of the shoe. A thin coating applied to the tips will save the toes from wear considerably, and at the same time help to make the shoes waterproof.—Mrs. B. F., Germantown, Pennsylvania.

WHEN KNEADING BREAD, put some sheets of newspaper in the oven to get thoroughly hot. When the kneading is finished, cover the dough and roll the bread dish in the warm newspapers. The result is that the bread never gets chilled, for in addition to the warmth produced by the heated papers, they keep out the drafts.—W. H., Clinton, Ontario, Canada.

A WAY TO KEEP THE JUICE IN A PIE made of fruit is to lay a fold in the top crust. This will make the pie expand from the center instead of shrinking around the edge.—F. M., Basalt, Colorado.

A PRETTY AND ECONOMICAL BRAID TRIMMING can be made as follows. With a ball of heavy mercerized cotton, number five, and a coarse crochet needle, make a chain the length of braid required. When this is finished, run a line of machine-stitching through the center of the chain, which will flatten and prettily fill out the loose stitches.—E. L. P., Newark, New Jersey.

SAVE YOUR TIME AND TEMPER when putting on the children's tight rubbers by using a "shoe spoon." To button the top of tight shoes, without pinching, try sliding the shoe spoon next to the leg.—Mrs. M. H., Bedford, Ohio.

AN EXCELLENT BOOKCASE FOR STUDENTS is made in the following way: Procure for shelves, four smooth boards, twenty inches long, ten inches wide, and about two-thirds inch thick. Have twelve thin slats made one and one-half inches wide and thirty-one inches long. Screw a slat on to the extreme ends of the sides of the shelves to accommodate the text-books. Screw the other slats to the shelves, one and one-half inches apart. This will leave an open space of seven inches in the middle of each shelf. There are no slats on the ends of the shelves. Take the long screw from the top of a discarded piano stool and fasten it to the center of the under side of the lowest shelf. Screw the bookcase into the piano stool. The revolving bookcase may be stained to match the student's furniture.—Mrs. C. A. S., Beloit, Wisconsin.

THIS SPOT REMOVER was used with great success by a cleaner and dyer of broad experience, and the simplicity of its construction makes it possible for anyone to duplicate. Take a piece of hair-cloth twelve inches long and three inches wide. Place this upon a piece of worsted or some other heavy material of the same dimensions and form into a compact roll. The ends are then stitched and the remover is complete. Dip the end of the roll into gasoline or ether and rub the spot gently. If gasoline leaves a ring, dip the other end of the roll into dry table salt and rub over the surface which is being cleaned. To remove the shine from serge or other material, dip the roll into warm vinegar and rub the material the wrong way to raise up the nap. Care should be taken, however, not to rub the material hard enough to wear the fabric being cleaned.—G. E. H., Argyle, Wisconsin.

IN MAKING CARAMEL FILLING, if you see it is going to sugar, add a little sweet cream and stir vigorously. This will make the filling soft and creamy.—Mrs. H. E. M., Gordon, Alabama.

SILVER EVENING SLIPPERS will not tarnish if wrapped in black tissue paper, which can be bought at any stationery store. Even during a protracted stay at the seashore this will keep them from being discolored or turning a darker shade.—S. L., New York, New York.

WHEN PUTTING AWAY NEWLY EMBROIDERED LINENS, wash in the usual way and dip in very blue water. Dry and fold without ironing. When they are ready to be used, wash again and you will find that the linens have retained their original whiteness.—M. O'C., Brooklyn, New York.

A BREAD-BOX is always a clumsy article for which to find a place in the kitchen. Why not provide for it in the following way? Nail two iron brackets to the wall, as you would for a shelf, and thereon put your bread box. A nail driven partly into the wall at either side a little higher up will insure against its slipping off the brackets.—Mrs. F. A. M., New York, New York.

A VARIATION OF ESCALLOPED POTATOES may be made by placing the potatoes in the pan in the usual layers; then pour a salad dressing, with onions and a bit of parsley added to it, instead of the usual milk, over each layer.—L. M. H., Northfield, Vermont.

TO CLEAN SILK LAMP SHADES when they become soiled, proceed in the following way. Moisten a small whisk-broom with tepid suds and brush with the folds. Rinse quickly, using a bathtub spray, and rub with a Turkish towel until the water ceases to drip. Shake the shade gently over a register or stove until dry.—E. S. B., Muskegon, Michigan.

RUGS THAT ARE WORN at the corners and ends may be mended in this simple way. Cut off all the worn parts; button-hole the edge with colored wrapping-cord to match the color in the rug, then, with a crochet needle and single-stitch fill in, back and forth, changing colors when needed. If this is carefully done, the mended parts are scarcely noticeable and the rug will wear much longer.—L. E. K., Seward, Nebraska.

WE want your best suggestions for saving time, money and strength in housework of all kinds. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Address: Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



The Dark Mirror

[Continued from page 8]

The fact that the person in question, being under indictment for burglary, had for some time succeeded in remaining at large solely by grace of his loyal associates, might have been thought to rob this announcement of some of its staggering quality. But to Leonora it came as a genuine shock.

"No!" she exclaimed. "When'd they get him—and where?"

"Tonight—in the place next door to Addie's—went straight there as if they knew where he'd be and when."

"Somebody's squealed!" Leonora declared with conviction.

"That's just it," Inez affirmed significantly. "I wonder who!"

Leonora couched the thinly veiled animosity of the gathering, to which she had been sensible since entering, with the tone employed by Inez. Immediately her temper grew incandescent with indignation.

"Meaning me?"

"Why, hon!" Inez drawled, rounding her eyes, "whatever made you think that?"

But she committed the grievous error of trying to exchange with Red a look of malicious understanding; which Leonora intercepted instantly.

"Never mind what made me think that," she said in cold rage; "I get you; I ain't blind and dumb. But take it from me, Inez—you chuck it and chuck it quick. If I get one more word out of you—trying to make me out a stool-pigeon—if I ever see you look that way at Red again—your people'll have no kick coming."

"Oh, is that so?" Inez demanded with mistaken pertness. "What do you think you'll do?"

"Irish you," Leonora informed her savagely—"Irish you till all you'll need will be a wood kimono trimmed with tin." Her small emphatic fist struck the table. Red's hand closed on it.

"Easy, kid; don't run away with the wrong idea—"

"Don't worry." She wrenched her hand free. "I'm no simp. I've got more brains than the rest of this push lumped together—that goes for you, too, Red. And I won't stand for insinuations from nobody—not from that rotten little cat that's trying to make up to you—she's always been jealous of me—or anybody else. You . . . !" For a moment words proved inadequate. She sat tense and white in fury, breathing quickly. Even Red avoided her eyes. "Ah, you all make me sick! Eddie gets pinched—God knows how!—and you all fix on me as the squealer because I happen to be a few minutes late tonight! Why you poor fish—!" She checked abruptly, noting another questionable gap in the company. "Why pick on me? Where's Leo Bielinsky? Why isn't he here? If being late's proof of squealing—he's later than me!"

"That ain't all, Nora," English Addie interposed. "We want to know where you got those clothes."

"What's that to you? Can't I dress myself decent, if I want to?"

"Yes; but where'd you cop out the front you were wearing when Harry seen you up on Fifth Avenue yesterday?"

"He never—"

"Oh, yes, I did, Nora," the Nut interrupted with his exasperating gentility, mincing his words in the fashion he found useful in uptown bars. "Putting on dog, too, and getting away with it great—traveling with a dame that looked like she wouldn't take nothing from the Queen of England. I tell you, I saw you."

"That's another lie." But the steadiness of Harry's eyes was disconcerting. Unquestionably he believed what he said. Leonora's tongue tripped over the denial: "I wasn't."

"Well, then, tell us where you were at four o'clock yesterday afternoon," Addie suggested blandly.

At that hour Leonora had been in a motion-picture theater with Mario. Perceptibly she lost assurance.

"None of your damn business."

"Better tell 'em, kid," Red counseled. "You got to come clean—"

"Like hell I have!" Once more the tides of rage ran strong. "I don't owe this gang an account of everything I do. You all know me, you all know I'm on the level. Most of you'd be up the River today if it wasn't for me—and you know that, too. How far do you think you'd get if my brains didn't work for you, tell you what to do and how to get away with it without the bulls tumbling? And because I take the trouble not to lead a couple dicks right up to you tonight—and because the Nut saw somebody that looked like me on Fifth Avenue yesterday—or thinks he did—"

"It was you all right," Harry reaffirmed coolly.

Their glances clashed, the girl's hot with challenge and resentment, the man's cold with malice. For the first time she recognized this creature as an enemy. Then her super-excited intelligence, grappling with the problem of how to confute his accusation, experienced a flash of memory followed by a lightning-like stroke of intuition.

"If you want to know who squealed," she suggested deliberately, "why don't you give Harry the office? Ask him what he does with all his time, where he gets the coin for all his swell clothes, who he talks to when he's bulging up to the bars of the big hotels. Ask him why the cops look the other way when they see him coming, why he ain't never pinched—"

Harry overturned his chair with a crash, and jumped up, guilt stamped upon his countenance of sudden pallor and glinting fearfully in his furtive eyes. But in the same instant the door was hastily opened and slammed. Identifying the man who had slipped in and now stood fumbling with the key, English Addie cried out in shrill dismay: "Leo!" The company turned simultaneously and with confused cries got to its feet.

Slight, and under normal height, panting, sweating, haggard, hatless, his clothing disheveled, Leo Bielinsky alias "Leo the Blood" sank back against the door, one hand pressed to his side just below his laboring heart. The other, holding an automatic pistol, described a gesture of supplication. Red snapped a profane demand for silence. Leo's broken phrases became audible.

" . . . Croaked a dick down the street. . . . Comin' out of Bennie's place, Corbin and Ennis jumped me. . . . Corbin got it." He gesticulated with the pistol. "Looks like a frame-up. . . . Cops everywhere I turned. . . ."

Red demanded furiously: "What the hell'd you come here for?"

"Listen!" The Russian held up a hand and bent an ear to the door. "There they come now! For God's sake get me out of this!"

"Fire-escape," Red indicated, with a jerk of his head. Somebody thrust open the shutters of one window. The murderer pulled himself together, reeled across the room, lurched out upon an iron platform-grating, disappeared.

Rumor was loud in the hall below, shrill protestations of waiters rising above the deeper voices of the police. Heavy feet were pounding upon the stairs. Panic fastened upon the wits of all those in the private dining-room and stampeded them toward the fire-escape. Primitively in their fright men fought with women for first place at the window. Stifled screams of pain and anger mingled with muttered blasphemies. Not more than two had managed to fight out to the iron platform before the police were hammering at the door. Leonora, thrust to one side, saw the futility of trying to escape before the maddened men and, resigned, stood clear, watching the door tremble under a storm of kicks and blows.

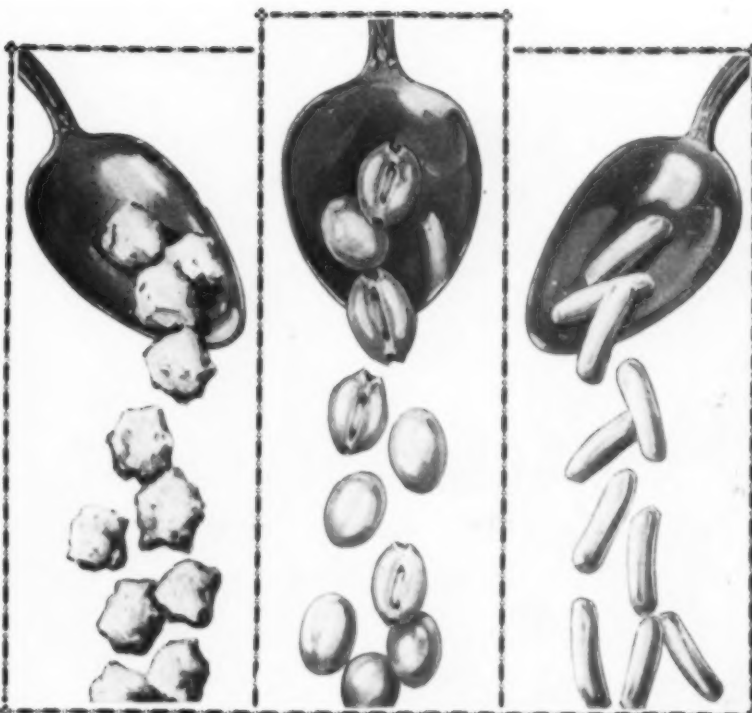
Fear was absent from her temper, but she was shaken by impotent exasperation and sad with regrets. This meant an end to everything, not alone to these associations which barely an hour since she herself had planned to forsake, but to all hope of happiness with Mario. For she had no doubt that she, with at least a majority of the others, would be arrested, jailed and, on evidence which the police spy, Harry the Nut, would be able to lay before the District Attorney, sentenced to a term of years in a penitentiary. It were idle, indeed, to hope for a better fate, in view of the strong likelihood that others—Inez and English Addie almost certainly—would turn state's evidence.

And long before she could serve out her time, Mario would forget her. Even if he did not, he would never by any chance make a woman with a criminal record his wife.

Seconds dragged like minutes and the door held. She began to catch at straws of hope. Only three now remained in the room, Charlie the Coke—already one foot across the sill, whimpering and mouthing curses because of inability to crowd into the press upon the fire-escape—Red, and herself.

The hammering on the door stopped. She wondered why. Charlie contrived to jam his terror-racked body out through the window. Red caught Leonora by the shoulder, and tried to thrust her out after

[Continued on page 32]



The Best Foods Children Ever Get

Puffed Grains are the best foods children ever get, and millions of mothers now know it.

All should keep that fact before them.

Two are whole grains—Wheat and Rice—puffed to eight times normal size. One is tiny corn hearts puffed to raindrop size.

All are bubble grains, flimsy, flaky, toasted, with a most enticing taste. They seem like food confections. All are steam exploded—shot from guns. Every food cell is blasted by Prof. Anderson's process. Never were grain foods made so easy to digest.

For Any Hungry Hour

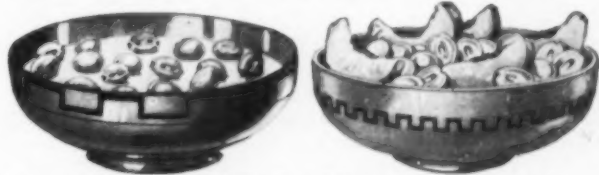
These are pinnacle foods—enticing, hygienic, rich in what children need.

They hold supreme place among breakfast dainties. But serve them all day long. Float Puffed Wheat in your bowls of milk. Use Puffed Rice in candy making or as garnish on ice cream. Mix Corn Puffs with your fruits.

Crisp and lightly buttered—as with peanuts or pop-corn—for hungry children after school. Use these fragile toasted wafers in your soups.

They supply whole-grain nutrition. They never tax the stomach. They make the best foods most inviting.

Puffed Wheat stands first, but all Puffed Grains, with all food cells exploded, are the best foods children get. Don't let a day go by without them if you realize that.



Float in Every Milk Dish Mix with Every Fruit

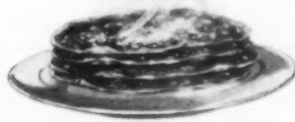
**Puffed
Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

**Corn
Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour
A New, Delightful Puffed Grain Product

Fluffy Pancakes With a Nutty Taste



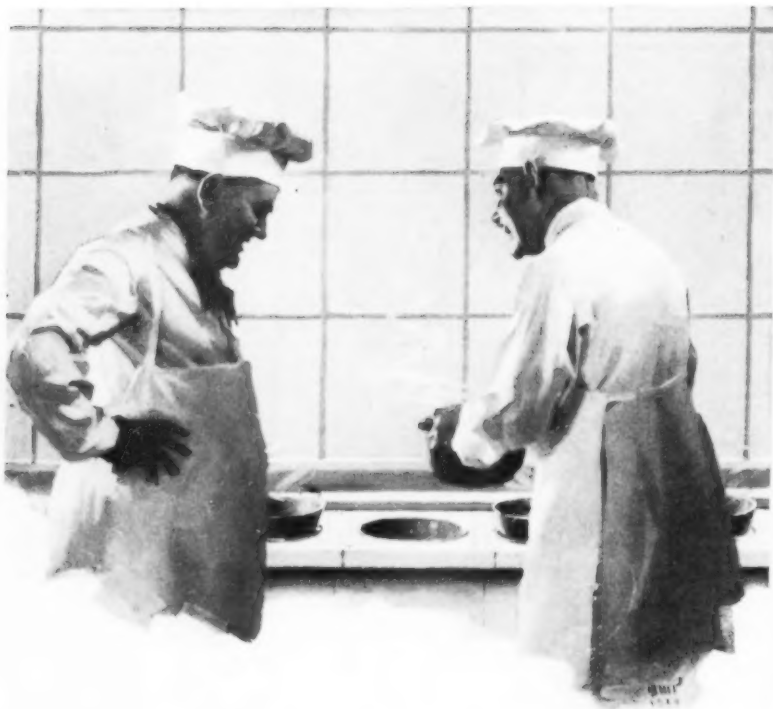
Our food experts have worked to attain the perfect Pancake Flour. They have compared more than 1,000 blends. With the one selected they mix ground Puffed Rice, to give a fluffy texture and a nut-like taste.

Today the best pancakes ever served are made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour mixture, self-raising. Get a package and try it. You will never change.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3196



The Finest Kitchen

Ever Built—Cost, \$1,500,000

Beans Baked by New-Day Methods—By Scientific Cooks

WHEN you get Van Camp's Beans this is what you get:

A dish which culinary experts spent four years to perfect. The first dish cost us \$100,000.

A dish baked with modern facilities, in a white-enameled kitchen—the finest in the world.

Beans so baked that every bean is mellow, whole and mealy, and easy to digest.

Scientific Cooks Direct the Chefs

Here we employ the ablest chefs with college-trained cooks to direct them.

Here we analyze all beans.

Here all water used is freed from minerals. They make the bean skins tough.

Here we use modern steam ovens. Beans are baked for hours there without crisping, without bursting.

And here beans are baked with a remarkable sauce. Our scientific cooks tested 856 recipes to attain that tang and zest.

Now All You Do is Serve

Now you can keep this matchless dish on your pantry shelf. You can serve it cold in one minute, or hot in ten minutes. And do it in an evening gown.

You can serve beans nutty, mealy, whole—beans which do not tax the stomach. With their zestful sauce they will bring to your table Baked Beans at their best. And they will cost you less than home-baked beans, which take 16 hours to prepare.

Order a few cans. Compare them with the beans you know.

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It
Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups	Evaporated Milk	Spaghetti	Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne	Catsup	Chili Sauce, etc.	

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Soups
18 Kinds

Each a prize Parisian recipe perfected by our scientific cooks



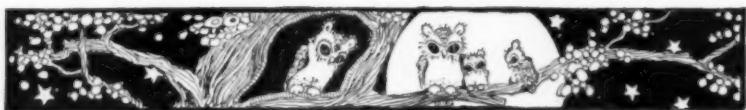
Van Camp's
Spaghetti

A great Italian recipe perfected—a recipe we value at \$500,000.



Van Camp's
Peanut Butter

Made from blended peanuts with every skin, every bitter germ removed.



The Dark Mirror

[Continued from page 31]

Charlie. But the crush on the platform was too dense. She heard a dull crash and saw the door slam back against the wall. The policeman, who had broken it in, stumbled and sprawled full length on the floor. The plain-clothes man, Ennis, leaped over the prostrate body.

Deafened by Red's profane instructions to get herself out through the window, she made a vain attempt to obey. A rattle of shots sounded and, looking back, she saw the man Ennis pitch forward on his knees, then fall prone. The policeman, scrambling up, pistol in hand, received the rest of the clip in Red's automatic, and sank slowly down upon his side.

Screaming with horror, the girl fell back from the window. Red shouldered past her, climbed out, caught her by the arm and dragged her after him, still screaming like a madwoman. She tripped, her head struck heavily against the window-sash, and the lights dimmed weirdly, leaving only darkness impenetrable, and a strange hush pierced by thin echoes of eldritch shrieks.

AND then I woke up here, frightened almost out of my wits.

The hush that fell in the quiet room that had so long been murmurous with her earnest accents, made Priscilla doubly sensitive to what sounded like a lame conclusion to a yarn of the wildest improbability. She smiled nervously, a semi-apologetic smile.

"And after I'd gone home and to bed I lay awake for the longest time, thinking, thinking, till I was afraid I'd go mad. And today, when I started thinking about it all

again, I felt I must confide in somebody, Philip. So I thought of you."

"I'm glad," Fosdick muttered without moving. He was sitting forward, elbows on knees, head bowed over tightly clasped hands on which his whole interest was apparently concentrated.

"I know it must sound silly, but—"

"It doesn't!"

With a sudden movement Philip jumped up and, avoiding her anxious gaze, strode to the south window and stopped there, abstractedly looking down into the Alley. The girl twisted uneasily in her chair to watch him, and after a time, since he neither moved nor spoke, ventured apprehensively:

"What do you think?"

"I don't know," he said; "it's one of the most extraordinary cases I've ever heard of—anybody else!"

"You don't—you don't think it means—insanity—do you, Philip?"

That brought him back to her with a short laugh of infinitely reassuring scorn. "Bless your heart, no! The insane don't have coherent dreams or discuss them intelligibly. Forget that thought."

Frankly, I don't know what to think. There must be an explanation; nothing in nature is without its cause. But here's something that makes it all the stranger." He hesitated. "I don't know that I ought to tell you."

Premonition started a hand fluttering toward her bosom. "Philip! What do you mean?"

"Tell me the truth, Priscilla: Have you seen this afternoon's newspapers?"

[Continued in the November McCall's]

The Lover Who Wanted Advice

[Continued from page 13]

"I'm sorry," she said coolly. "All spoken for."

He laughed easily. "Better luck next time."

Fay's father beckoned from a corner. Jeremiah Marsh was one of the rich men of the county, one whose friendship was valuable. Joe approached curiously.

Marsh wasted no time in preliminaries. "Look here Reeves," he jerked out in his crisp voice. "I've been keeping tabs on you quite a spell. You're too hustling a young man to be grubbing brush and handling lava rock. There's going to be big money made in these parts during the next few years. But pshaw!—it'll come out of business, not farming. Ever see a rich farmer?"

"Listen. The Hadley Plow Company has offered me their agency for Twin Falls County. I want a live young fellow, with lots of ginger—a partner, not a hired man—to go down to Twin Falls. I'll give you a third interest"—he paused shrewdly—"for five thousand dollars. Quit that sage-brush flat you call a farm. What say?"

"Five thousand dollars!" repeated Joe. "You know I haven't—"

"I know you haven't," broke in Marsh. "Get it! I had a tip yesterday that may help. Atherton Orchard Company wants another quarter-section adjoining their land. Only two places to get, aren't there?—yours and Curlew's. Go at 'em! Make 'em give seventy-five dollars an acre—they've got the money. Fred Burke, the manager, is up north somewhere. Back in a week or so. Make your sale and come in with me. Think it over." He walked away.

Joe's head was whirling. A partner of Jeremiah Marsh! It meant success in the world of men. His heart leaped with a sudden vision of the loveliness of Fay Marsh. Yes, it meant that, too. . . . And yet—to sell his farm! Sell his Turkestan alfalfa, just about to seed! Why, all his hopes and dreams were centered about that little hundred-and-sixty, "sage-brush flat" though it was!

The evening over, he rode home beside Nell. Both were silent. But, at the fork in the road, he leaned in the saddle to seize her hand.

"I don't know how it's going to work, partner," he said. "But anyway—you're a brick!"

"Never mind me!" she retorted. "Continue the absent treatment—and clean up your farm!"

Joe gazed after her with a sudden qualm of conscience. He hadn't confided Marsh's

offer. Was this treachery? The problem was getting devilishly complex. A multitude of tiny hands seemed pulling him, first in one direction, then in the other. Which way should he go?

IN his one-room house, six evenings later, Joe Reeves looked up from a book as the sound of wheels came through the open window. He glanced with a frown at the array of unwashed dishes and the scattered pieces of harness, then threw open the door.

"Hello, Marsh!" he exclaimed. "And Fay, too! Come in."

"Don't blame you for being flustered," chuckled Mr. Marsh, dragging a chair into the circle of lamplight. "I used to 'batch' myself. We've just been over to Hargis. You been lost for a week or so?" The old man shot a questioning glance from his keen eyes.

"I've been pretty busy," mumbled Joe lamely.

Fay, her blue hood charmingly awry, threw him a reproachful look. "A whole week!" she pouted.

"About this deal," interjected Marsh with startling abruptness. "You get busy, young man! Burke, of the Orchard Company, comes to Buhl Wednesday! Six-thirty train. Nick Curlew—now, there's a wise young fellow! Knows when to pull out of a losing game. Nick's all set to meet Burke at the train and close with him—live stuff, eh? You beat Nick to it! If Curlew wins out," he added slowly, "I'll make the same proposition to him. Five thousand for a third partnership. But I'd rather have you!" The eyes of Jeremiah Marsh bored into Joe's for an instant; then he rose and walked to the door.

"I'll get busy," said Joe in a daze.

Fay stepped close beside Joe in the doorway. Her wide hazel eyes held an alluring tenderness, a compelling warmth, that made his breath come quick and short.

"Prince is tied behind the buggy," she whispered. "Get your horse! We'll ride in behind father!"

"Watch me!" Joe fled in the direction of the stable.

Ten minutes later, with Mr. Marsh and the buggy rapidly vanishing, Joe found himself wishing for a thunderstorm, bandits, anything. After her first startling friendliness, Fay held poutingly aloof.

"Why didn't you come, Wednesday? I had on my new pink dress."

[Continued on page 33]



The Lover Who Wanted Advice

[Continued from page 32]

"I sure ought to have seen that," grieved Joe.

"There were others, of course, but I expected you."

Fay Marsh was bewitching when she pouted. The moonlit night was intoxicating with its beauty and fragrance. Joe pulled his horse close to hers.

The heavy voice of Marsh suddenly rumbled out. "You going to ride Prince all the way back?"

Fay barely hesitated. "Wait across the coulée, father."

"Why did you say that?" demanded Joe wrathfully. "You promised we'd ride all the way in!"

"But you're silly tonight," she returned saucily.

He answered the challenge in her eyes by drawing nearer. She touched her horse to a lope; he caught her as she gained the hill, reached over, and forced her to draw rein.

"Fay," he whispered. "I've asked you twice to be my wife. When do I get my answer?" His arm stole slowly to her waist.

Her high voice rang with unexpected firmness. "Wednesday! Wednesday, after you have sold your place!"

His arm stopped. "But suppose I fail?"

"You won't fail! You wouldn't lose such a chance to sell a—sage-brush farm! Remember! Goodnight, dear."

She pressed his hand, jerked away, and was gone.

Joe sat motionless. Somehow, the glamour of the moonlit night had vanished. The fragrance he had fancied on the evening breeze was only the reek of crushed sage-brush from a newly-grubbed field near by.

"I won't fail!" he muttered as he wheeled Gyp sharply. "I won't fail! There's too much up on this!"

Perhaps he could hardly have analyzed the motives that made him draw rein before he reached his cabin, and stare under the moonlight across his quarter-section—so precisely like all the rest of the valley, so hugely different from all the rest of the world.

He was out at sun-up, irrigating his precious Turkestan. At noon, tired and muddy, he came in and tried to map out a selling campaign. Nick Curlew's land was as desirable as his own. It was merely a matter of getting to Burke first. Nick would be waiting at the train, to fasten himself on the manager the instant he stepped to the platform. There must be a simple solution, if one could only think!

But Joe Reeves could not think today. His senses were muddled by the mockery of two hazel eyes that seemed to challenge him from somewhere in the air, and by a delicate, lingering perfume that came from nowhere.

Late in the afternoon, he dressed in his best suit of light corduroy, saddled Gyp, and rode forth. This was Sunday night. Fay expected him. But he wanted to see Nell Warren. Hadn't seen her since the big day at Buhl. He wanted to tell her of his wonderful chance, and get her advice. Would Fay be angry? Well, this absent treatment was a wonder-worker; a little more would do no harm!

The Warren porch held a company of young people. "Where's Nell?" asked Joe without dismounting.

"She took her easel and paints down to the willows," one of the girls informed him. "Come in and help us pick things from the catalog, Joe. Nell's not to be disturbed."

"I'll ride down and make sure no one disturbs her," he grinned.

He found her in a clump of willows, absorbed in the sunset across the green-blue flats. He threw himself on a patch of grass.

"I'm busy," she said, without so much as a glance at him.

Joe waved a hand in the direction of the house. "Why don't you get rid of that bunch?" he complained. "Send them away!"

"Where?" she asked sweetly. "To Fay's?"

"Anywhere!" he wailed. "Send them anywhere! They're always hanging round. They—"

He stopped, struck by his own absurdity. Both laughed.

"No, but really," he went on, "I haven't seen you for a week! Rode up to the head-gate Tuesday and again Friday. Both times you were gone. That's no way to treat a partner!"

The girl carefully pointed a brush. "How's the absent treatment working?"

"Fine! I've something great to tell you, Nell. Mr. Marsh offered me a third interest in his hardware business for five thousand dollars. He's got the Hadley agency; he or I will go to Twin Falls. Only five thousand dollars! Our friend, Nick Curlew, is after it, too—but I'll beat him! And there's more, partner. If I do make it, it's your work. Fay says—"

Under the point of the brush, a sudden smear of crimson wounded the pale background of blue.

"Why, congratulations!" Nell answered evenly. Then, after a moment's pause: "Joe, have you five thousand dollars?"

"Trust you to see things, partner!" Joe reddened, but answered frankly: "You know I haven't. It means selling my place; the Orchard Company is ready to buy it—mine or Nick Curlew's. Mr. Burke gets in on Wednesday's train. I hate like sin to give it up—all my plans. I was made to be a farmer, I know that; but it's a big chance, and you said yourself Fay would never live on a sage-brush farm."

Nell was regarding him, intently and steadily.

"Nell!" he exclaimed softly. "When you look at me like that—with the mist in your eyes—it's like—the lights of dawn."

"Fiddlesticks!" she retorted. "I was just remembering that I have some news, too. I'm going away—to Boise—Uncle George has a place in his office for me at twenty dollars a week! I leave Wednesday—I'm all excited about it!"

"Going away—clear to Boise—you—"

Joe's voice trailed off in hurt incredulity.

"It's a splendid chance," she explained.

"There's nothing about my uncle's business that a woman couldn't understand, in time. And you see yourself there's nothing in farming. We'll start for Jerome Wednesday night at eight; you'll just have time to tell me how you came out with Mr. Burke. Wednesday will be an important day for both of us!"

A long moment of silence, during which she removed the spot of crimson. Finally she leaned back. "I'm a failure as an artist, but I did want a try at those wonderful sky colors! There's about ten minutes of light left; I'll paint, if you'll let me."

"Hang the painting—and hang Uncle George!" he blurted savagely. Then, in quick apology: "Sorry, Nell. I didn't mean it. Can't seem to think of anything but myself."

He turned Gyp down the coulée, riding slowly. Nell going away! It was unthinkable. It was like selling his farm. Things were all mixed up. He turned dubiously in the saddle.

Nell was sitting at her easel, her profile clearly outlined, the bronze of her hair gleaming like dull flame. While the precious moments of color faded, she was gazing idly across the valley.

TUESDAY evening, Joe rode up to the head-gate. At the Warren place, he was told that Nell was out riding. He turned away grumbling. Mr. Warren, coming from irrigating, hailed him:

"Who wins tomorrow?"

"Wins what?" asked Joe without much interest.

"Oh, you needn't act innocent. Bet you've got something up your sleeve! The whole town's talking of it. Say, Curlew loves you like a hen loves a hawk."

"What's he been bleating?" queried Joe quickly.

"Oh, he's going to nab that Orchard man and sell him his place before you find out the train's in town. Everybody's heard him shooting off. There's some betting going on."

Joe leaned over to tap Warren on the shoulder. "Just tell them to keep an eye on me Wednesday evening," he said in knowing tones. He whirled his horse abruptly and galloped off.

"Queer way for Joe to act," said Warren, later, to his wife. "He never was like that before."

"Joe's in love," replied Mrs. Warren sagely.

Now, the fact was, Joe's abruptness was caused by sheer surprise. It had suddenly dawned on him he was in the public eye. The story of his fight with Curlew had been noised abroad; here was a second fight, which it seemed his friends were looking to him to win.

A tiny dust cloud on the trail developed quickly into Joe's particular friends, Red Hansen, and Red Hansen's pinto pony.

[Continued on page 36]



Certainly
—food
has a lot to
do with pep
and smiles
and sturdy
health.

And one of
the greatest
of foods is

Grape-Nuts

—the combined goodness
of wheat and barley.
Wonderfully delicious and
nourishing.

"There's a Reason"



The Happy Home has
Alabastined Walls

You can look at the outside of a home and almost know whether the inside has those smooth, accurately tinted walls possible only to the wise housewife who insists on the use of

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Alabastine is the "nationally accepted wall tint" sold and recommended by the best stores, and used in tasteful, dainty homes everywhere. It is so clean, so economical, so easy to apply, will not rub off, and gives you the exact shade or tint that goes best with your furnishings. All you need is Alabastine in packages, a suitable brush and pure cold water.

starting wrong and correcting afterward. Start right: Use Alabastine, and your future decorating problems will be easy.

And for redecorating—use it on almost any interior surface—plastered walls, wall-board, over paint, burlap or canvas, or even old wall-paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes.

The better stores dealing in paints, that deserve your patronage, carry it.

The Alabastine Company
339 Grandville Road
Grand Rapids, Mich.



Tint Gray Hair A Lovely Brown



"Look Young
at Forty"

TO retain through advancing years not only the spirit but the charm and attractiveness of Youth is held in Society and the business world to be the highest obligation of every woman to herself, her family and her friends.

Simple and easy is this pleasant duty when "BROWNTONE" is used to tint streaky, gray or faded hair a lovely brown of the exact shade to harmonize with the eyes and complexion.

Thousands of refined and particular women use and endorse this safe and harmless preparation that tints gray, faded or bleached hair instantly to any shade from light golden to medium, dark brown or black. It does not rub off, cannot be detected and can be applied in a few moments. "BROWNTONE" must not be confused with ordinary and unsatisfactory hair "dyes."

Send 10 cents for
Trial Bottle of

BROWNTONE



and valuable booklet
on the care of the
hair.

Leading druggists
everywhere, sell
"BROWNTONE"
Two colors: "Light
to Medium Brown"
and "Dark Brown to
Black." Two sizes,
35 cents and \$1.15
in United States.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

WINDSOR, ONTARIO, CANADA. 465 COPPIN BLDG.
COVINGTON, KY, U.S.A.

Finger-Tips

By Suzanne Sheldon



SHAPELINESS, daintiness, softness, whiteness—all of these are attributes of the beautiful hand. But have you ever noticed how your eye wanders first to the finger-nails of the other person? Have you ever seen an essentially fine hand with nails crudely shaped, notched and half-overgrown with cuticle—and found yourself unaware of the hand itself?

If you have been falling by the wayside in the care of your nails, carry them to a professional manicurist the first minute you have. After the treatment she gives them, you can keep them well groomed yourself. Do not let a day go by in which you do not scrub the nails thoroughly; and, after the bath, when the nails are soft, push back the cuticle with a soft towel. In no time, the little white crescent—so desirable a bit of nail refinement—will have come to stay. File your nails a little every other day, but do not clip them, as this tends to make them hard and thick. Above all, in cleaning the nails, never use a sharp, metal instrument, or the skin will be scraped and made a more receptive hiding place for dust and dirt. When a file is used, be sure the tip is a little rounded, and that the edges are not rough. The popularity of the orangewood stick for this purpose is well earned.

For the weekly manicure process, you will need a pair of scissors, some emery boards, a buffer, an orangewood stick or two, a good nail brush, and a little glass bowl. In the tools, be sure to select only the best kinds, for both economic and workmanship reasons. A fairly thin file is by far the easiest thing to handle and will work into corners where you want it to. Select scissors of good steel, with curved blades and round handles; a soft, pliable buffer about four and a half inches long, and a nail brush of the flat-back, bristles-on-the-sides variety.

YOU will need, too, a good nail cream, nail powder, and a small bottle of peroxide for bleaching the under side of the nail and removing stains. There are many excellent creams on the market, of course, but one made of 4 ounces of oil of sweet almonds, 6 drams of white wax, 6 drams of spermaceti, 2 drams of borax, 1½ ounces of glycerin, 2 ounces of orange-flower water, 15 drops of oil of neroli, 15 drops of oil of petit-grain, and 15 drops of oil of bigrade (orange-skin), you can make at home. Put the fats and the oils into a double boiler and place over a low flame until the ingredients have blended. Next add glycerin to the orange-flower water and dissolve the borax in the mixture; pour it slowly into the creamed fats, stirring continuously. Just before the cream thickens, add the perfumed oils. When the cream has cooled, add as much powdered pumice stone as the mixture will take up without losing its creaminess.

The same story may be told about nail powders. There are many good ones to be bought, and several good ones to be made at home! A little oil of benzoin is an excellent thing to have on hand, too, to be added—about ten or fifteen drops of it—to the water you use when manicuring. This has not only an antiseptic and fragrant quality, but it is also an effective skin stimulant. If you use benzoin in your water daily as well as for your manicuring, you won't need nail rouges. The benzoin brings the blood to the skin—and, after all, that is the thing which gives the nail its attractive look of health and vigor.

One of the things you will have to guard against, as an amateur manicurist, is jabbing the skin in pushing back the cuticle. Use an orangewood stick in preference to a metallic instru-

ment. Don't attempt to trim the cuticle with your scissors, as you are sure to leave raw edges—the natural beginning of hang-nails.

Often, as a result of knocking the nails while polishing them, little white spots will come. A paste composed of equal parts of refined tar and myrrh applied to the nails every night and removed in the morning with vaseline, will often help the condition. Avoid rubbing so vigorously with the buffer that the nails become heated, since heat has a tendency to make them brittle; and never brush from base to tip, but rather in a side-to-side direction.

Nail idiosyncrasies are many, but probably the most common is the brittle nail—the one that cracks at the slightest provocation. Some yellow vaseline or cold cream rubbed into the nail every night, followed by the use of pistache pomade every other day or so, will very soon solve the difficulty. Apply the pomade with absorbent cotton, and then put on a pair of loose kid gloves. The preparation is made by mixing 33 grains of powdered resin and 80 grains of white wax in a double boiler, stirring as it begins to heat, and then adding ½ ounce of pistache oil, 32 grains of salt, 33 grains of alum, and 2 grains of carmine, and beating the whole into a cream. Brittle nails that come as a result of a physical disorder—often a lack of lime—should have medical attention, but the faithful use of this salve often helps.

With so many good powders on the market, and the homely lemon for emergencies, the nail commonly in need of bleaching is easily remedied.

LEMON, in some cases, has a tendency to make the nail brittle. To counteract this, rub in a little vaseline before using the juice. Soap is peculiar in effecting the revival of stains if applied after the lemon. To avoid this, try having a half of a lemon within reach to use after washing. Rub the finger-tips thoroughly into the pulp so that the under side of the nail will get its share of the treatment.

Not infrequently the skin adheres to the nail. When this happens, massage some tallow, vaseline or a good cold cream into the flesh about the roots of the nails every night. If it is the particular trick of your nails to turn black at the slightest provocation, the injured member can be helped by holding it in as hot water as you can bear for as long a time as possible. After the hot water treatment bathe the bruised nail in hot witch hazel.

And now we come to the nail-biting habit. This is often a nervous one, but it not infrequently has its beginning in the attempt to bite off a bit of rough or broken nail. Reach for a file at the first appearance of what might be biteable! If you can't break yourself of the habit this way, buy a tube of liquid court plaster and spread a little over the top of each finger-nail. Remove the hard scale which this will form, and reapply freshly every day. Bitter aloes or quinine are good applications, but too often one's sense of taste is adaptive so that these particular "cures" are not as effective as they should be.

The matter of "fantastic designs" in nails does not need discussion, yet I feel hesitant not to mention the fact that nails of any contour except that of the individual finger-tip itself, are in extremely bad taste. Too long ones, even though oval, or an over-brilliant polish tell a story no amount of carefully looked-after cuticle or other nail culture can eliminate. The well-groomed nail is fresh looking with rounded tip, moderate sheen and absent cuticle. It is the quiet perfection in nails as in everything else that counts.

OUR two Beauty Booklets, indispensable to the woman who cares, are: "The Care of the Skin and Hands"; "Care of the Figure, Hair, Teeth, and Eyes." The price of each is 10 cents. Address Beauty Department, care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

A Rose-Petal Complexion

Smooth and velvety as the petals of a rose is the complexion aided by

Nadine Face Powder

This delicate beautifier imparts an indefinable charm—a charm which lingers in the memory.

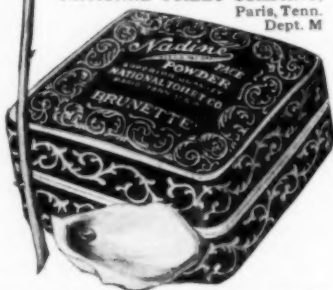
The smooth texture of Nadine adheres until washed off. It prevents sunburn or the return of discolorations.

Its coolness is refreshing, and it cannot harm the tenderest skin.

Nadine Face Powder beautifies millions of complexions today. Why not yours?

Sold in Green Boxes only. At Leading Toilet Counters. If they haven't it, by mail, see

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY,
Paris, Tenn.
Dept. M



A Clear Skin

Or Money Returned

**YOUNG'S
VICTORIA CREAM**

You really receive benefit from Young's Victoria Cream or it will not cost you a penny. This wonderful cream will remove freckles, brown spots, pimples, blackheads, and clear up your skin. An ideal cream for motorists. Enough for

20 Days Trial

with a sample of powder and soap for 10 Cents in silver and this adv. Send now and let us prove what we say. Large size 60 Cents at drug stores.

F. H. YOUNG & CO., 48 Dorr Street, Toledo, Ohio

DERMA VIVA

WHITENS THE SKIN AT ONCE

Or Money Back

Is used in place of powder, has same effect but does not show.

Red, Brown or Dark Face, Neck, Arms or Hands made a beautiful white at once or money cheerfully refunded.

Absolutely Harmless.

When entertaining or being entertained, you will find exquisite satisfaction in having your skin so beautiful. Accept no substitute. Try Derma Viva Rouge also, purely vegetable. In mirrored box with puff.

Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 52c.

DERMA VIVA CO.

606 S. Dearborn St. CHICAGO-ILLINOIS

**YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE
BEAUTIFUL
EYEBROWS
AND LASHES**

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little **Lash-Brow-Ine** applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use. Why not you?

Two sizes 50c and \$1.00—AT YOUR DEALER'S, or DIRECT FROM US, by mail, in plain cover, prepaid. SATISFACTION ASSURED, OR PRICE REFUNDED.

Avoid disappointments with imitations. Get the full name correct—**LASH-BROW-INE**. IT'S IMITATED. Look for the **GIRL WITH THE ROSE**. It's on every box.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4308-56 Grand Blvd., Chicago



Eyes are attracted by moving objects. Eyes follow each motion your hands make. People are appraising you—appraising you by the appearance of your nails. Be sure they are well groomed.

You will be surprised to discover how much it adds to your poise to have beautiful hands

Does it make you nervous to have people look at your nails?

WHENEVER you embroider or drink a cup of tea, whenever you sign your name, everybody notices your nails. You can not get through a single hour without being judged by their appearance.

Look at them! Are they discolored? Is the cuticle overgrown, cracked or uneven? If so, you do not understand the proper care of your nails.

No matter how hard you use your hands you need never be ashamed of your nails. A few minutes' care each week will keep them exquisite.

Busy women the country over are keeping their hands always well groomed by giving them just a few minutes' care by the Cutex method once or twice a week.

Remember that the most important part of a manicure is the care of the cuticle. *Never* cut it. Specialists agree that cutting is responsible for a great deal of the ragged, ugly cuticle one sees.

Remove the surplus cuticle safely, gently with Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover.

You will be surprised to find how

charming one Cutex manicure makes your hands. You will be amazed too, to discover how much it adds to your poise, your ease of manner to have beautiful nails.

Follow the manicuring directions under the illustrations. Keep your nails always exquisitely manicured this way with Cutex. It will never again make you nervous to have people look at your hands.

A complete little manicure set for twenty cents

For twenty cents you can give yourself six or more of the most perfect manicures you have ever had—can make your nails lovelier than you have ever before seen them. Mail the coupon and two dimes today. After your first Cutex manicure you will realize how easy it is to add this new charm, how astonishingly it increases your general attractiveness. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 1010, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 1010, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



TO KEEP YOUR CUTICLE SMOOTH

To remove overgrown cuticle, gently work around each nail base, pushing back the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped with a bit of cotton and moistened with Cutex. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle as you dry.



NOW WHITEN THE NAIL TIPS

Apply a little Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath each nail. Spread evenly and remove any surplus Nail White with the orange stick.



TO HAVE BRILLIANT NAILS

Put a little Cutex Nail Polish on the palm of the hand and rub the nails briskly over it. We specially recommend our new Powder Polish in the attractive ivory-like tube.



Get your Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White and Polish at your favorite drug or department store for 35 cents each. Cutex Cuticle Remover comes also in 65-cent bottles

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN Dept. 1010, 114 West 17th St., N. Y. City	
Name _____	
Street _____	
City _____	State _____



The NEW McCall Book of Fashions for WINTER



Is Now
On
Sale

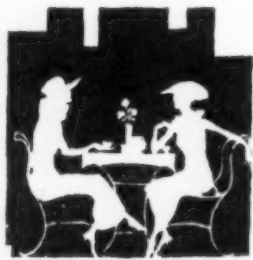


A perfect encyclopedia of the newest and most charming Winter Fashions from Paris and Fifth Avenue.

You will find suggestions, ideas and illustrations of over



500
Winter
Styles



The simple morning dress, elaborate afternoon toilettes, clothes for sports and outdoor wear, a wonderful showing of dancing frocks and evening gowns.

There is everything for ladies, misses and children.



150 Designs
Are Shown
In
Full Color



Don't plan your winter wardrobe until you have carefully studied the Winter Quarterly—the big and beautiful McCall Book of Fashions.

Home dressmaking was never so popular as now. Women are realizing that home sewing affords more clothes and better clothes—clothes of individuality for less money.

The McCall Book of Fashions

is on sale at leading dry goods, department stores, and news-stands everywhere.

Price 25c; when buying a McCall Pattern, only 15c.

THE McCALL COMPANY

236-250 West 37th Street, New York City

Chicago

San Francisco

Boston

Atlanta

Toronto

35c by mail. If you are unable to secure a copy at your dealer's, write direct to the nearest office of the McCall Company

HUMP Hair Pins

Keep the Hair in Place

5 Different Sizes—Stand 10¢ Packages Everywhere

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.

Add The Caterer's Touch To Your Cakes and Desserts



It's amazingly simple with HIP-O-LITE, the same preparation caterers use for cake fillings and frostings and for the delicious Marshmallow Sauce that's served with Sundae. (Wonderful with gelatine, tapioca, fruits, puddings, etc.) Ready-to-use. No cooking, no chance of failure! At grocers.

Book of Caterers' Recipes sent free upon request to HIPOLITE COMPANY, St. Louis.

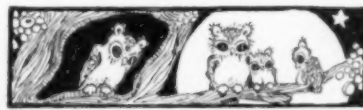
HIP-O-LITE

Do You Need Money?

Has your income increased with the cost of living? If you need extra dollars to help meet the bills, send a card today, asking for complete information about McCall's subscription work in spare time, to Dep't N,

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
250 West 37th St. New York City

BE A DETECTIVE Great Opportunity for Men and Women at Present time. Travel, Secret Investigations, Excellent Pay. Write C. T. Ludwig, 522 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



The Lover Who Wanted Advice

(Continued from page 35)

"Hail to the conquering hero!" yelled Red, without drawing rein. "Do up that bragging horse-beater! Got fifty on you!"

Red and the pinto were gone. Joe stared after them, grinning. A new light of combat kindled in his eyes. "By George!" he muttered. "I've got it! I've got it!"

On Wednesday, an unusually large crowd hung about the Buhl station. The train was overdue. Nick Curlew strode back and forth, boasting, and red of face. Fay Marsh, amid a group of girls, peered from the station-house window with a certain haughty satisfaction. All the town knew the prize, and all the town was there.

The train pulled in, and two men alighted from the rear coach. They approached slowly, absorbed in discussion. One was Frederick Burke, representative of the Atherton Orchard Company; the other was Joe Reeves.

A shout went up as the crowd caught the simplicity of Joe's strategy. He had merely ridden horseback to Filer, eight miles above, and boarded the train.

"Hooray! Hooray!" whooped Red Hansen from a baggage-truck.

Joe laughed happily and waved his hands. "Let me go, boys. It isn't over yet!"

The two stepped toward the automobile of Amos Parker, the banker. Nick Curlew doggedly met them half-way.

"Mr. Burke," he said, "you promised to see me as soon as you got to Buhl."

"I'll be at the hotel, Mr. Curlew," replied Burke curtly. "Come in a half-hour—we'll be all through by then."

The crowd again surged forward, Joe's friends were wildly jubilant. "Pretty work, boy!" "Good old Joey!"

Red Hansen gripped his shoulder. "Fay's over there," he chuckled.

Joe seized his friend's arm. "See here, Red. Collect your fifty right away! Tell the boys to get in their bets—hurry up!" Leaving Red thoroughly mystified, he leaped into the banker's car.

As they mounted the short hill Joe saw, on the hotel veranda, Nell Warren and her father. Mr. Warren was dancing up and down, swinging his fat arms; Nell waved her handkerchief once, then stepped back.

A good hour later, as Joe Reeves emerged from the room where he and Burke had been closeted, he met Nick Curlew waiting sullenly in the hotel corridor.

Joe bowed, and hailed him, to the intense delight of celebrants in the little bar. "You're welcome to what I've left, Nick!"

Curlew passed in, muttering. Joe half ran to the balcony. At the far end of Buhl's main street a sorrel streak just flashed around a corner; Nell on Victory—and at eight she left for Jerome!

With fear in his heart, he raced to the livery barn. They brought him a big, raw-boned bay; two minutes later he was swinging his borrowed quirt savagely, while the big bay's gallop rolled back the miles.

They crossed the bridge at Cedar Draw in four pounding leaps. At every ridge-top, Joe strained his eyes along the moonlit road. This raw-boned leviathan had lungs of leather, but he was not Victory, lithe daughter of Gold-dust!

He sighted her at last on Blind Man's Hill, riding slowly, drooping in the saddle, listlessly studying the silver-gray mountains to southward. At the sound of hoof-beats she straightened. Joe reined up, breathless.

"May I congratulate you, partner?" Nell's voice was as steady and friendly as the hand she extended.

"Congratulations—yes! On being still a farmer!"

"Then—you didn't—"

"I didn't. Oh, I won all right—couldn't let Curlew crow; he's welcome! I kept Burke stringing a good hour in that hotel room—he came up to eighty-five dollars an acre—I refused."

"Why?"

"Because I don't like business. I like farming. I don't want money. I want sage-brush, and horses, and alfalfa, and ditch-water, and the joy of making things grow. I want my partner—my right partner—with sorrel hair. Nell, fancy a model farm without you! Don't bury yourself in Boise. Stay here and help me work things out! I'd never make it without you. Write to Uncle George and tell him to go—tell him you can't come—please!"

Nell found her voice—a queer, unsteady voice with laughter in it.

"I did write him s—something like that—I last Sunday night!"

"Nell!" Five minutes later, he added: "They'll never persuade me to give you an absent treatment! Absent treatments don't work!"

"This one did," murmured Nell.

This Wonderful Range With Two Ovens



Bakes Bread, Pies, Biscuits
Broils, Roasts, and Cooks
Nine Different Vegetables
All At One Time.

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

Gold Medal

Glenwood

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—It

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 172 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.
Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

RUGS

- at 1/2 price

SEND US YOUR
OLD CARPETS

Rugs and Clothing

We reclaim the wool in them by our special process of cleaning and respinning. Then we dye it and weave new

Velvety Rugs

in plain, fancy or Oriental patterns—any colors you want, any size—the equal of high-priced store rugs. We urge comparison. You get beautiful reversible, seamless, bright, new rugs guaranteed to wear for years. Will lend charm to finest homes. Read what others say. We pay for your old material if not satisfied. Every order completed in 3 days.

FREE! Write today for book of designs in actual full information.

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. H-31 36 Laflin St., Chicago

Easiest way to Be a NURSE!

Grand for large free catalog for 25¢. 100 pages to prove that you can teach a trained nurse. Thousands of nurses are needed everywhere to replace those doing reconstruction work. Learn in spare time. Graduates earn \$10 to \$20 per week, and often more money while learning. System founded 20 years ago by Dr. O. J. Perkins. Thousands of successful students.

BOOK FREE Read how easy our simple Course is to master. Learn in one-third the usual time. Nurses have unusual social advantages. Fastest and most economical way to learn. Free outfit. Diploma given. If 14 or over, write CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING 510 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Write NOW FOR FREE BOOK

GIVEN

\$20 UKULELE

Hawaiian Guitar, Viola, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet or Banjo

Wonderful new system of teaching note music by mail. To first pupils in each locality, we'll give a \$20 superb Ukulele, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Cornet or Banjo absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only expense. We guarantee success or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write at once—no obligation.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 417, CHICAGO, ILL.

POEMS WANTED for publication. Cash paid for those available. Send one short poem today for free examination.

IDYL PUB. CO., 189 N. Clark St., Suite 213, CHICAGO

Song Lovers!

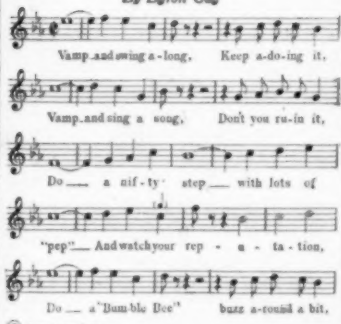
Four New Song Hits

Accepted by Everybody Everywhere!



"The Vamp"

By Byron Gay



© Leo Feist, Inc.

Sh-h-h! B-b-beware of "The Vamp!" After capturing every song center in the West, it is spreading its spell all over the country! "The Vamp" has been appointed the most wonderful song ever written for modern American dancing. Its rhythm is alive! Its melody is bewitching! Its lyric has a chuckle in every line.

A reward is offered to any one who can frown or keep his feet still when the band plays or the singer sings "The Vamp." It's a wonderful dance song—get it before it gets you.



"My Baby's Arms"

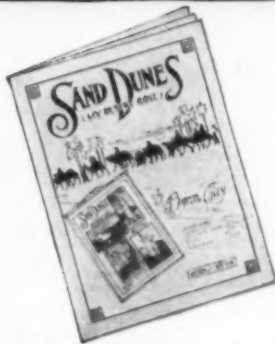
By Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy
Staged by Ned Wayburn



© Leo Feist, Inc.

If you could hear New York audiences applaud this song at Ziegfeld's Follies and call for encore after encore—you would realize—it's a HIT! And if you could travel from New York to California and stop at all the theatres, restaurants and other song centers in between—you would know how fast this hit is spreading.

A sweet, wholesome melody, and cute, lovable words—"My Baby's Arms" is a song you'll love—a song that will make you happier, make the world sunnier. Try it out—buy it today.



"Sand Dunes"

By Byron Gay



© Leo Feist, Inc.

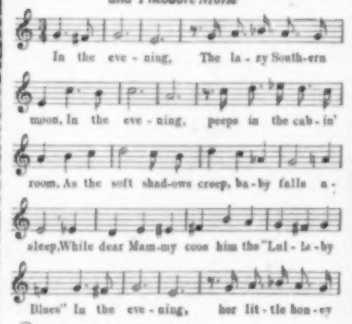
Somewhere down in everybody's heart is a love for oriental song—the weird rum-tum of the tom-tom—the mysterious luring chords of far-east music. That is why "Sand Dunes" is a sensational hit.

With the lights turned low at the end of the day, "Sand Dunes" is soothing, comforting, fascinating, good. With the lights ablaze and jazz bands jazzing, "Sand Dunes" is a wonderful dance number, a fox-trot that makes feet step lightly, faces laugh brightly. "Sand Dunes" is a great song—get it.



"Lullaby Blues"

By Al. M. Kendal, J. Russell Robinson and Theodore Morse



© Leo Feist, Inc.

The only lullaby ever written to keep folks awake!—"Lullaby Blues." It's a dreamy, soothing tune that makes you feel good, smile and hum and sing and dance. It is a waltz melody truly beautiful that gets right on to your mind and into your heart and stays there.

And as to the words, just recall the songs with which your Mother rocked you to sleep—those are the words, the sentiment of "Lullaby Blues." Try it yourself—get the complete song wherever good music is sold.

You'll Sing, You'll Dance, You'll Love these Hits from Song Headquarters

THEY have thrilled audiences. They have enthused dancers. They have won the recognition of singers, orchestras and jazz bands—of record makers and player-roll producers. They are truly the new song-hits of the day—the songs that folks will sing, whistle, dance and hum through Fall twilights and Winter nights. You'll fairly love them—their beautiful melodies—their wonderful lyrics.

Other Beautiful Feist Songs You'll Enjoy:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| "Thank God You're Here, Mother Mine" | "Your Heart is Calling Mine" |
| "A Girl in Château-Thierry" | "Keep All Your Love for Me" |
| "Dreaming of a Sweet Tomorrow" | "Sweetie Mine"—by Al Jolson |
| "Sweet Love Dreams" | "Star of the East" |
| "Persian Moon" | "Give Me All of You" |
| "Bluin' the Blues" | "Sing Me Love's Lullaby" |
| "In the Land of Lullaby" | "Radiance in Your Eyes" |

INSTRUMENTAL NUMBERS

- | | | |
|---------|-------------------|----------------------|
| "Aloma" | "Bells of Bagdad" | "Laughing Blues" |
| "Syria" | "Djer Kiss" | "Orange Blossom Rag" |

Take this page to your piano and try out these four songs now.

Get them wherever good music is sold, or we will supply you direct at 40c a copy, postpaid. Band or orchestra, 25c each.

Get These Two Big Song Hits—
"By the Camp Fire" and "When You Look in the Heart of a Rose"

LEO FEIST, Inc.
Feist Building New York City

Get a Record
for your
Talking Machine



Get a Roll
for your
Player Piano

Whenever wherever Music is played
Ask to hear these Feist Songs

You can't go
wrong with
any Feist
Song



Baby Mary

Mothers—
Ask your Dealer for
"M" GARMENTS
The Perfect Underwear
for Children

M Infant's Shirts
M Diaper Supporting Bands
M Children's Knit Waists
M Children's Cloth Waists
M Knit Waist Union Suits
M Cloth Waist Union Suits

Perfect-fitting, neatly finished, made for service. Underwear that will withstand the wear and tear of growing children from birth to sixteen years.

If you have a boy or girl, you should buy "M" Waist Union Suits, the most practical and economical undergarments ever made for children. Waist, Shirt and Pants all in one! Makes dressing easy and saves time for you on busy mornings.

There is economy and satisfaction in every "M" Garment—buy them for your children—you will be pleased with their quality and genuine goodness.

Seasonable weights and qualities at your Dry Goods Store.

Ask for "M" Garments, made in U. S. A.

Minneapolis Knitting Works
Minneapolis, Minnesota

A Trade Mark  of Satisfaction



First M. E. Church
Westwood, N. J.

This Church Received
from McCall's Magazine five checks ranging from \$31.05 to \$71.40, making a total of
\$241.70

McCall's will give as much to your church. Will you let your church overlook so wonderful an opportunity? Write today for details to Dep't R, McCall's Magazine 250 West 37th Street New York City

SEND US YOUR
Old Carpets
Rugs and Old Clothing

We reclaim the wool in them by our special process of cleaning, combing, carding, and respinning. Then we dye it and weave new **Velvety Rugs**

In plain, fancy or Oriental patterns—any color you want, any size—the equal of the high-priced store rugs.

You Save \$10 to \$30 and get beautiful, reversible, seamless, soft, bright, new rugs, guaranteed to wear many years. We pay you for your material if not satisfied. Every order completed in three days.

FREE Write for book of designs in colors—liberal freight or express payment offer and full information.

OLSON RUG CO.
Dept. H-30 36 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

30 DAYS TRIAL

ReSan ROLLING TUB WITH HEATER

Full size white enameled tub, nickel-plated 12-gallon tank. Close up in 3 sq. ft. space. On casters; roll it anywhere. Heater attachment for gas, gasoline or kerosene. Water heats very quickly. Drains thru hose attached to outlet or can be attached to permanent outlet. Simple. Guaranteed. Also includes closets and washstand.

Rowe Sanitary Mfg. Co.
10135 6th St., Detroit, Mich.

Saved \$6400 On a Diamond

\$1200.00 diamond appraised at \$200.00. Sold it for \$180.00.—(Name on request.)

This firm nearly 8 1/4 century old, rated over \$1,000,000.00. lends money on high grade jewelry. Amazing bargains in unpaid loan diamonds. Free examination.

Why Pay Full Prices

Prove for yourself that it's unnecessary. Send your name for wonderful lists free. Every jewel accurately described in detail. Radically different from catalogs. See these prices before you buy.

Send for Latest List

Diamond Loans Must sell unpaid loans. B and C grade of diamonds for under market prices. Free examination. Amazing bargains proved by customers' letters. Write today.

Jas. Delloy & Sons, 7455 DeRoy Bldg.
Only Opposite P. O. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Representing: DuPont's Broadstreet's, Marine National Bank, Union Trust Company, Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A., Pittsburgh.

HOOSIER STOVES & RANGES FREE

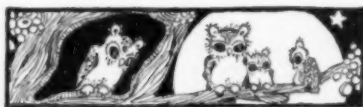
To try in your home 30 days free no matter where you live. Show your friends, send it back at our expense if you do not want to keep it. Million members of families enjoying the comforts and pleasures of "Hoosier" Stoves & Ranges, perfect bakers and heaters, beautifully finished, smooth latest designs, guaranteed for years.

Write for our big free book showing photographs, describing large assortment of sizes and designs of Steel and Cast Iron Ranges, Cooks, Soft and Hard Coal Heaters, to select from, explaining our free trial. Send postal today.

HOOSIER STOVE CO.
208 State St., Marion, Ind.

\$5 For You!

If you want to earn \$5.00 in spare time, write Department M, McCall's Magazine, 250 West 37th Street, New York City.



Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[Continued from page 12]

I went at once to Mr. Mondell of Wyoming. Mr. Mondell has clear blue eyes that look straight at you, and his manner is one of business-like Western geniality. He likes to do things in his own way. Sometimes it was our way, and sometimes it wasn't. However, he was chief Father of our amendment, and most lasting Father. Sometimes he had been its only one, but in this Congress, he was competing with four other Fathers.

He confirmed our worst fears. There was a secret move planned to bring our amendment to defeat at once.

"They don't think it will pass, do they?"

"Oh no, no one thinks that."

"If it's brought up now won't that hurt our chances of bringing it up in the special session?"

"Yes."

"Who's engineering this?" I asked suddenly.

"Raker called the meeting." He smiled. I gathered up my muff and bag and took the shortest way to Mr. Raker. That cheery-looking congressman sat in his cheery office, a large sword-fern on his desk and on the walls high-school pennants waving over photographs of Western scenery.

"But," he said, "you've been clamoring for a vote. You've been out campaigning in my district, saying we wouldn't give you a vote. Now we're going to give it to you. We'll get more votes than last time. Two years from now we'll get more votes. And we'll go on, getting a few more votes each time, until some day we'll win." Patience on a monument was not more complacent than Mr. Raker looking down the uncounted years toward our victory.

"Come, what's the matter?" he continued. "Don't you want a record vote?"

"It isn't a record vote we want, Mr. Raker," I explained patiently. "We want the passage of the amendment."

He looked enlightened.

"And," I continued, "if you bring the amendment to vote now we will hold the party in power responsible for its passage." But Mr. Raker had returned to his first idea. "Come, come," he said. "We'll get a record vote. That's what we'll do."

Now began a battle by wire and post over the whole country and back, to the Pacific coast, to east, west, north and south. The threatened disaster was averted. But when, at noon, on the fourth of March, the sixty-fourth Congress came to an end, we still lacked a hundred votes in the House.

That day, which saw the death of the old Congress, saw the dawn of President Wilson's second term. In a pouring rain a picket-line of a thousand women marched around the White House, cheered by the presence of thousands of sympathetic spectators. Less than a month later the President asked the emergency session of Congress for a declaration of a state of war against Germany, and our amendment became a bit of driftwood on a stormy sea.

"Everything else must give way," said men. "Suffrage must be put aside. This is war." It was man's day; men were at the helm and not to be disputed.

But we had heard the President say to Congress, "We shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government."

"The quickest way to put suffrage aside is to pass the amendment," we said. "Give us democracy at home while we fight for it abroad."

"I can't fool with suffrage," said Mr. Quin of Mississippi. "I'm on the Military Affairs Committee. I've got my hands full."

"But will you vote for it?"

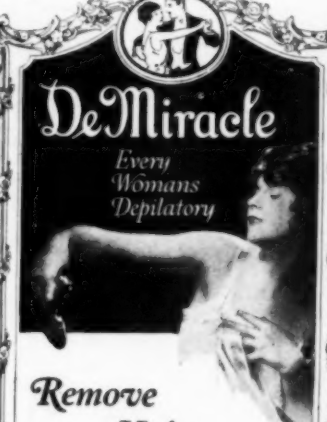
"I've got my hands full," he repeated, turning a savage look on the papers at his elbow. I thought I would try a new man whose responsibilities on committees would be less exacting, so I went to Mr. Bland of Indiana. His office was the bare-looking one of a new man, and he had the pleasant, unsuspecting manners of one. He came forward to meet me, calm, polite and smiling. When I mentioned suffrage his smiles, politeness and calm swiftly vanished.

"I cannot talk of such things in this serious time when men are fighting and dying!" he exclaimed with a quick impatient gesture.

"But I only want to know whether you will vote for it."

"I cannot talk of such things, woman!" Then, having no committee papers into which to retreat, he strode to the window and gazed into the court as though he saw

[Continued on page 39]



DeMiracle
Every Woman's Depilatory

Remove Hair
the Common-sense Way

FOR immediate results use DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid. It devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs.

DeMiracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Therefore, most cleanly, convenient and simple to apply. Wet the hair and it is gone.

To know the difference between DeMiracle and other methods use it just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover, return it to us with the DeMiracle guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00
At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 03c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes war tax.

DeMiracle
Dept. G-15, Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York City



There is Beauty in Every Jar

MILKWEED

50c and \$1

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Keep the bloom and softness of youth in your complexion with Ingram's Milkweed Cream. It is therapeutic, it gives health to the skin tissues, it overcomes imperfections of the complexion. It is softening and cleansing, too. No other emollient will give you the same result. Since 1885 used by women of refinement the world over. Use it daily.

"Just to show the proper glow" use Ingram's Rouge. Perfumed with exquisite delicacy. Safe. Comes in solid cake. No porcelain. Three perfect shades, 50c.

Send us 6 two-cent stamps for Guest Room Sizes of four toilet preparations and Perfumes. Or send one stamp for samples of Milkweed Cream, Rouge and Face Powder.

F. F. INGRAM CO., 61 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ont.
Australasian Address: Melbourne, T. W. Cotton, Ltd., Agt.

For Hair Not Wanted

Delatone is not like some "ready-to-use" hair removers on the market in that it is so chemically compounded that it is always "full strength" when made up by the user just at the time of applying.

That is why Delatone has stood the test of ten years of constant use by hundreds of thousands of satisfied women recognizing its merit as a quick, safe and sure remover of hairy growth: from the under-arms, face or neck. After application the skin is left clear, firm and hairless.

If not at your dealer's he can get it for you or a jar will be sent you prepaid upon receipt of \$1 by

The Sheffield Pharmacal Co.,
Dept. KR, 339 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

When answering ads mention McCall's

For the Little Home Accidents

Keep on hand and have ready for emergency the always-safe antiseptic liniment and germ-destroyer Absorbine, Jr. It is healing, cooling, soothing. It gives prompt relief from aches and pains. It keeps little cuts and bruises from being infected.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

With everybody working so hard and so fast nowadays more accidents seem to happen, more folks get hurt—even the youngsters get more cuts and bruises. Be on the safe side—be prepared—have Absorbine, Jr. in the medicine closet and be ready for emergencies.

It is harmless—safe and pleasant to use.

Stiffened muscles and aching joints from housework yield at once to Absorbine, Jr. Soothe feet, after a hard day's work, are rested by it. Get a bottle today.

\$1.25 A BOTTLE

At druggists or postpaid

A Liberal TRIAL Bottle will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.

395 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



LABLACHE FACE POWDER

DEAR TO THE HEART—

but not to the pore is Lablache, the powder that delights the skin. It keeps complexion as nature intended. While others come and others go, Lablache stays as refreshingly fragrant. It makes friends and keeps them.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Fresh, White, Pink or Cream 65c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumeries, Dept. O
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



New Profession for Women

Women's intuition for the proper handling of the public has, to a very considerable extent, resulted in her supplanting men in many of the good-paying, executive positions in Hotel Operations. The Waldorf Hotel found after an experiment with women that they were better able to please the public than the men had been. Many other hotels all over the country have also learned that women make good in this fascinating business.

Hotel Operators are looking for intelligent women who have been thoroughly trained for the many splendid openings as Floor Managers, Chief Housekeepers, Food Buyers and Stewards, Checkers, Hostesses, Cashiers, Kitchen Chiefs, Room Clerks, and even Managers.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

Write for the FREE BOOK, "Your Big Future in the Hotel Business." It tells how you can fit yourself during your spare time at home for any of these new opportunities for women. A few weeks' instruction by mail under the personal direction of Clifford B. Lewis (former U. S. Gov't Hotel and Restaurant Expert), equips you for good-paying executive positions with short hours and pleasant surroundings in the first-class hotels. This helpful book sent free. Mail postcard or letter for it now. Lewis Hotel Training School 1510 Esther Bldg., Washington, D. C.



Free to You

We will deliver right into your hands your choice of any one of the

Electric Cleaners

listed below and let you try the cleaner thoroughly in your home before you pay a cent.

APEX	LIBERTY
BIG BEN	LITTLE BEN
CADILLAC	OHIO
DUNTELY S.	REGINA
ECLIPSE	ROYAL
EUREKA	SWEEPER VAC
FRANTZ	THOR
HOOPER	TORRINGTON
HOT POINT	VICTOR
IMPERIAL	WESTERN
	ELECTRIC

\$3.50 after trial

Balance on our monthly

Painless Paying Plan

We pay express charges anywhere

Information and advice freely given.

This offer may be withdrawn at Once.

Send Coupon At Once.

\$3.50
AFTER TRIAL

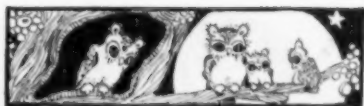
VACUUM CLEANER SPECIALTY CO., Inc.

131 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. Dept. 6

Without obligation send me complete price list and information on your free trial & monthly Painless Paying Plan

Name _____

Address _____



Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

(Continued from page 38)

a battlefield. I spoke again, but he did not reply nor turn from the window, so I quietly retired.

It was evident that no bill not labeled "war measure" could gain attention in that Congress. Abstract issues of democracy at home were forgotten in the fight for it overseas. So, instead of talking of the share of the world's burdens that women always carry, we talked now of their war-sacrifices, of the army of women in shops and factories that must keep the army of men at the front, and of America's sincerity before other nations in urging "the right of those who submit to authority to a voice in their own government." We increased our force of lobbyists.

"The halls of Congress are like a millinery shop," said Mr. Byrnes of South Carolina, very crossly indeed for Mr. Byrnes.

With the opening of the new Congress our bill was again in the Judiciary Committee. The whole fight had to be waged over again. Everywhere we heard the same tone: "If the President wants us to report out the bill this session we will do so," said Mr. Webb. "If the President wants it to pass at this session I'll vote for it," said congressmen. All our lobbying led us in the direction of the White House. And outside the White House stood our silent sentinels with their banners, concerting public opinion as the President had told us to do.

Then, one day, the chief of police called on Miss Paul and said that picketing must stop.

"We have been picketing for six months without trouble," she said. "Has there been any change in the law?"

"No," he admitted. "But you must stop it."

Our attorneys said that we were within our legal rights, and picketing continued. A few days later, Lucy Burns and Katherine Morey stood before the White House with a banner reading: "We shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts; for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government." They were arrested. "On what charge?" they asked at police headquarters.

"Charge!" repeated the officer, surprised. Then he said he would let them know later. He would telephone them. They could go home. In the next few days twenty women were arrested, and at last six were brought to trial on a charge of obstructing traffic. The policeman who had arrested them testified that they had stood where there was no traffic to obstruct.

"Now if you had only kept moving you would have been all right," said the judge, and sentenced them to three days in jail.

Thereupon another group set out, determined to keep on moving. It was the Fourth of July, and Helena Weed carried a banner bearing the words, "Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed." Hardly had they stepped on the White House sidewalk when they were arrested. Before the same judge, they reminded him that he had told them to keep moving. He replied that he was sorry to sentence them, as they were following his instructions, but to show how fair and impartial he was, he would treat them exactly as he had the others. Three days in jail.

Monstrous as this was, it reacted to our benefit, as the newspapers for the first time since the war carried suffrage on the front page. No plea for abstract rights of thousands of women could have brought our cause to public attention as did the Government authorities by arresting us.

"We will go on picketing," said Miss Paul. Women from all over the country came to Washington to carry our banners, and as fast as they were taken away by the police others took their places. As women from state after state were arrested the entire country became aroused. Also, the congressmen and the senators, for as each woman was arrested we sped to the man from her state with the news that one of his constituents was in jail. Would he see the President about it, and issue a statement for the press?

"What for?" he would exclaim unhappily. But as the women were often prominent citizens of his state he frequently did do something about it. And always we impressed upon him that the only way to end this harassing situation was to pass our amendment.

So Congress drew to an end—feeling that something should be done. In response to the growing agitation, the House created a special Suffrage Committee. But

(Continued on page 40)



Baby's Best Friend

RUBENS Infant Shirt

Affords proper protection by the double lap over chest and stomach.

Always fits perfectly, because it is adjustable, expanding with the baby's growth.

Does away with fussy buttons. The Rubens fastens in the back with a single safety pin.

For children from birth to five years old. In cotton, merino, wool, silk and wool, and all silk.

If your dealer hasn't it, write directly to us. But don't accept an imitation—the genuine Rubens Shirt has the name "Rubens" stamped on it.

Rubens
None genuine without this signature

Manufactured only by
RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
2 North Market St., Chicago



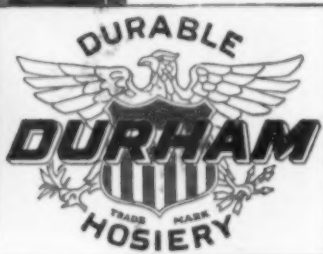
No Buttons

No Trouble

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is a product of industrial democracy—never of Child Labor. We have no strikes or lockouts.



True Value in Hosiery is Measured by the Extra Wear it Gives

It is one thing to get good-looking hosiery—and quite another to get hosiery with long-wearing value. You get both when you buy Durable-DURHAM. This hosiery saves real money with fewer new pairs to buy—and the trouble of darning is avoided.

Durable-DURHAM wears longer because it is made stronger. The Durham dyes do not fade and the stockings keep a long lasting good appearance. Best of all, it is reasonably priced. Ask your dealer to show you

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

Styles for men and women include all fashionable colors and come in all weights from the lightest lisle to the thick, warm, fleecy lined hosiery for winter wear.

Every pair of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is extra strongly reinforced. The legs are full length, tops wide and elastic, soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even. And the sizes are accurately marked.

Look for the trade mark ticket attached to each pair. You should be able to buy Durable-DURHAM Hosiery at any dealer's. If you do not find it, please write our sales office, 88 Leonard Street, New York, giving us the name of your dealer.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.

Sales Office, 88 Leonard Street, New York



JULIANA

Elastic ribbed top stocking. Medium weight and gauge. Soft lisle finish yarn. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black.

Hamilton Beach Home Motor



Mixes



Fans



Sharpens

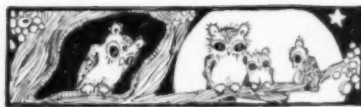


Polishes

HERE is the greatest aid a woman can have in the home. For the work that takes strength, for the things that take time, and for the jobs that are no fun, there is no helper like an H. B. Home Motor. It runs the sewing machine, whips cream or mixes mayonnaise, sharpens all the household knives, runs the electric fan, and polishes the silver. The best way to find out what this lifetime assistant means in your home is to try it. You merely have to

Phone Your Dealer for a Free Trial

Any Electric, Hardware, or House Furnishings Dealer



Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[Continued from page 39]

there was no intention of bringing our amendment to a vote until 1920. So long we had struggled, and so little we had accomplished.

In the late afternoon, as the session of Congress was adjourning without passing our amendment, Alice Paul walked slowly out to the White House gates carrying a banner on which were inscribed the words of the President, "The time has come when we must conquer or submit. For us there is but one choice. We have made it." She was immediately arrested and sentenced to seven months in jail.

I was campaigning in the South when the news reached me. Weeks earlier she had planned the campaign, dividing the United States into four districts, giving me twelve Southern states. We were holding two and three meetings a day, calling for volunteers to picket, asking the people to write the President and to pass resolutions demanding action on our amendment.

When telegrams about the women in jail began to reach us, our audiences saw woman's fight for freedom as they had never seen it before. Men who were not troubled by factories where women worked eleven and twelve hours a day, rose and shouted, "You can get fifty men in this crowd who'll go to Washington and tear down that jail!"

Always we pointed out that only the passage of the amendment would end the fight. Letters, protests, resolutions, petitions, began to pour into the White House and to Democratic leaders from all over the country.

Suddenly, the week before Congress reconvened, all the imprisoned women were released unexpectedly and without explanation. Although, two months earlier, Mr. Pou as "custodian of the policies of the Administration" had announced, in effect, that the House would not pass the amendment before 1920, a week after Congress reassembled a day was set for the vote.

The atmosphere had changed when I returned to Washington. Republican congressmen had suddenly realized what an asset to the Republican party would be their support of suffrage. Democrats, seeing the blame that would attach to them for its defeat were becoming alarmed.

"The country is fixing to blame the Democrats," said Mr. Hull, of Tennessee, very thoughtfully, but not quite thoughtfully enough. As a member of the National Executive Committee of the Democratic party he was thoughtful. As a congressman with a vote in the House he was not quite thoughtful enough.

We lacked sixty votes in the House, and had only three weeks to get them. We worked day and night. Our friends in Congress, brightly hopeful, told us we had votes to spare, but we knew the truth. We lacked forty votes, then twenty, then ten, but we kept this to ourselves. Unless something happened we could not win.

Then, on January 9th, the day before the vote, it happened. Late on that afternoon the President invited a deputation of Democratic congressmen to wait on him. Knowing of the appointment, we went through the halls of Congress, on wings, all day. When the congressmen went into the White House, a small group stood outside in the snow waiting for the first word of that interview. After what seemed an interminable time, the doors opened. Out came cheery Mr. Raker with the news: "The President has declared for the Susan B. Anthony amendment, and will stay home from his game of golf tomorrow morning to see any congressmen who wish to consult him about it." Thus, just a year from the day he had told us we must concert public opinion, President Wilson declared for federal suffrage.

There was a feeling of victory in the air as we went through the corridors that night. Yet our secret poll showed that we still lacked votes. We could do nothing more. We could only wait and see how much force the President would put behind his declaration.

Scrub-women were still at work with brushes and buckets of soap-suds when I reached the Capitol that fateful morning. From the front row of the gallery we looked down on the floor of the House, with its seven rows of empty seats rising in semi-circular rows like an amphitheater. A few people scurried here and there, the galleries were rapidly filling. We watched the congressmen come in, sit down, walk about or stand in groups talking and looking up at the galleries.

At the stroke of eleven all eyes turned toward the door of the Speaker's lobby.

[Continued on page 41]

I earn the money for all my extras



and many of my necessities. Without previous experience I found the open door to a bigger income. Says a World's Star Representative.

You can do the same

You may need more money for actual necessities—to meet the higher rents or the payments on your home, for clothes, or to educate your children.

You can, if you will, increase your income to meet your actual needs and to provide the extras, too.

Do as 17,800 Other Women Have Already Done, Sell

World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

to your friends and neighbors. It is easy to do. The first sale almost invariably means additional orders and you soon build a permanent, profitable business.

No Previous Experience Needed

Many of our best representatives started without any previous experience. They found selling easy and profitable.

Write Today for Illustrated Catalog

and complete information. Devote all or part of your time to selling World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear. It means financial independence for you.

Write Us Today

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
DEPT. 40
Over 24 Years in Business

Velvet Grip Hose Supporter

"Sew-Ons"

can be quickly and easily attached to any style of corset.

The unique VELVET GRIP feature of the "Sew-On"—an all-rubber, oblong button—is proof against "slips" and the ruthless ripping of silken hose threads.

The fabric employed in the making of the VELVET GRIP "Sew-On" is all you would expect of a hose supporter of such unusual attainments—the very best.

LOOK FOR THE OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON—

"The Button That Talks for Itself"

George Frost Co., Makers, Boston



AZUREA

The FACE POWDER de la Saison

Made by L.T. PIVET Paris France

Its distinctive fragrance makes it conspicuously smart—its delicate fragrance makes it smartly inconspicuous.

15 cents brings a dainty beauty box with generous samples of AZUREA Face Powder, Toilet Powder and Perfume.

Sample to Canada Prohibited by Canadian Government



CHAS. BAEZ Sole Agent for U. S. and Canada
Dept. "F" 24 East 22d Street New York City

Worthington Quality
Chairs and Tricycles
The Colson Co.
939 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

"Since I Married"

nothing has been used on my floors, woodwork and furniture except **Johnson's Prepared Wax**. It has kept them beautiful through the years."

Simply apply **Johnson's Prepared Wax** with a cloth—you don't need brushes, sprays or mops of any kind. Very little rubbing is required to produce an exquisite, lustrous polish of great beauty and durability.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

Johnson's Prepared Wax is not only a polish, but a wonderful preservative—it forms a thin, protecting film over the finish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top.

JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, tile, etc.

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX for polishing furniture, pianos, woodwork and automobiles.

JOHNSON'S POWDERED WAX sprinkled over any floor immediately gives a perfect dancing surface.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.





Wipe off the Dirt—

Styles for every room in the house


Sanitas is the only wall covering that defies smoke, grease and water spots. Dirt and dust can be wiped off with a damp cloth. The same durable material can be had in dull finished plain tints and beautiful decorative patterns.

SANITAS
MODERN WALL COVERING

does not crack, peel, fade or tear. Made on cloth by machinery. Easy to paste on any flat surface. Ask your dealer or decorator to show you Sanitas before you decorate any room.

Write for Booklet and Samples and address the manufacturers of
SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING
Dept. 6 320 Broadway, New York

"Bayer Cross" on Genuine Aspirin



Bayer Tablets of Aspirin

Always ask for genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in an unbroken Bayer package.

The "Bayer Cross" marked on each tablet and on each package identifies the true, genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets. Also larger Bayer packages. Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylic acid.

We have all kinds of BEADS for

Decorating Waists and Gowns
Neck Chains Bags and Purses

Pearl Beads Mourning Beads Seed Beads
Hudson Bay Beads for Portieres

Send stamp for descriptive circulars and samples.

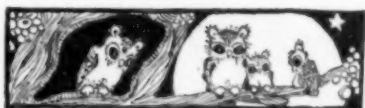
We have small cut beads for the new French Woven Chains

ISAAC D. ALLEN COMPANY, 21 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

"Home-Making, as a Profession"

A 100-pp. illus. handbook—FREE. Home-study of Domestic Science, fitting for well-paid positions and home efficiency.

Am. School of Home Economics, 517 W. 69th St., Chicago, Ill.



Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[Continued from page 40]

Chattering ceased. The door opened, and a Roman mace appeared and advanced, supported by the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, who held it in his two hands before him. Very solemn, very mindful of his step, he ascended the three steps to the Speaker's stand, followed by the Speaker, Champ Clark, dignified and magnificent in a tan frock coat, with a white flower in the buttonhole. Having ascended, the Sergeant-at-Arms laid the mace against the wall where all the congressmen could look at it, and came down again with a little skip on the last step, while the Speaker impressively faced the House.

Prayer and routine business finished, the speeches began. Most of them were prosy and dull, delivered not for those who heard them, but for constituents hundreds of miles away. In the galleries we listened wearily. We had brought lunch-con with us which we ate as unobtrusively as possible. We would lose our seats if we left them, for through the ground-glass doors we dimly saw waiting multitudes trying to come in. All day the largest crowds the doorkeepers had ever known pressed against the doors. Inside the speeches droned on.

"What a dull ending for such a dramatic struggle," said a newspaper man, leaning over from the press gallery. I could have wished it had been duller, for we never for an instant forgot that we still lacked votes. We did not know how far the President's message had carried since our last possible poll.

Suddenly a wave of applause and cheers swept over the floor. Every head turned toward the Speaker's door, and there, on the threshold, we saw Mr. Mann, pale and trembling. For six months he had lain in a hospital—his only visitors, his wife and secretary. It had been said that he would never come back to the House. Yet he had come to vote for our amendment.

Now, through the skylight, we could see that the afternoon had gone and evening had come. At last the time for speech-making ended and the vote was taken. Forty years to a day from the first introduction of the Susan B. Anthony amendment in Congress, one year exactly from the time the first picket-line went to stand before the White House, the Federal Suffrage amendment passed the House of Representatives. It passed with just one vote to spare. Six votes came to us through the President. He had saved the day!

Outside the doors of the gallery a woman began to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Others took it up, more and more voices joined, and through the halls of the Capitol there swelled our song of gratitude. Louder and louder it rose and soared to the high arches, and was carried out into the night to die away at last in the far distances. And still in our hearts we sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

But our minds were not at rest, nor our thoughts quiet. Our victory was worth nothing unless we could consolidate it quickly. To do this we had to win the Senate. And the Senate is farther from the people than the House, and much, much harder to move.

(Continued in the November McCall's)

The Hallowe'en Corpse-Light

YOU will hold a Hallowe'en party, of course—that festival of cats and witches and jack-o'-lanterns and ghost stories and things. Naturally you will do your worst with luminous paint and pieces of chain and sudden cold drafts and all the other mechanical, psychological and physical creepinesses that you can think of.

Lighting effects can be used to great advantage when telling ghost stories. For instance, a pocket flashlight with a green bulb or a piece of green fabric over the white bulb, can be used to throw a green light from below on the narrator's face—all the other lights being out—and will give it a most sinister appearance.

As a grand finale, try the following device: take a quantity of salt and thoroughly damp it down with wood alcohol or denatured alcohol. Place a half-cupful in an old pie-plate and apply a match.

The room will be filled with a weird, ghostly light, which will make the company fairly gasp at one another's appearance. The effect is absolutely safe to produce, but it is well to set the container upon an inverted dishpan, or other non-conductor, to prevent the heat from scorching the table.

Unusual Underwear Moderately Priced



Shivery Weather and Li FALCO

THE MAN, WITH CHATTERING TEETH, IS WONDERING HOW THE WOMAN CAN LOOK SO WARM. ARE WOMEN HARDIER THAN MEN?

THEY ARE really no harder, but they know how to keep comfortable. When Fashion frowned on flannel petties and on bulky knitted underwear, they suffered for a while.

But then they found Li FALCO Underwear for women—warm without

weight—snug without binding—cut (not stretched) to fit—and as fine a foundation for smartly cut clothes as the figure itself.

No Fluff

BUT DAINTILY FINISHED FOR ALL THAT IN STYLES YOU CAN WEAR WITH ANY STYLE DRESS.



FOR INSTANCE, there's a low neck style, ankle or knee length, to wear with evening gowns, and many more—Union Suits, Vests, Pants or Tights. All Sizes, Styles, and Weights. All moderately priced. Ask them to show you—



COTTON KNIT UNDERWEAR FOR WOMEN

MADE BY LITTLE FALLS MFG. CO.
LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

WEAR-EVER
ALUMINUM
TRADE MARK



Home-made Apple Pie!

PIES baked in "Wear-Ever" aluminum pie pans taste as good as they look. Thick, delicious fillings of apples, peaches, pineapple, cherries or other fruits or berries in season! Crisp, tender, flaky, golden-brown crusts!

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

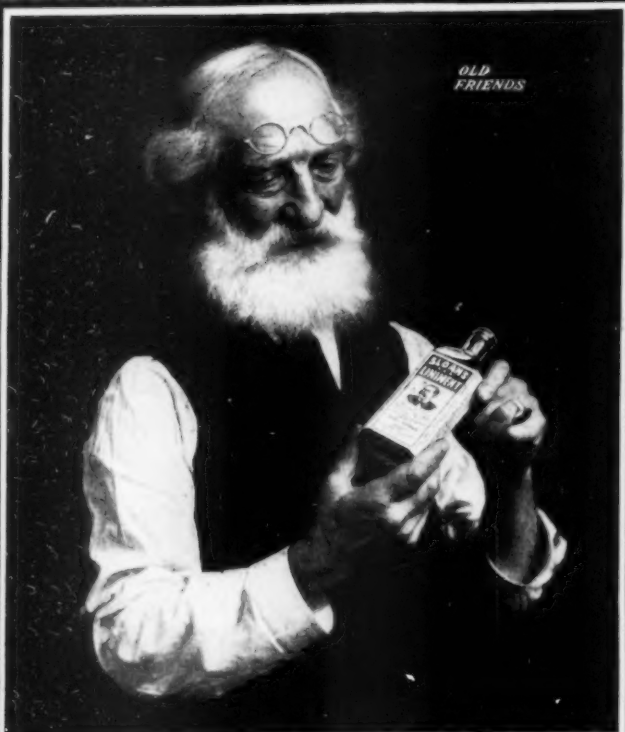
are preferred by women who are as particular about the utensils in which they cook food as they are about the dishes from which they serve it. "Wear-Ever" utensils are silver-like in their shining beauty.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., Dept. 30, New Kensington, Pa.
In Canada "Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



WEAR-EVER
ALUMINUM
TRADE MARK



My old standby—Sloan's Liniment!

ALWAYS handy, always willing, always faithful! In the thirty-eight years we've known each other, not once have you failed to relieve my rheumatic twinges! And I've had many of them to test my confidence in you. You haven't faltered, Sloan's Liniment—not once during the many years that have intervened. You have constantly helped relieve the after-effects

of exposure, the sharp pains of sciatica, the dull aches of lumbago, the muscles so often made sore by toil and strain, the joint-stiffness from over-exertion.

No wonder I always keep you handy where, at the first sign of a rheumatic twinge or pain or ache, I call on you and you promptly come to my relief! I'm proud of the fact that we are known as Old Friends!

Sloan's Liniment

KEEP IT
HANDY

Big Bargains In Your Favorite Magazines

These special prices are made for a few weeks only, to induce thrifty readers to subscribe now before the Rush Season. Prices are actually reduced to November 1st. Then they go up—never to come back to so low a level.

McCall's Magazine	\$1.45	McCall's Magazine	\$2.50
People's Home Journal		Pictorial Review	
McCall's Magazine	\$1.45	McCall's Magazine	
Today's Housewife		People's Home Journal*	\$2.65
McCall's Magazine	\$1.95	*or Today's Housewife	
Modern Priscilla		Modern Priscilla	
McCall's Magazine	\$2.15	McCall's Magazine	\$2.95
People's Home Journal		Youth's Companion	
Today's Housewife		McClure's Magazine	\$2.25

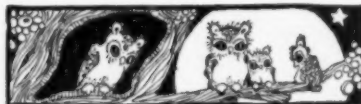
Good Until Nov. 1st Only!

McCall's Magazine
250 West 37th Street, New York City

Oct.

I accept your generous offer and enclose \$
Please send me the following magazines for one year:

Name _____
Local Address _____
City and State _____



Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government booklets written for housekeepers and mothers especially. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described below; the other booklets may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Washington Bureau always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Prenatal Care

ACCORDING to estimates by the U. S. Census Bureau, 300,000 babies die annually. Nearly half of these deaths occur during the first month of life and are traceable to causes which could have been prevented. To help reduce this death rate, the Federal Children's Bureau has issued a booklet called Prenatal Care. Prospective mothers should get a copy of this booklet through our Washington Bureau.

Infant Care

"INFANT CARE" is the title of a booklet issued by the Children's Bureau and which all mothers of babies should have. It contains chapters on the nursery, clothing, outdoor life, care of the baby, feeding, sleep, habits, training and how to keep the baby well. Our Washington Bureau will be pleased to obtain a copy for you.

Children's Food

"FOOD for Young Children" is a booklet all mothers of small children should have. It contains suggested bills of fare, a discussion of the five food groups, and contains several pages of recipes for dishes especially suited for small children. A copy of this booklet may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 717 and do not enclose return postage.

Nutritive Value of Food

"PRINCIPLES of Nutrition and the Nutritive Value of Foods" is the title of an interesting booklet issued by the States Relations Service. It contains a table showing the average composition of common American food products, suggestions for balancing menus, preparation of food, and selecting foods especially needed by the body. A copy of this booklet may be obtained on request from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 142.

War Posters

THIS booklet, which is issued by the Navy Department, illustrates in miniature the 40 posters which were used in Navy recruiting during the war. The posters were executed by prominent American, English and Dutch artists, and are now reproduced in miniature for future reference. Our Washington Bureau will mail you a copy on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Influenza

MEDICAL authorities say that another outbreak of influenza may occur this winter, and for that reason the United States Public Health Service has issued a booklet. It tells of the history of influenza, how to recognize it, what should be done by those who contract it and how to prevent the disease. Get this booklet now from our Washington Bureau.

Measles

NEARLY every autumn, when schools open, there is an increase in the number of cases of measles. Many parents think of measles as a harmless disease and intentionally expose their children, yet measles kills more people in the United States every year than does smallpox. This booklet tells how to diagnose this disease and contains suggestions to prevent its spread. Our Washington Bureau will obtain a copy for you.

Whooping-Cough

THIS booklet tells of the symptoms of whooping-cough and, in the absence of complications, gives suggestions for its treatment. Whooping-cough is one of the most serious diseases of childhood, and is spoken of by the Public Health Service as the disease for which familiarity has bred contempt. Our Washington Bureau will be pleased to obtain a copy for you.

Make Your Home Happier



ARTEMIS PLAYER-PIANO

Where the Artemis is, there is a real home. Music after the wear and tear of the day's work—what is more satisfying, more comforting? Any sort of music you want—dances, songs, opera, classics—music the children will love, music that only the world's greatest masters can play—just insert the roll and the Artemis is so simple your child can play it. You can use it as a player-piano or play it by hand.

You will be delighted with the beautiful tone of this instrument, its handsome finish and design. No home in the land is too fine for the Artemis, yet its price is not beyond your reach.

No matter where you live the nationalized Artemis has but one price. It is stamped in the instrument and is part of its guarantee.

Artemis Universal Prices

Popular Idol Model - \$495
Music Lover Model - 535
Musician Model - 590
Artist Model - 645

You will surely want an Artemis in your home. There is a reliable piano merchant near you, who represents the Artemis Line. Ask us for his name and address and we will send you the beautiful Artemis Catalog No. 5 Free.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by the
Thompson Piano Mfg. Co.
(Division of Steger & Sons Piano Mfg. Co.)
Steger Building, Chicago, Ill.

15,000 Satisfied Artemis Patrons Every Year

**Send Your Name and We'll
Send You a Lachnite**

DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us \$2.50 a month until \$15.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachnite Co., 12 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 2067, Chicago



Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax In one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That

These Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

**Skin Tortured
Babies Sleep
After Cuticura**

All drugists; Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 3, Boston."

CANARIES PRICE LIST FREE

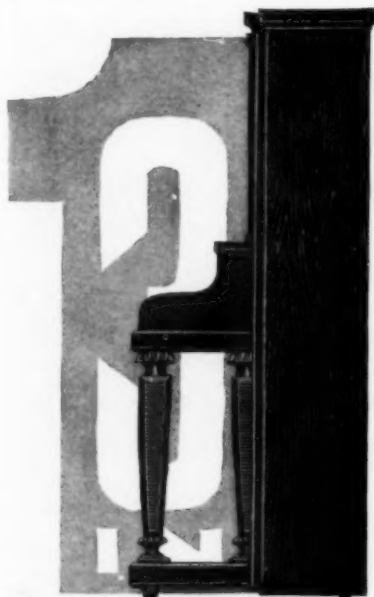
Will bring sunshine to your home. We carry a full line of household pets, including Parrots, Macaws, Cockatoos, Linnets, Finches and Bird Foods. Also Goldfish, Aquariums and Supplies. Illustrated price list FREE.

IOWA BIRD CO., Dept. N Des Moines, Iowa

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.

100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$2.75. Write for samples, 100 Visiting Cards, 75c.

C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1023 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Brings Out The Tones

The wooden case and its handsome finish are half the value of your piano.

Very little effort and 3-in-One Oil will bring out the rich color tones and grain, restore and preserve the finish.

3-in-One

The Universal Household Oil

Use this way: Wring out a cloth in cold water and apply a few drops of 3-in-One. Rub a small surface at a time, following the grain of the wood. This removes grime and finger-marks and eliminates all surface scratches. Polish with a dry cloth and see the rich tones of the old original finish spring into new life.

Try also on all fine furniture, woodwork, hardwood and painted floors, linoleum and oil cloth. Contains nothing to injure.

At all good stores. East of the Rocky Mountain states, 15c, 25c and 50c in bottles; also in 3oz Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. To save postage, request these on a postal.

Three-in-One Oil Company
165 DF. Broadway, New York B106



LEARN MUSIC AT HOME!

PLAY BY NOTE
Piano, Organ,
Violin, Cornet,
Guitar, Banjo,
Mandolin,
Horn, Oboe,
Trumpet,
Flute, Clarinet,
Piccolo,
Saxophone,
Ukulele, Viola,
Trombone,
Hawaiian Steel
Guitar,
Harmony and
Composition,
Sight Singing.

Music no longer difficult! New plan makes it easy to learn by home study. Positively easier than with private teacher. Faster progress. You will be able to play your favorite instrument in a few short months! More than 200,000 men, women and children have learned by our method. You, too, can learn in your spare time. We guarantee it.

Lessons FREE

We want to have one pupil in each locality at once to help advertise our home study method. For a short time, therefore, we offer our marvelous lessons **FREE**. Only charge is for postage and sheet music, which is small. Beginners or advanced pupils. Write for amazing free book giving all the facts and particulars. Send a postal today! Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

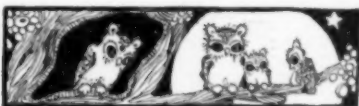
U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1410 Broadway Bldg., New York City

Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 22,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my **Fairyfoot** treatment **FREE**. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you **absolutely FREE**. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while wearing as tight shoes as ever. Just send your name and address and **Fairyfoot** will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO., 3881 Ogden Ave., Def. 23, Chicago

SHORT-STORY WRITING
A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the short-story taught by Dr. J. Berg Knapp, for years editor of *Lippincott's*. 150-page catalogue free. Please address **THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL**, Dept. 28, Springfield, Mass.



The Man Who Played Safe

(Continued from page 9)

eyes seemed to vanish as he gazed down at the two papers there on the table. To his keen business sense those papers were the beginning of the end. One more turn of the screw and the Fenshaw property would pass into the possession of the First National Bank of Camden. Or James Fenshaw might be ready tomorrow morning to sell his place outright. Herman Radnor pondered it happily.

Should he tell Ellen that the Fenshaw property was likely to come into the market? The house and lot jutted into a corner of the Hillary estate. It would be a natural investment for her. She always consulted the bank about her investments. She was coming this morning for a conference with him.

He looked about the spacious room. He seemed to see Ellen sitting there in the comfortable chair. It would be a pleasant piece of news to lay before her. It would dispose of James Fenshaw, root and branch, forever.

With the house and lot sold, the last link that bound him to Camden would snap. Herman Radnor liked to think there was nothing else to keep him in Camden.

And flying was risky business. The president's placid gaze lifted itself from the deed on the table. It sought the ceiling above the ground-glass partition. It seemed to follow a speck out into the sky—

The door opened gently. He turned and was on his feet, his hand outstretched to her. His face became human and gentle.

All the room seemed to lighten at her coming. The sense of deadness in the air lifted. There were no floating draperies about the figure that came forward and no hint of flower-wreaths in the hat on her shining hair. Yet, with her footfall on the carpet, the spirit of spring was in the room.

"You are not busy?" she asked.

"I was waiting for you."

He placed a chair for her and seated himself where he could look at her without turning his head. Once in four weeks, on the tenth of each month, Ellen Hillary sat in the President's Room and the president advised her about her business investments.

He reached to a drawer and took out a handful of papers, then moved his chair a little nearer to the light figure. He went through the papers slowly, selecting details and laying them before her with succinct comment or word of advice.

She listened with a detached look. Her absent gaze seemed to have left the comfortable room. It glinted with a little flickering smile. He pushed back the papers.

"That is all," he said a little coldly. She seemed to come back from her distance. "I am afraid I have not been very attentive," she apologized. "It all seems foolish—in the spring."

He hesitated an instant, then said carelessly: "There is one other investment I meant to speak about. It may come up later and I should like your opinion on it."

She turned her face idly.

"It is a piece of local property," he continued, arranging the papers with exact fingers,—"the Fenshaw house—"

"What do you mean?" she asked breathlessly. She leaned forward.

Herman Radnor cursed his luck and his stupidity. He had not guessed she cared—like this! It would have been better to say nothing—far better and safer. But his voice went on, quiet and self-ignoring—

"There is nothing certain about it, you understand. But I heard this morning—"

"This morning!" She turned quickly. Her eyes were like stars. "Did he write?"

"Fenshaw? No." It was curt. "He came in to see me—about a mortgage."

He let her have the full force of it.

Her eyes narrowed to a laughing wrinkle. "Then he is in town!" she cried. "He was—this morning," admitted Radnor grudgingly.

Her hands clasped and unclasped. She got up. "I must go home."

He held out a detaining hand. "About the Fenshaw property," he said stiffly. "I imagine Fenshaw has got about to the end of his rope. He may be willing to sell—"

She gasped a little. "But there is his place in the bank," she said.

"Yes?" He hesitated a moment. "Fenshaw was never quite fitted for the place," he said. "We stretched a point to advance him. And he left almost without notice—very inconvenient for us."

"Your father would have been glad of a chance to get hold of the property; it makes an awkward break in your land."

"Yes. I must go. Good morning." She held out her hand. He took it and held it a tender respectful minute.

(Continued on page 45)



Kleinert's Dress Shields Baby Pants, Sanitary Goods and Rubber Sheeting are perpetually new in design and styles; but their quality has been a recognized standard for forty years

"Buy Knowingly" Kleinert's



for Health and Beauty

Hamilton Beach Vibrator

The moment you apply the Hamilton Beach Vibrator to your skin or any part of your body, you feel the warm, glowing, invigorating effect of vibratory stimulation. It relieves congestion. Wonderful for the complexion, gratifying relief when used for muscular stiffness, yet may be applied beneficially to any part of the body. One short treatment will best prove the pleasing results. Try it today.



Phone Your Dealer for a Free Trial

Any Electric, Drug, or Hardware Dealer



When McCALL STREET Goes to Market

A MILLION three hundred thousand baskets, each containing at least half a dozen purchases, would be a moderate estimate of McCall Street's daily marketing.

Think of it! Think of the gigantic market basket it would take to hold 7,800,000 separate DAILY purchases of Spices, Baking Powder, Crackers, Preserves, Smoked Meat, Soft Drinks, Extracts and all the other things the thrifty housewife buys.

This vast quantity of household necessities supplies the daily needs of the dwellers on the longest street in the world. For if the houses of McCall's Magazine readers were on a single street, only

25 feet apart, they would line a thoroughfare stretching from Boston to San Diego.

Some of the housewives of McCall Street go to market, basket on arm. Some select their goods and have them sent. Others telephone for what they want. But each and every one has the same buying suggestion—McCall's Magazine.

And McCall Street's tremendous market basket overflows with goods advertised in McCall's Magazine, because the women who enjoy McCall's splendid fiction, its authoritative fashions, its vitally important household articles, cannot fail to be guided in their daily shopping by the timely messages which McCall's advertisers present to them.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 236-250 WEST 37th STREET, NEW YORK CITY
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO BOSTON ATLANTA TORONTO

McCALL'S

MAGAZINE

This is one of a series of advertisements appearing in the newspapers in the very large cities.



At last! a stocking that Prevents Garter Runs

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

Made with a narrow hem top, of extra elasticity, that positively prevents garter runs.

Think what a relief it would be not to have garter ravel—what a saving it would mean in giving longer wear. Garter runs are the most annoying, most destructive agent known to hosiery. Now you can avoid them by wearing **Burson Hose**.

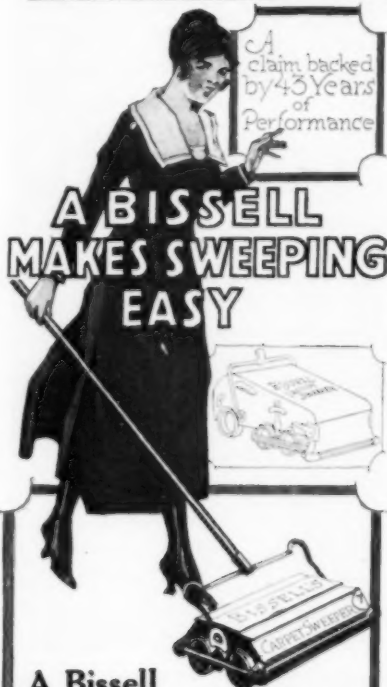
Accept no substitute—see that you get the Narrow Hem Top—that's what saves you money and darning. You'll find Burson Hose more comfortable too, because of the extra elastic top, and because they are knit to shape without seams.

Made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized, and Silk twisted with Fibre

Booklet sent upon request

SOLD AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

Burson Knitting Co.
910 Mack Street Rockford Illinois



A Bissell Makes Sweeping Easy

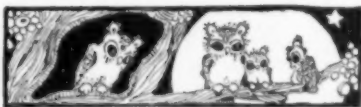
No one can sweep with a broom without straining neck and arms, and wrenching back. Anyone can sweep with the light Bissell without trying—just the easy, natural swing of the arm.

BISSELL Sweepers

No wonder broom sweeping robs beauty and saps strength. No wonder millions of housewives rejoice that the Bissell has lightened their load. No dirt, no lint, no litter can resist the thorough brushes of the carpet sweeper. No dust, however fine, can elude the powerful air-rush of the vacuum sweeper. You, too, should let these household companions save work, save time, save rugs.

At stores everywhere. Carpet Sweepers at all prices. "Cyco" Ball Bearing grade \$4.25 to \$7.50; Vacuum Sweepers \$8.00 to \$14.50, depending upon style and locality. Send for booklet "The Care of Rugs and Carpets."

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER COMPANY
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich. Made in Canada, too



The Man Who Played Safe

[Continued from page 43]

She looked at him with eyes that half danced behind their hurry. "Remember—I want it. No matter what it costs."

"You shall have it," he said grimly. She opened her lips—to thank him, perhaps. But he held up a hand and put it aside modestly. "It is my business to protect you in every way—my business and my privilege," he added on a deeper note.

So she only smiled a quick little smile and left him. And Herman Radnor remained gazing at the place in the ground-glass wall where she had disappeared.

He would have liked to escort her to the door and put her into the little electric runabout he knew was waiting for her. But it might make gossip. And Radnor had been careful through all the years of his devotion and waiting that no one should guess his secret. He held it safe.

And when the fitting moment came he would bring it to her untarnished by gossip.

Tomorrow would be the day he had looked forward to through all his years of service. Tomorrow was *His Day*!

GUIDING her electric car down the Main Street of Camden she glanced through the windows on either side, seeking a familiar figure. But he was not in the crowds that moved along the walks.

As she neared the old Fenshaw place she leaned forward a little. Yes, there was smoke coming from the chimney, and the windows and doors stood open. The sound of hammering came to her.

She must give him time to get settled.

Perhaps she would send over and invite him to luncheon. . . . It was four years since she had seen him, and five years—more than five years—since he had been in the Hillary house.

There had been the year before her father's death when he refused to have guests in the house—even for the simplest call. And sometimes she had fancied that it was James Fenshaw in particular the edict was directed against.

But she had never been sure. When her father died she had waited for him to come. Then she heard he had enlisted, and later she knew he had joined a Canadian flying corps. He did not even come to say good-by.

She stood looking at the hazy smoke rising through the trees. The smile on her face lingered softly. She would send Chloe over to ask him to come to luncheon.

She entered the wide doot, and the dusk of the house descended on her. Dark polished wood, hangings of rich, dull stuffs, brocaded chairs, costly paintings and china and bronze. It was the house of a merchant-prince of conventional taste. She felt the weight of her possessions on her. She shrugged her shoulders a little impatiently and touched a bell and waited.

The colored woman who came in looked at her with deep devoted eyes.

"Oh, Chloe—" She spoke lightly and the happiness in her voice trembled with it—"Mr. Fenshaw has come home. I want you to go over and ask him to come to luncheon."

She watched the dark figure move through the trees, taking the half-obliterated path to the house on the edge of the grounds. She sank into a chair by the side of the wall and waited. The dark wood of the chair rose throne-like behind her, and the great painting above it rose somberly to the ceiling. Already her confidence was a little chilled. Suppose he refused to come? Were not there?

She got up and moved to the door. Far through the glimmering greenness she could see the black woman coming.

She went quickly down the steps. "Well?"

"He says he's downright busy, Miss Ellen. I've to thank you-all, but he can't come no-ways—not for luncheon, he says."

"Did he say 'not for luncheon'?" asked Ellen Hillary, breathless. "Did he say just that, Chloe?"

"He said he can't come. Yas'm. . . . He's powerful busy, I reckon."

"What was he doing, Chloe? Was it hammering on boxes I heard just now?"

"I didn't see no boxes, no'm—he was tinkering on the do', kind of, where it got sagged and scraped along the flo', like." She drew her heavy foot along the gravel to illustrate the sagging door.

Ellen Hillary's face lightened. She turned toward the house. A man does not repair the house he is going to leave tomorrow.

"Very well, Chloe. We must have him over sometime later when he is not so busy. It is good to think the house will be open again, the way it used to be."

[Continued on page 46]

"A Pillow for the Body"



That you may sleep

PEOPLE who take their daily cares to bed with them unwittingly deprive themselves of sleep. The essential thing to do is to remember that life's blessings predominate and all petty cares soon pass. The freedom from mental tension thus gained, constitutes the first needful step in the direction of beneficial sleep.

Then comes the care of the body. It too must be wholly free from tension, if you would sleep properly.

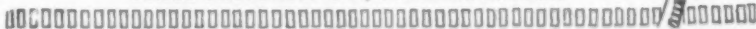
The Sealy Sanitary Tuftless Mattress

is a potent aid to sleep. Its body conforming, undulating responsiveness gives to the body the essential elements of perfect relaxation. You do not, as ordinarily, have to twist and turn to "find a comfortable position;" to the contrary, the "comfortable position finds you" through the uniformly responsive, soothing contact of the resilient tuftless Sealy. You relax instantly and this hastens sleep.

A single, inseparably air woven, long fibre, cotton batt, five feet high, pressed down, inserted into the ticking and released to the prescribed buoyant softness and height of the mattress, constitutes the Sealy.

Your request will bring an interesting book on sleep, some charming covering samples, and the name of our duly authorized dealer.

SEALY MATTRESS CO., SUGAR LAND, TEXAS



Introducing—

Mr. A. B. Arment, of Ohio
Mrs. R. A. Hood, of Michigan
Mrs. J. V. Thompson, of Wyoming

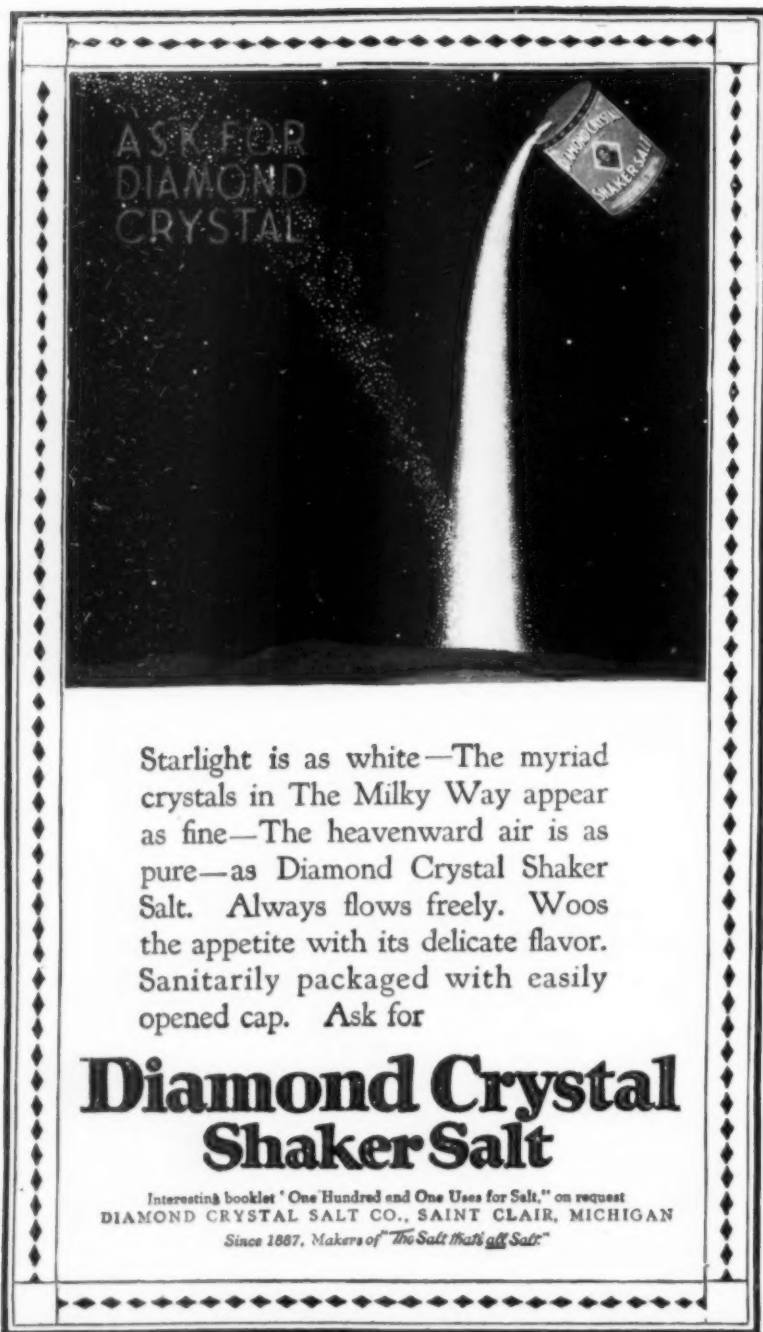
These three are typical of the thousands of men and women, all over the country, who are turning their spare time into money by acting as representatives for McCALL'S MAGAZINE. These representatives add

\$20.00 and \$25.00 a Month, and More

to their incomes under the McCall Plan, without previous experience and without investment of any kind.

Send a letter or post card today to Department K, McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 250 West 37th St., New York City, asking for complete information about the McCall Plan.

If They Can, You Can Too



Starlight is as white—The myriad crystals in The Milky Way appear as fine—The heavenward air is as pure—as Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt. Always flows freely. Woos the appetite with its delicate flavor. Sanitarily packaged with easily opened cap. Ask for

Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt

Interesting booklet "One Hundred and One Uses for Salt," on request
DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO., SAINT CLAIR, MICHIGAN
Since 1887, Makers of "The Salt that's all Salt"

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.
Benjamin N. Bogue, 9916 Bogue Building, Indianapolis

Other Women Make \$500.00
So Can You

Sell dainty, distinctive, exclusive Dress Goods, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Etc. Wonderful variety. Money or experience unnecessary. Protected territory. Work part or whole time. Samples free. Write today.
MITCHELL & CHURCH CO., Inc., Dept. 24, Warhampton N. Y.

R. M. C. MERCERIZED COTTONS

For Exquisite Embroidery

R. M. C. Mercerized Embroidery Cottons, rich and lustrous, beautify your exquisite handiwork to its final perfection. They come in white and a rainbow of fast colors. They range from cobweb fineness to the soft heavy grades for bold decorative designs on heavy materials.

R. M. C. Mercerized Cordonnet for crochet is a hard-twisted mercerized thread spun by a special process. It does not kink or knot. Fineness, softness and tightness are not affected by washing.

Look for the R. M. C. GREEN Label in buying Mercerized Crochet Threads and Embroidery Cottons. Fancy Goods counters feature them or can get them for you.

To get our beautiful new R. M. C. Crochet or Embroidery designs with full instructions place a check mark before the books you want and mail the coupon with 12c for each book ordered.

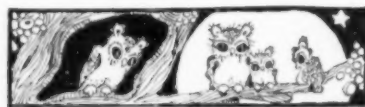
RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY
CHICAGO and NEW YORK

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY,
305-307 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the books before which I have made a check mark. I enclose 12c for each book ordered.

Crochet and Tatting Book No. 1. 22 "Pique Yokes" Book No. 10
Crochet Yokes No. 4. Filter Crochet No. 14
Edgings and Insertings No. 3. Crochet Yokes and Borders No. 15
Tatting Book No. 7. Knitted Yoke Book No. 9

Name _____
Address _____



The Man Who Played Safe

[Continued from page 45]

"Yas'm. It sure did look right good to see Mr. Jim standin' there like he used to!"

"Has he changed, Chloe?"

"He ain't that changed you wouldn't know him," she replied slowly. "But there's something in his face—and he's powerful thin, like he didn't have enough to eat where he's been livin'."

Ellen Hillary gave a quick sound in her throat and turned away. The luncheon she ate alone in the great dining-room seemed to choke her. "Like he didn't have enough to eat" ran in her thoughts.

It had always been her wealth that stood between them—her wealth and his poverty. He would not woo the richest woman in Camden. Now he was poorer than ever. He had mortgaged his home!

It was not till the shadows under the trees were lengthening that her impatience overcame her and she went quickly down the steps. She had thrown a light wrap about her, but her head was bare and the sun made glinting lights on it as she went through the trees. She hurried a little, breathless. He might not be there. The house and grounds were very quiet as she approached. Not a sign of life. Only the sagging door stood a little ajar. She knocked lightly. But there was no response.

After a moment she pushed it open and stepped into the hall. The door at the other end was ajar, and she looked out into the garden. A man was at work there. She moved swiftly on down the hall.

The man looked up. He stopped work and came forward holding up his earth-covered hands.

"Hello, Nell! I'm hard at it!" he said. She nodded. For a minute she did not speak. Then her eyes brimmed over. They rested on the thin tanned face.

"Did they give you enough to eat?"

He laughed out. "Lord, yes. Fed us like kings! Where did you get that idea?"

She looked about her blindly.

"Sit down," he said gently. "I was coming over to see you when I'd cleared up a bit. It's good to see you, Nell!"

She moved toward him—"Do you love me?" she demanded. Her voice was tense. He nodded soberly. "You know I do!" he said fervently. Then he laughed. "I was coming to ask you that same question. You got ahead of me! But it doesn't matter, does it?" He stood looking at her with contented eyes. He spread his earth-stained hands—

"I'm not fit to touch you!" he said.

She came nearer. "You will have to!"

And he drew her to him—the delicacy of her gown crushed under the earthy grip of his hands.

When she drew away, her eyes held the light of the world brimming toward him. He looked at it and brushed the earth from her sleeve and her waist with careful touch.

"Too bad!" he murmured.

She laughed with lightness. "It has been such a long time, Jim—all my life! Are you coming to dinner with me?"

"Well—if you say so."

She nodded. "I shall wait for you. I don't trust you. Go and get ready."

She sat alone in the garden looking about her. The low light sent lengthened shadows across the tangled green of the weeds and grass. His spade remained where he had thrust it into the black earth. She gazed contentedly and dreamed.

They would live here in Paradise. He would dig the garden and she would make a home for him. Here, shut away from the world, they would be happy together.

She looked up. He was standing beside her. He had resumed his khaki suit. It seemed to remove him a little. She looked at it almost jealously.

"You will not need to wear that much longer," she said. She touched the sleeve.

"All my life, I hope—or something like it!"

She started. "You are not going to leave me again?"

He held out a hand. "I am going home with you now."

She looked about the neglected garden. "This needs you!" She drew a step nearer. "I need you, Jim! Don't go away!"

He put his hand contentedly on her shoulder. "I shall take you with me, Nell. You shall learn to fly—you were made for it. Our children will learn to fly!"

She moved by him blindly.

"Why are you so different?" she asked as they drew near the pillared house. "You are not proud any more—or afraid!"

"I am afraid, all right—but not of things on the ground." He laughed shortly.

"Not even of my money!" she said triumphantly.

[Continued on page 70]



Endless shops offer you the clothes—but the sure foundation for your true style—and comfort—and freedom of motion—is the pair of

THOMSON'S "Glove-Fitting" CORSETS

that best fits your figure.

If you love to follow fashion, you will "love" these corsets.

Never before has the traditional "Glove-Fitting" quality so absolutely melted into the mood of the prevailing vogue in dress!

"The Standard Corset of the World" for 64 years.

Geo. C. Batcheller & Co.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Crooked Spines Made Straight

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 30,000 cases the past 17 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case, it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.

201 C. Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.

Kodakers—Get Acquainted!

Developing and Printing by our NU-TONE Process. Largest laboratory in New York

Roll Film: Vest Pkt. 2 1/2 x 3 1/4 2 1/2 x 4 1/4 3 1/2 x 4 1/4 3 1/2 x 5 1/2

Dev'l g 6 exp. .05 .05 .05 .10 .10

Printing ea. .03 .03 .03 .04 .04

8x10 mounted enlargement 35c. All work prepaid

"SCHULTZ" KODAK SHOP, 122 Nassau St., New York

High School Course in Two Years

Learn at home, in spare time. Here is complete and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. Meets all college entrance requirements. Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies. This is your opportunity. Write for booklet and full particulars. No obligations whatsoever. Write today—NOW.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. H-507 Chicago, U.S.A.

Hemstitching, Pleating, Embroidery, Braiding, Beading, Buttons Covered, Button Holes, Scalloping, Stamping, Ostich Feather Work, Pompons.

SEND FOR MY FREE BOOKLET

JACOB MANGE
711 Washington Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

They work
naturally
and form
no habit~

They work
naturally
and form
no habit~

They work
naturally
and form
no habit~

They work
naturally
and form
no habit~



10¢
At The
8000
Rexall
Stores Only



"Your hair looks wonderful tonight, dear!"

Beautiful hair always wins instant admiration. It is the most striking feature a woman possesses. Its soft lustre heightens the charm of her complexion.

Thick, soft, lustrous hair is not a matter of chance—it is the reward of scrupulous care and faithful treatment—the same care and treatment you so willingly give to your skin, teeth and hands.

Hair should be washed frequently. Hair health depends upon a healthy, clean scalp and the regular use of a good tonic. You'll be surprised how quickly it responds—every minute you give it will reward you generously.

Keep the scalp exquisitely clean with Q-ban Toilet Soap and Q-ban Liquid Shampoo—both delightfully fragrant and cleansing preparations. Nourish and stimulate growth—eliminate dandruff. Stop itching of the scalp through the regular use of Q-ban Hair Tonic. Hair that is gray, streaked or faded can be restored to its natural youthful shade with Q-ban Hair Color Restorer—not a dye. To remove superfluous hair quickly, effectively, without irritation, use Q-ban Depilatory. It leaves the skin fresh and clean. The last touch of refinement.

Q-ban
TRADE MARK

for the hair

Study Your Silhouette

You owe it to yourself to make the most of your beauty possibilities. Study your silhouette for the secret. Q-ban booklet in every package explains fully. Copy gladly mailed on request.

The Five Q-bans

Q-ban Toilet and Shampoo Soap	25c
Q-ban Liquid Shampoo	30c
Q-ban Hair Tonic	50c—\$1.00
Q-ban Hair Color Restorer	75c
Q-ban Depilatory	75c

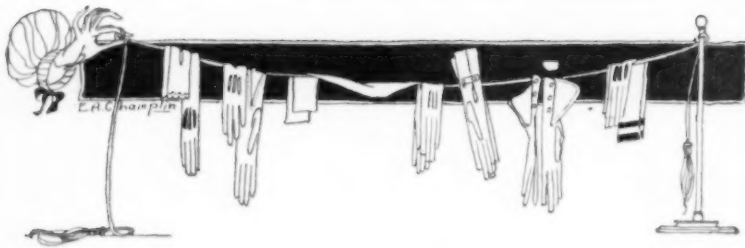
Q-ban preparations are for sale throughout the United States and Canada at drug stores, or wherever toilet goods are sold.



Hessig-Ellis
Chemists
Memphis, Tenn.



Study your silhouette



Your Gloves

By Martha Grossman

IT sounds like a bit of fiction, that despite the practically complete curtailment of glove manufacturing abroad, long gloves are again to be the vogue. In three weeks the demand for them, dead for practically four years, came suddenly to life. In view of the fact that the cost of gloves is taking such leaps, it is hardly likely that either kid or silk ones will become indispensable for some time, even though the new three-quarter bell sleeves stepped in to make them more necessary. If the abnormal condition cannot be met either by the dealer or the individual's purse, the bell sleeves will merely have to ring out again!

The cost of the short leather gloves is really disturbing. Two dollars and a half are asked for the cheapest kid or goat-skin glove on the market, and this is a mediocre one. For a pretty pair, one must empty one's pockets of any amount from three to five dollars. And we are fortunate, apparently, that the cost is no higher, as it would undoubtedly have been if our own glove industries hadn't been stirred to such vigorous action.

Women, who for years have worn kid gloves, aren't going to discard them suddenly; but they are going to respect them the more. In buying kid gloves as in buying shoes, go to a shop which carries reliable makes and take the sales-person's advice as far as possible. If she is an expert, one glance at your hand will tell her about the size you take in the style you want. Gauntlet and heavy gloves usually run rather large, whereas the finer kind come from one-quarter to one-half size smaller.

The increased cost of gloves doubtless will stimulate greater care in putting them on and taking them off. Never pull your gloves on by the wrist, for then they will split at the base of the palm. Work the fingers on gently before putting in the thumb, and pull down at the back. Do not try to adjust the fingers by hammering between them. After a careful manipulation if the gloves do not fasten, take them off and stretch the lower portion a little. Powder the hands occasionally before putting gloves on and, in purchasing, see that they are stretched, powdered and breathed into to warm the leather. A satisfactory way to take off gloves is to gently pull out the fingers, turn the backs half way down, and then slip them off. Needless to say, gloves squashed in purses or carried around in the hand are short-lived. All gloves—silk and fabric as well as kid—should be cared for similarly.

NOW, about cleaning kid gloves. Some dealers have no objections to home cleaning; others raise their hands in warning; but it is evident that success depends largely on the nature of the glove and the cleaning preparation. There are many good kid-glove cleaners on the market, especially for glacé, and for the heavier cape glove. Also there are cleaners for suède, but this skin hasn't the sort of surface with which one dares to take chances, as it is apt to streak or wear through. If there is a good dry cleaner in your neighborhood, the temptation nowadays is to patronize him; and it's a pretty good temptation, for he, like the repairer, can put new life into a glove that has to all appearances, breathed its last. The washable kids are washable, but only about half of us know the secret of doing them satisfactorily. The lucky other half merely follow directions explicitly. A glove that is given proper care will outlast an abused one by some months. The glove subjected to perspiration, used for riding or driving, worn over rings with great stones or exposed to the rain, cannot be expected to stand up for very long.

Most fortunately for the woman to whom kid gloves are beyond reach, cloth gloves, called by a variety of names, have been perfected to a

degree. In color, in design, in ornamentation, they are often barely distinguishable at a glance from the choicest of suède or chambray gloves. Only in price and in their adaptability to the wash basin are they different! Instead of costing four or five dollars, they may be purchased at between one and two dollars. One finds among these, gloves with contrasting flares, with pipings and embroideries, the full piqué for semi-dress, the overseam and even the piqué seam to be worn with tailor-mades.

In the washing of cloth gloves, as in the leather, avoid the use of hot water. Wash in tepid water and pure soap while still on the hand, rinse thoroughly before taking off, and then press between dry towels and hang in the open air. In washing kid gloves, rinse in soapy water to keep them soft. Black-stitched gloves come through the process beautifully if the washing water is cold and the rinsing is done in salt water.

SILK gloves for festive occasions, especially in the summer time, will probably never wane in popularity, and the shades and models now spell legion despite the increased cost of material. They may be had in pongee, taupe, the new castor shades and in lava and bat, which belong in the taupe family. All silk gloves should be washed according to directions. As white ones turn yellow in the sun, let them dry in a dark room, preferably between cloths. The colored ones will be benefited by rinsing them in salt water. Turning the silk glove wrong side out before washing, too, saves its life.

Although light-weight silk gloves do not hold their shape or wear as well as the fabric ones, they are, nevertheless, particularly good economy, owing to their capacity for warmth or coolness. They are always seasonable. More expensive, but highly desirable are the double silk which are either all silk or have a lisle lining.



Better yet are the cloth gloves with silk lining, as they combine an excellent wearing surface with the warmth of a silk lining.

Suèdes, doeskins and mochas, for which women have always had a great affection, should have at least a word. Suède is undoubtedly the prettiest thing one can put on, but it is very expensive and can be outworn by two or three pairs of glacé. Doeskins are not commendable because of the stiffness that almost invariably ensues after washing. They will clean, of course, but the rapidity with which they need to undergo the process again makes them unserviceable. Mochas wear well, especially in the new domestic make on the market, but they are quite expensive and have, after all, a limited utility. They belong to the fall and winter only. Mochas and suèdes, as well as capes, come with wool, knit or silk linings suitable for winter wear, and range in prices from about two and a half dollars up.

The after-war simplicity in apparel of every sort is evident also in gloves; so, if you are to be in good taste, it is simplicity rather than a variety of color combinations and effects for which you need to look in the coming days. Although glove prices soar, the shops continue to show attractive novelties a-plenty. Some of those offered give just the right touch needed to complete a smart costume.

When you purchase your new gloves this season, you will note that it is the domestic glove manufacturer who has made the world sit up and take notice. His product, handed to you over the counter as a domestic article, will bear comparison creditably with the more than doubly expensive imported product in the next box.

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

35 cent bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 35 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits every one who tries this.

Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

FOR FILET SWEATERS VER VER

Fibre Lustre Silk Yarn

Leaflet of beautiful models supplied on request. CARVER REAYER YARN CO., Inc., 366 Broadway, Dept. C, New York

Gray Hair Ended

In From 4 to 8 Days



Science has discovered the way for restoring gray hair to its natural color. It is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer. And women use this scientific hair color restorer with the same freedom they do powder. Simply comb Mary T. Goldman's through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone.

Mary T. Goldman's

Scientific Hair Color Restorer

This Test Convinces

Send the coupon for a trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a lock of hair. Compare the results and the pleasure of using with the old way. Send in the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

1363 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1363 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black _____ jet black _____ dark brown _____
medium brown _____ light brown _____
Name _____
Street _____ Town _____
Co. _____ State _____



Beauty at Your Finger Tips

THESE days when women are workers and not dainty finger nails receive rough treatment. Hyglo Manicure Preparations quickly repair the damage done in house-work or at business, keep the cuticle smooth and give the nails a beautiful lustre that is waterproof and lasting. Just get

GRAF'S HYGLO Manicure Preparations

The complete HYGLO outfit at \$1.25 gives at least 50 perfect manicures, and includes:

HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, which keeps your cuticle smooth and firm, without the use of the harmful solvents. It removes all stains and discolorations. Larger size sold separately at 50c.

HYGLO Nail Polish, in cake form, gives a quick polish and lasting lustre and is waterproof. Sold separately at 25c and 50c.

HYGLO Nail Polish Paste, pink, a jar of fine rouge that gives the so desirable pink polish to the nails. Sold separately at 35c.

HYGLO Nail White, in a handy jar, for whitening under the nails. Sold separately at 35c.

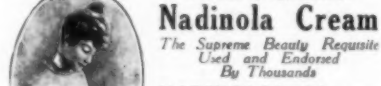
This complete HYGLO Outfit also contains a flexible nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton.

HYGLO Mascara for stiffening eyelashes and darkening eyebrows, can be readily washed off with water. Complete outfit with brush and mirror, 50c; black, brown and blonde.

Trial Hyglo Outfit for 10 cents
To enable you to try HYGLO Nail Polish (Pamper) and HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, we will mail you a small outfit, including emery board, orange stick and cotton, upon receipt of 10 cents in coin or stamps.

GRAF BROS., Inc.
(Est. 1873)
119 West 44th St., N.Y.
Harold F. Ritchie & Co.,
Inc., Selling Agents,
171 Madison Ave.,
New York

Beautify the Complexion SURELY, QUICKLY.



Nadinola Cream

The Supreme Beauty Requisite Used and Endorsed By Thousands

NADINOLA banishes tan, freckles, pimples, liver-spots, etc., extreme cases. Rids pores and tissues of impurities. Leaves the skin

clear, soft, healthy. Directions and guarantee in package. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail, two sizes, 60c. and \$1.20. Address Dept. M.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY, Paris, Tenn.



20 POT BULBS, 20c.

4 New Purity Freesia, 1 Babiana, 1 Bloomer, 4 Star Bethlehem, 1 Double Rosebud, 3 Buttercup, and 4 Grand Duchess Ouzie, and pkt. of New Winter-blooming Sweet Pea and Carnations will all bloom this winter. Catalog and growing instructions.

ALL MAILED FOR 20 CENTS

Big catalog, free, of Bractech, Tulips, Narcissus, Peonies, Lilies, Irises, Phloxes, Hardy Plants, Marigolds, Violas, Herbs in great variety. Also splendid window plants for winter. Send, etc.

John Lewis Childs, Inc., Floral Park, N. Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Magnifying Glasses, and are effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Usual Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD

Suite 355, 70 5th Avenue New York City

FREE BOOK LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in quarter time. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous "Written Method" includes all of the most important and useful improvements in teaching music. The greatest advantage of this extraordinary study. For the beginner or experienced player. Excluded by court action. Successful candidates everywhere. Send for your copy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diagrams given. Write today for free book. Quinn Conservatory, Studio E 10, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Opportunity in Your Own Home Town

By Julia Searing Leaycraft

THE teapot system of bookkeeping is almost obsolete. In the good old days when mother with trepidation removed from the spouted savings-bank the money for Johnny's first term of school, the problem of the second term was left to the temperamental idiosyncrasies of the laying hen.

How different is the modern young housewife who studies poultry books, knows whether Plymouth Rocks or Rhode Island Reds are better layers, pays a hundred dollars for a new cock to improve her strain, studies her market, and decides wisely between selling the eggs or letting them grow into broilers.

Many a woman has learned to make money by the use of her brains. Many have discovered they can capitalize on them in their own home or in their own neighborhood just as well as by trusting to the uncertainties of a big city. Nowadays, there is no excuse for the woman who leans back in her chair and remarks, "This town is dead. What chance is there here for me?" The golden shekels belong to her who sees the end of the rainbow in her own back-yard.

At the meeting of the National Federation of Business Women's Clubs at St. Louis in July, were many prominent women who had started successful careers in home businesses. Conspicuous among them was Florence MacLea, of San Diego, California. She does a business in her own kitchen that bids fair to reach the proportions of an "industry."

Clever enough to capitalize the celebrity of the fruits of her native state, with her delicious candied orange peel, she started doing a mail-order business among her friends in the East. Gradually her jams became as sought after as her orange peel, and she found that by using paper containers instead of glass, she could ship her wares East with a minimum of breakage and at a greatly reduced express rate. The expressage averages now only fifty cents a dozen pint cans. A cheerful little clover-leaf trade-mark printed in green, which is now helping to build her business, is stamped on each container. The paper cartons are excellent for jams; but for fruits preserved in juice, they are not efficacious. Her crates are specially made to fit these containers.

RICHMOND showed real recognition to the abilities of her women in war work. It occurred to an astute local banker that because, in Richmond, two out of every three people (including infants and children) owned War Savings Stamps, there must be something unusual about the chairman of the women's committee who had this work in charge. He sent for her. Her name is Geline MacDonald Bowman; and the idea of being a business woman had never occurred to her. But this manager saw in her a banking genius, and persuaded her to take a position in his bank.

Her special task is to talk with girls in stores and factories and urge them to continue saving. Within three months, Mrs. Bowman had brought to her bank nearly one hundred and fifty new accounts. A good nine-tenths of these girls had never been in a bank before!

About a year and a half ago, Mary Mendenhall, of Atlanta, started in at insurance. She had had little previous business experience, but she, like Mrs. Bowman, wanted to encourage her sisters to continue their war-time habit of saving, and, incidentally, she wanted to earn her own living. As a starter, she persuaded some of her friends to take out policies. She then made a connection with an agent in her town, was given desk space in his office, and in June had made as high as four hundred dollars in one month.

"Women are glad to buy life insurance from other women," says Miss Mendenhall, "because they are willing to discuss the intimate details of their lives with women, where they wouldn't with men." Some of the biggest women in the life insurance business, however, do most of their work with men, and Miss Mendenhall does not confine herself to working with her sisters. Mrs. Serviss of St. Paul, Georgia

Emery of Detroit, and Lena Lake Forrest of Detroit, are all women who are reported to have passed the ten-thousand-dollar mark in yearly returns from life insurance. It is easy to establish an agency with little or no initial cost.

Country newspapers offer a big field for progressive women. Dorothy Dix, who has probably reached greater money success than any other newspaper woman in America, says, "There is no better way for anybody, man or woman, to begin newspaper work than on a small-town paper. You get a far more varied experience than on a New York paper and do it under the eye of an editor who has time for training. In the rush of a New York office, the editor has not leisure for this. If the work turned in by a tyro is not up to the mark, she is fired and that ends it. Then a small paper will let you sign your stuff and so make a name." Miss Dix began herself on the New Orleans "Picayune," and she ought to know.

LISTEN to the business romance of a Massachusetts woman left a widow with only a big, inconvenient old house, a cheerful disposition, a knowledge of how to make delectable waffles, and some horse-sense. The last ingredient of her pooled interests made her see that because there were some colleges within a few miles of her house, her waffles would be of money value.

They were. With a strange kind of chicken-dish which looks like hash and tastes like ambrosia, to offset the waffles, she became celebrated all over the countryside for these specialties. Many another woman would have branched out in all kinds of experimental cookery, but this one saw that her reputation for one thing done exceedingly well was better than risking her record on something she was not sure of.

Florida presented an opening to a city woman who saw the value of catering to hordes of tourists that every year invaded her native state. Eva Herriman is now the owner of novelty stores in Pensacola, Jacksonville, and Tallahassee. She sells souvenirs peculiar to Florida, notions, millinery and shirt-waists—things to replenish travel-worn wardrobes.

Thoughtful experiment proved a money-making proposition to another Florida woman who found herself in possession of several hundred acres of drained farm land. Never having been cultivated before, this peculiarly fertile soil presented a problem whose solution remained in abeyance for several years of trying out of various crops. Finally she hit upon raising potatoes as the main crop of her farm. She chose them not only because they flourished on her land and had a fine mealy quality under her cultivation, but because in studying her market she found she could get her crop to the New York market some weeks before the Bermuda potatoes arrived there, and for that reason her product commanded fancy prices. Her land, now netting about a hundred dollars a year per acre, has more than repaid her for the time and her study of market conditions.

The fact that she was an invalid did not daunt a New Jersey girl who wanted to earn. She noticed that the harassed mothers of large families in her small town were much bothered by the limited selection of materials offered for their children's summer dresses. The village store's few bolts of similarly patterned cloth made every little girl look like every other one in town. Early in the spring she wrote to manufacturers of cotton goods for samples, and filled orders for the grateful villagers.

To the recent business convention held at St. Louis, women from forty-five states came, brimming with the splendid spirit of doing. They characterized American womanhood, with its energies fresh, its interests alive and its courage vital. Miss Lena Phillips, formerly director of the business women's clubs of the Y. W. C. A., was appointed executive of this new organization.

There is no limit to the possibilities of women's earning capacity. The barriers of the past are crumbling. Women are in the market place to stay.

ARE you one of those women who thinks her home town offers her nothing? Does that tantalizing image of smiling Opportunity strolling the streets of the big cities keep rising before you? Perhaps a much sturdier but more reticent Chance is waiting for your recognition, and you pass him by in his small-town clothes.

Mrs. Leaycraft presents in this article women whose advents into the business world were humble. All of them have made successes. So can you. Opportunity is there if you open your eyes to see it.



Acme Quality paint magic

BEAUTY is more than skin deep where you spread wear-defying Acme Quality Paints and Finishes.

Every painting job about your house or garage, including your car, can be done with distinctly satisfactory and lasting results by using these home beautifying and surface-saving Acme Quality products. Just send for those two helpful booklets, "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." If your dealer's supply is exhausted, write us. The books are sent without cost to you.

ACME QUALITY PAINTS & FINISHES

are made for every purpose, a special kind for every surface need. "Save the surface and you save all!" And, you buy Acme Quality Paints with the confidence that they are the best in quality and value that can be made.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

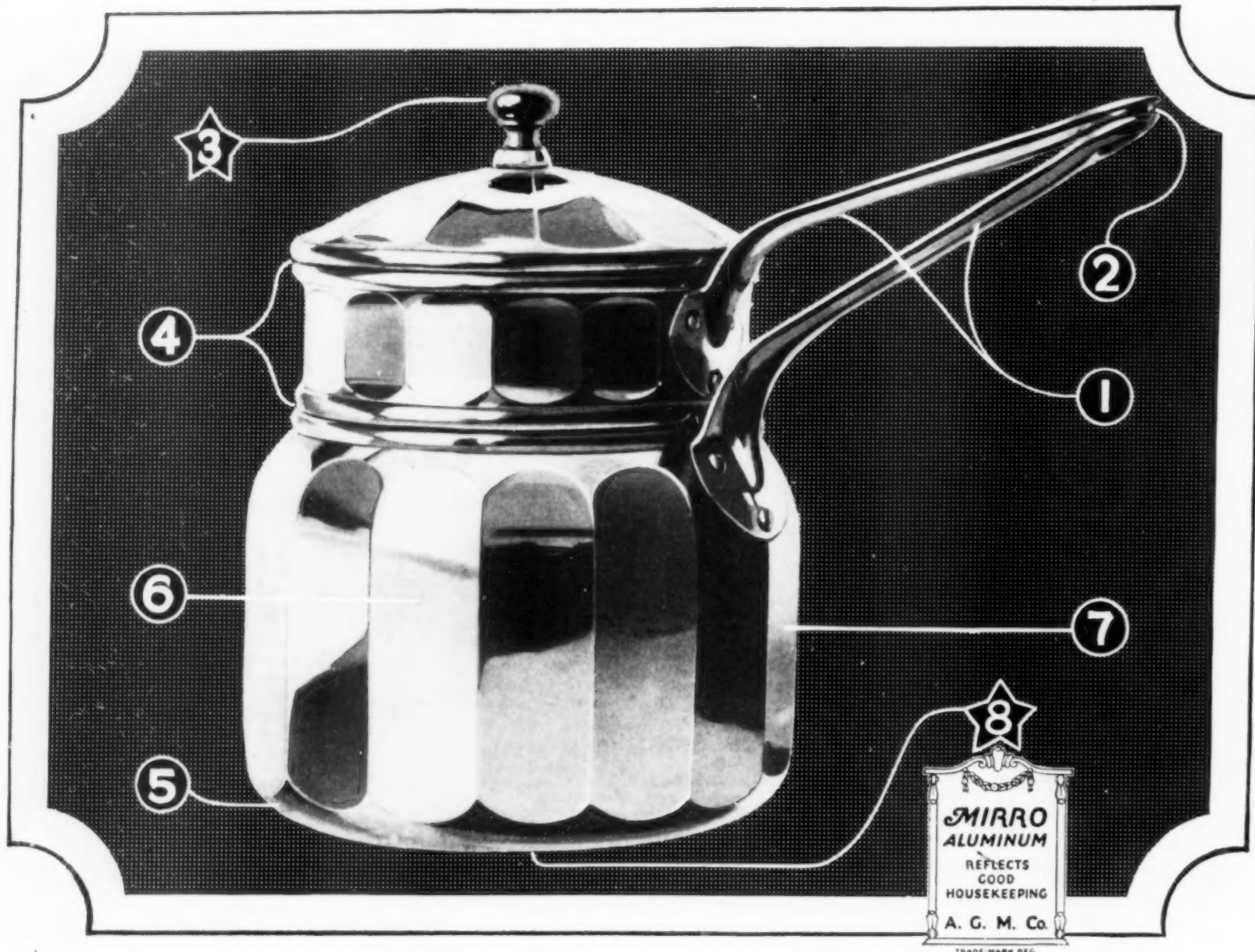
DEPT. AF, DETROIT, MICH.

Boston Minneapolis Pittsburgh
Toledo Birmingham Dallas
Lincoln Portland Los Angeles
Chicago St. Louis Cincinnati
Nashville Fort Worth Topeka
Spokane Salt Lake City

Have an Acme Quality Shelf

For the many "touching up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnish, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.





A Happy Inspiration

Beauty is forever wedded to utility in this shining Mirro Double Boiler.

True art is in the design, true skill is in the making, and true aluminum is the metal with which it is wrought.

Like all Mirro utensils it is a real aid to better cooking, and a happy inspiration to Madame who cooks.

So durable, too. There is no wear-out to Mirro.

And as for *convenience!*

Out of the experience of a quarter of a century of better aluminum making has come the conveniences in this Mirro Double Boiler. Note them carefully.

(1) Hollow steel handles that insure comfortable handling. (2) Handles come together so that complete double boiler can be easily lifted with one hand.

*(3) Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob, an exclusive Mirro feature. (4) Tightly rolled beads free from dirt-catching crevices.

(5) Rounded edges make cleaning easy and thorough. (6) Rich Colonial design.

(7) Famous Mirro finish. *(8) Famous Mirro trade-mark—stamped into the bottom of every Mirro utensil, and your guarantee of excellence throughout.

Best of all, Mirro Aluminum with its superb quality is sold at a price that is really moderate. At better stores everywhere.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company, General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.

Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM

Reflects
Good Housekeeping

THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

Cutting Down the Butcher's Bill

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

BEEF has always been the favorite meat of the American people, and the cost is decreasing to such a degree that it is once more coming within the means of the ordinary pocketbook.

The points to be observed in buying beef, as in buying any meat, are the color, odor and texture of the meat. Beef should be a bright red, with firm, deep, cream-colored fat. The meat should be plastic to the touch and have a clean, good odor. When purchasing, see that the meat is Government inspected. That is ascertained by a violet-colored stamp found on all beef inspected by the Government. If one's means permit, the cuts chosen can be the tender ones: the porterhouse steak, the sirloin, and the prime rib roast; but there is not a cut of beef in the market that cannot be made palatable by proper cooking. The chuck, the rump, the round, the brisket, and the flank are some of the tougher, but just as nutritious, cuts. Do not forget the "fancy cuts," such as the heart, liver, kidneys, and

on top, brush it with an egg slightly beaten with a tablespoonful warm water, and spread with remaining portion of onion and parsley; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful stock to which salt and pepper have been added. Place in hot oven; cook 30 minutes. Lift steak and thicken stock; season with kitchen bouquet and pour over steak.

DEVILED STEAK WITH FRIED ONIONS

Melt 2 tablespoonfuls butter or fat in frying-pan, slice an onion into it and

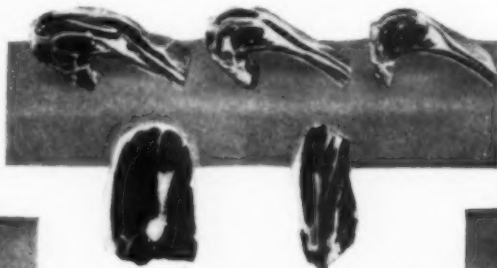
When beef is done, strain the remaining liquor and add cooked carrots, turnips and small onions. Cook 3 minutes; pour over the meat. Serve with plain boiled potatoes.

BRAISED SHORT RIBS OF BEEF

$\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of short ribs of beef
1 cupful of cut onions
1 tablespoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful white pepper

2 cupfuls cut carrots
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of cut celery
1 quart of potatoes
2 tablespoonfuls flour
1 tablespoonful of caramel

In line are the chuck, and the second and first cuts of the prime ribs of beef



Meat lovers will find flat bone sirloin and sirloin butt to their taste

Each is delicious roasted crisply brown and served with a piquant sauce



The flank, although cheaper, if well cooked and attractively garnished, is as palatable and nutritious as a round or rib roast

tongue. Be sure to have the butcher send home all the trimmings, for the suet is delicious for frying; the little ends of meat may be used in a stew with vegetables, and the bones make the flavor of soup much better.

Meat should receive particular care when it comes from the market. Remove from the paper and keep in the coldest part of the refrigerator, though never directly on the ice. When you are ready to cook it, take from the ice-box long enough in advance so that it may be at room temperature when you start to cook it, or else allow a little longer time in cooking. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth, but never put it into water as that draws out the juices, and some of the flavor will be lost.

Attractive serving of the meat is important. Have hot platters; garnish with parsley, watercress, pepper-grass, or even young carrot-tops, and be sure the carving knife is well sharpened. Sour jellies, pickles and sauces make delicious additions to the meat course; and, if the cut of meat permits it, always make a brown gravy out of the juices and fat.

RUMP POT ROAST OF BEEF WITH DUMPLINGS

3 pounds beef rump
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound salt pork
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful carrots
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful turnips
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful celery
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful onion

1 tablespoonful parsley
1 bit bay leaf
4 cloves
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful pepper
Salt
3 cupfuls water

Wipe the meat, dredge with flour, and brown entire surface in pork fat. Place on a rack in a kettle; surround with vegetables, spices and water. Season, cover closely and simmer slowly 4 hours, keeping liquid below the boiling point. Remove meat and vegetables to hot platter. Thicken stock and serve with vegetables as a sauce around the meat. The sauce may be strained if desired.

DUMPLINGS

2 cupfuls flour
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
2 $\frac{2}{3}$ cupful milk or more if needed
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt

2 teaspoonfuls fat

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Work in fat, add milk gradually, roll out $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, and cut with biscuit-cutter. Cook from 12 to 15 minutes; be careful not to lift lid while cooking.

SMOTHERED FLANK STEAK

Select a flank steak or a slice from the upper portion of the round. Chop 1 good-sized onion and 1 tablespoonful parsley; mix together 1 teaspoonful salt and 1 salt-spoonful pepper. Sprinkle bottom of baking-pan with a little onion; place steak

sauté gently until a golden-brown color; remove from the butter. Cut 1 flank steak into pieces 3 inches long and 2 inches wide, dredge lightly in 2 tablespoonfuls flour, and sauté in butter until well browned. Remove from frying-pan, add 1 teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful paprika, 1 teaspoonful mustard, 3 teaspoonfuls vinegar, and the remaining flour after dredging the pieces of meat. Mix all together and add 2 cupfuls boiling water. Replace steak in pan, cover closely, and simmer gently 1 hour or until tender. Serve steak on a hot platter with gravy.

BEEF A LA MODE

Three pounds of either of the following cuts: chuck, brisket, rump, neck or hanging tenderloin will make a splendid dish treated as follows. Crush half a dozen kernels of black pepper with as many cloves. Rub well into the meat. Skewer or tie the meat together as for a pot roast and put into a crock with 1

Have the butcher saw ribs into 2-inch pieces; put in double roasting-pan; sear, add seasoning, 2 cupfuls boiling water, reduce heat of oven, roast 1 hour; add carrots, celery, diced potatoes and cupful boiling water; roast 1 hour more. To gravy add flour and caramel mixed with cold water; boil 3 minutes; add to meat.

BEEFSTEAK ROLL

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint strained tomato
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds round steak
4 tablespoonfuls pork fat or beef drippings
1 tablespoonful butter

$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful cracker crumbs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pint water
2 tablespoonfuls flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful thyme
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
Speck pepper
1 tablespoonful minced onion

Cut steak thin. Make a dressing of cracker crumbs, thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper, butter, a little cold water, and egg well beaten. Season steak with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, little pepper; spread dressing on it and roll; tie. Put pork in frying-pan; place on stove. Dredge roll with flour, place in hot fat;

BEEF CASSEROLE

For this recipe buy the round, rump or chuck.

2 pounds meat
1 small onion
1 teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ medium-sized potatoes

$\frac{1}{4}$ bay leaf
3 pepper corns
1 clove
3 tablespoonfuls fat

Cut meat into 2-inch pieces and brown in fat (use the suet from the beef when possible). Cut onion very fine; brown 2 minutes in fat left in pan. Add $2\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls water; simmer in pan a few minutes. Put browned meat in casserole and pour over it contents of frying-pan; add the pepper corns, bay leaf, salt and clove. Cover closely; cook 3 hours in a slow oven. Wash, peel and cut potatoes into small pieces and add to contents of casserole; cook for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour longer. If the potatoes are not desired, they may be omitted and the stock in the casserole thickened by stirring in 3 tablespoonfuls browned flour, moistened with cold water, the same time the

As you see the loin and chuck at the butcher shop before they are cut. The rump offers many possibilities

potatoes would have been added had you used them.

ROLLED FLANK STEAK

Wipe steak with a damp cloth and rub over with vinegar; roll up and let stand for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Make 2 cupfuls highly seasoned bread-crumbs dressing, and spread it on the steak. Roll up again like a jelly roll; tie to keep in shape. Put in hot oven and sear over outside; reduce temperature of oven; add 1 cup of water and bake 2 hours, basting often with water in the pan. Make a brown gravy of the juices in the pan.

PAN BROILING

Remove extra fat from the meat. Heat a frying-pan very hot; rub a little fat over it. Sear the meat on both sides, then cook more slowly until done. Season. Keep the pan free from fat. The time for pan-broiling is the same as for broiling.

HAMBURGER STEAK

1 pound chopped meat
1 teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper

1 teaspoonful onion juice
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley

Mix seasoning with chopped meat, form into small cakes and broil or pan-broil. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

BROILED STEAK

Trim, removing gristle and some of the fat and bone. Wipe with a damp cloth. Grease broiler or pan with a bit of fat. Place the steak in broiler over hot coals, or in the pan on top of stove, or under flame in gas oven. Turn every half minute at first till well browned on both sides, then move it further away from the fire and cook until the steak is puffy. Steak should not be less than an inch thick. Such a steak will be cooked in 8 or 10 minutes. Increase the time for thicker steaks. Serve hot.

ROAST BEEF

Trim, wipe, place on a rack in dripping pan, sprinkle flour all over it; rub salt into the fat. Have oven very hot at first to sear the outside quickly, to prevent the escape of juice, then reduce heat. Baste every 5 minutes with the fat which drips into the pan, and turn the roast over to cook evenly. If there is any danger of burning, put some water in the pan after meat is seared. This is not necessary if the heat of the oven is lowered. A sirloin or rib roast weighing 5 pounds will require about 1 hour, or longer, if it is to be well done. A surer rule is to allow 15 to 20 minutes for each inch in thickness.

A Dash of the Right Sauce

WATERCRESS SAUCE

Wash and dry $\frac{1}{4}$ bunch watercress; cut it fine with a knife. Beat slightly $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful apple jelly with a silver fork and stir into the cress. Serve with roast beef or other meats.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

3 tablespoonfuls fat (beef drippings preferred)
4 tablespoonfuls flour
2 cupfuls boiling water
2 teaspoonfuls beef extract

1 pint cooked mushrooms or 1 can
1 teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt

Heat fat; brown the flour in it. Add beef extract to boiling water; add this slowly to the hot flour and fat. Boil 3 minutes. Add mushrooms; cook just long enough to heat them hot. To prepare fresh mushrooms, scrape stems, cut off ends, peel the caps and wash in salted water quickly. Dry; sauté in butter for a few minutes. Canned mushrooms may be used.

TOMATO SAUCE

2 cupfuls tomato, 1 clove, $\frac{1}{4}$ bay leaf, 2 pepper corns, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 2 all-spice berries, 1 slice onion, 3 tablespoonfuls fat, 4 tablespoonfuls flour. Cook tomato with seasonings for 10 minutes. Fry onion in the fat for 3 minutes; add flour, and tomato. Cook 5 minutes. Strain.

OLIVE SAUCE

2 cupfuls brown stock or 2 cupfuls boiling water and 2 teaspoonfuls beef extract, 4 tablespoonfuls fat (beef drippings preferred), 4 tablespoonfuls flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls chopped olives. Melt and brown fat, brown flour in it, add stock very slowly, then the onion. Cook until it thickens; add olives; cook 1 minute.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

Beat $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful cream stiff, add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt, a few grains of cayenne, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful paprika, and stir in 4 tablespoonfuls grated horseradish, mixed with 1 tablespoonful vinegar.

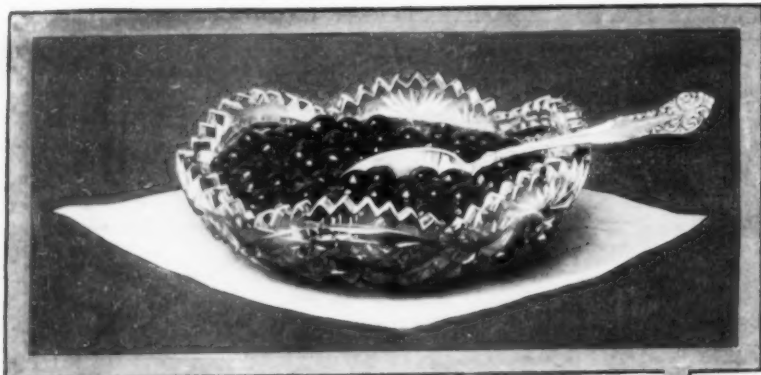
brown. Put onion and teaspoonful flour in fat. Stir until brown. Add gradually pint of water. Boil, stir, add remaining salt, pepper and tomato. Strain onto roll; cover; simmer 3 hours. Pour sauce.

ROAST CHUCK

4 pounds chuck roast
1 teaspoonful salt
1 can tomatoes (or cat-sup)

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper
2 tablespoonfuls flour

Season roast, sear and pour liquid over. Bake 3 hours, or until tender. The catsup flavors the meat and gravy.



Eatmor Cranberries

Serve Cranberry Sauce just as you do other fruits.

Serve it with all meats as well as fowl; use it to prepare desserts; give it to the children at lunch, dinner and supper, for its food value.

Put up Cranberry Sauce in earthenware and glass for all year. Then you will have Cranberry Sauce to make such desserts as Cranberry Pies, and to serve with all meats.

Cranberries can be prepared in many ways. You have no waste, such as cores, peelings and seeds. Cranberry Sauce is economical, easy to make, wholesome, and delicious. Cranberry Jelly is second to none in clear, rich color, and wonderful flavor.

8 pounds of Cranberries and 2½ pounds of sugar make 10 tumblers of delicious jelly.

Cranberry Butter as a spread for children's bread costs only one-half as much as dairy butter, and the youngsters like it.

Cranberry Sauce

One quart cranberries, two cups boiling water, two cups sugar. Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes; skim; add the berries and cook, without stirring, until they are transparent. 5 minutes cooking over a hot fire is usually time enough to make the sauce clear.

Stewed Cranberry Sauce

One quart cranberries, two cups water, two cups sugar. Cook the cranberries and water slowly for about twenty minutes or until the skins of all the berries are broken; add the sugar, and simmer for five minutes longer; chill thoroughly before using.

Strained Cranberry Sauce

If a strained sauce is preferred, cook the cranberries and water; then press through the strainer, keeping back the skins; add the sugar and finish the cooking as suggested.

Good with All Meats

Cranberry Sauce is just as good with beef, lamb, pork or veal as it is with turkey. Its slight tartness is exceptionally valuable when served with fatty meats. Hash is especially delicious with Cranberry Sauce. Prepare as above and serve either as a sauce or molded.

Cranberry Jelly

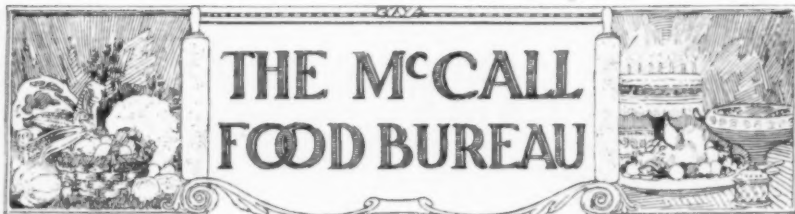
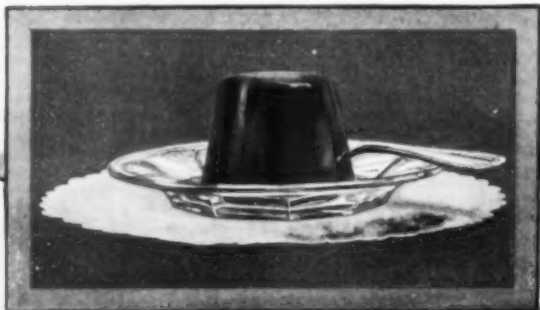
Cook until soft the desired quantity of cranberries with 1½ pints of water for each 2 quarts of berries. Strain the juice through a jelly bag.

Measure the juice and heat it to the boiling point. Add one cup of sugar for every two cups of juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved; boil briskly for five minutes; skim, and pour into glass tumblers or porcelain or crockery molds.

Cook Cranberries in porcelain lined, enameled or aluminum vessels only.

Always specify "Eatmor" Cranberries, a selection of the choicest cultivated varieties.

AMERICAN CRANBERRY EXCHANGE, NEW YORK



When You Go To Market

By Florence M. La Ganke

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Do you remember that bit of verse that ends with the refrain:

"We would love each other better
If we only understood?"

It's true of everything. What a different place most homes would be if every housewife would make it her business to really understand her job. Take marketing, for instance. How many of us understand conditions that confront the farmer, the shipper and the grocer?

If we knew when foods were in season, knew the names of the foods we wanted to buy, knew the tests for the freshness of produce, then we might deserve the name and the dignity of that which we really are—purchasing agent for the home. If we understood how to get the maximum of our wants with the minimum expenditure of time and money, we would buy our dinners—yes! and our breakfasts, our lunches, our household supplies—better. Sometimes our problem seems very vague to us because we have never sat ourselves down and analyzed the situation. We don't know what information to get because we do not know what information to ask for.

A clear understanding of the principles of marketing may be gained through reading, but to be truly intelligent you must supplement it by practice in actual marketing and purchasing of supplies. Here are some books to start you. First there is "Adventures in Thrift," by A. S. Richardson. It is a most readable book. The places named and the people cited are actualities. It is written in a most interesting style; so interesting indeed, that when college girls are asked to review one chapter they nearly always skim through the entire book. Mrs. Richardson raises some questions in that book that you will want to answer. For that purpose the next two books will prove most satisfactory: "Marketing of Farm Products," by L. H. Weld; and "Cooperation, the Hope of the Consumer," by E. P. Harris. Both books will take a certain amount of concentration; but no more than you gave to the new crochet stitch, nor more than it took to master the typewriter keys. If buying is part of the business of the household, isn't it worth some real study? Then there is the book called "The Business of the Household," by C. W. Taber. It contains all sorts of information. It treats of budget making, of check writing and account keeping. You may pick your chapters at the beginning, for eventually you will read it all. A book by A. S. Donham, called "Marketing and Housework Manual," is a good hand-book to keep with you for some time. It contains much information tabulated and easily get-at-able. The illustrations are noticeably good.

So much for books. Now suppose you want some specific information about fruit, for example. Have you ever thought of sending for the catalogs of seedmen and nurserymen? The illustrations are very good, and while they picture produce more perfect than will ever be grown in this world of sorrow and of woe, still they set a standard for you. The catalogs contain a great deal of informative matter, worded concisely. Then grocers in the larger cities issue a catalog of their wares. Sometimes they are sent out annually, sometimes monthly. Not only are the goods they carry listed, but you will find information as to the various sizes of the containers. They may prove a revelation to you, for you may not have known that many of the items listed existed on sea or land. Don't neglect articles in the current magazines. Some of them are decidedly worth while. They give you information for ten to

thirty-five cents that your daughter acquires at school or college with much more expense.

There are two or three little schemes that facilitate marketing. First make out a list of your wants. There are so many worth-while things to remember that it is foolish to burden your mind with "a pound of coffee and a bag of salt." So do as all purchasing agents do—make a memorandum of your articles. This is the day and age to talk about routing one's work, one's kitchen, one's needs. So let's be in line and route our order list.

Haven't you seen this happen many times? A woman is giving her order to her grocer. She plans to take the goods home herself, so he is assembling her order. Let us say it consists of yeast, apples, gelatine, coffee, butter, canned peas

and lettuce. She names the items, one by one, and back and forth goes the clerk. If she had only told him that she wanted butter at the same time that she mentioned yeast he could have made one trip to the ice-box, opened the door once instead of twice. Look at the arrangement of the grocery store and you will see that

certain things are grouped together; you see fruits and vegetables at one stand, canned goods in rows on the shelves, cereals massed in one place. Why not be considerate of the clerk, as well as being more businesslike yourself, and group the items? Fuzzy-mindedness does not endear you to storekeepers on a busy Saturday morning.

There is this controversy over the question of planning meals—shall they be planned meal by meal, day by day, or may an entire week's meals be scheduled at one sitting? The experienced housewife knows that unexpected guests and left-overs are two contingencies that must be reckoned with, so she plans her meals in the rough—not working them out to the minutest details. This approximate planning allows her to order some foods in larger quantities, thereby saving a few cents on each separate article. True, the saving is slight, but it may enable her to spend a little on an out-of-season vegetable or relish that would help to add zest to a plain meal.

But books and lectures will never make you a successful buyer. It takes experience and the trained eye. Fortunately are you beyond measure if you were brought up in the country or if you had a large garden plot and have actually seen fresh things growing. Train your power of observation. When you are buying a steak that looks good, ask the butcher the name of it. Take it home, and if it is satisfactory buy it again, teaching yourself to remember its appearance and its name.

Lastly, make friends with your tradesman. He would much rather do for you than "do" you. Don't blame him for all the high prices; but then you won't if you have read some of the books mentioned. He appreciates intelligent comments and questions in his business as much as you do in yours. You know the reputation that old-maid aunts have—always talking glibly (so they say) on that of which they know nothing. You have not done that, have you, in complaining of the high cost of food?

A purchasing housewife has one advantage over a purchasing business agent. He has to buy steel, if steel is his job, from January to January. He can't buy rubber for a change just because he happens to be tired of steel. The housewife varies her purchases with the season, and yet they say that woman's work is so much more monotonous than man's!

HAVE you a market basket? What are you putting into it? Are you doing your own buying in a scientific, understanding fashion, calculated to get the best values for your family, or are you trusting it to the man at the other end of the wire who carelessly jots down the items as you call them off? He knows you as a voice, not as a person.

This is only one of the bad marketing methods Miss La Ganke pushes into light for improvement. Other articles, brimming with practical shortcuts on money and energy, will follow.



"Mine's Best"

"Oh, I know mine is best," Dorothy says. "Just taste it, Bobbie!"

And Bobbie says, "It's good, but mine's best."

For Dorothy's party mamma has made up six lovely dishes of

JELL-O

each of a different flavor, and all so good that three little girls and three little boys hold one opinion: "Mine's best."

Children know what is good to eat. Who ever heard of a child that did not like Jell-O, or ever saw two youngsters who could agree as to which flavor was best—all being so good?

The Jell-O Book tells how to make many new desserts and salads in the easy Jell-O way, which cuts out work and worry and most of the expense. A copy of the book will be mailed free to any woman who will send us her name and address.

Jell-O is put up in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate, and is sold two for 25 cents.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.





GET THE GENUINE
LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE
R.L. Watkins
ON EVERY ORIGINAL BOTTLE

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

WATKINS
**MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL**
FOR
SHAMPOOING

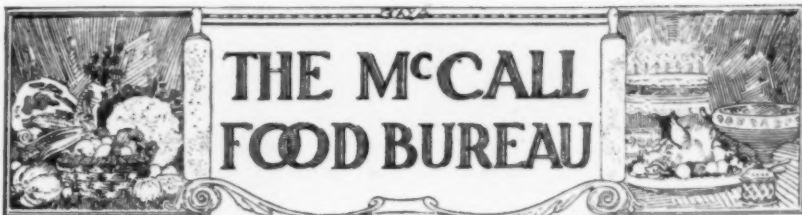
This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking, and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.



The Paste Food Family

By Ida C. Bailey Allen

DURING the years of the war we had ample opportunity to learn new and different methods of cooking and living from our foreign friends; but one of the subjects which we neglected to investigate to the fullest extent was that of the pastes, which may be grouped as macaroni, spaghetti (and their variations) and noodles.

The best varieties are made of hard wheat, which, when it reaches the boiling water, does not become pasty, but holds its shape and is firm after cooking.

GENERAL COOKERY OF MACARONI, SPAGHETTI AND NOODLES

Have the water boiling rapidly and add to it a teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Then put in the macaroni, spaghetti, or noodles and boil rapidly until they are tender. It is often customary to drain them and pour over cold water to remove the stickiness, but if this is done, considerable nutriment is lost. After draining thoroughly, add to the sauce, or use in any way desired. The real Italian method of plain cooking spaghetti is to boil the whole sticks. To do this, plunge the ends in boiling water. They will soften and the whole amount can then be easily coiled in the kettle.

MACARONI SALAD

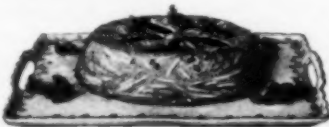
3 cupfuls cooked macaroni, cut in inch lengths
1 cupful blanched, toasted Brazil nuts, cut in good-sized pieces
1 cupful diced celery
1 hard-cooked egg, chopped coarsely
12 stuffed olives, sliced (optional)
½ a green pepper, minced
Mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing
Lettuce or cress

Chill the macaroni, and combine with other ingredients in the order given, reserving a little of the green pepper to cut into strips and a few halved olives to form a garnish. Pour in sufficient salad dressing to moisten; chill the mixture, then pile on a salad plate and mask with more dressing; garnish. The toasted Brazil nuts give a meaty flavor to the dish.

MACARONI WITH VEGETABLE SAUCE

¾ pound macaroni, boiled
3 tablespoonfuls butter or good margarine
3 tablespoonfuls salad oil
2 onions, sliced
1 clove garlic, crushed
1/3 cupful diced carrots
½ cupful diced turnip
1½ cupfuls diced outer stalks of celery
¾ cupful canned peas
¾ cupful canned string beans
1 minced green pepper
1 cupful canned tomato juice
Salt and pepper to taste
Grated American or Parmesan cheese

Combine butter and oil in a frying-pan together with all the raw vegetables. Let them cook gently in their own juices



Molded spaghetti loaf may be chilled or served hot



Fried noodles garnish this Americanized chop suey

until tender; stir occasionally. Then add the tomato juice, the peas and string beans, and simmer a few moments longer. Season to taste with salt and pepper. The sauce should be thick. Arrange the macaroni in a deep serving-dish, pour over the sauce and cover thickly with the cheese.

SPAGHETTI LOAF

4 cupfuls cooked spaghetti
1½ cupfuls milk
1½ tablespoonfuls margarine
1½ tablespoonfuls flour
¾ teaspoonful salt
¾ teaspoonful pepper
¾ teaspoonful paprika
1 minced pimiento
3 eggs
Parsley

Melt margarine; stir in flour and seasonings; gradually add the milk, stirring all the while, to make a white

sauce. When this boils, add the cheese, minced pimiento and spaghetti. Then beat the eggs, combine the two mixtures and transfer to a well-oiled pan, holding a quart. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm in the center, from fifty minutes to an hour. If desired, the bottom of the mold may be decorated with a whole pimiento, cut into petal-shaped pieces, which may be arranged like a poinsettia, with a center of a bit of lemon peel, and stem and foliage of parsley. The loaf may be served hot or cold, with or without a white sauce. A plain green salad, as dressed lettuce or shredded cabbage, is an almost essential accompaniment.

NOODLES

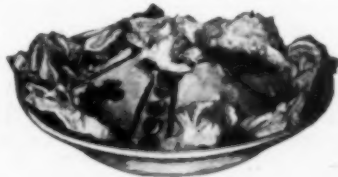
Noodles may be made at home, but as this entails considerable work, it would seem almost as much a waste of time to do so as to prepare many other things in the household which can be purchased commercially to better advantage. However, those desiring to prepare them at home will find this recipe easy to follow:

1 egg
1/3 teaspoonful salt
Breakfast flour
Water

Break the egg into a small mixing-bowl and add a tablespoonful of cold water. Stir in the salt and gradually work in sufficient flour to make a dough as heavy as that for pastry. Turn this out on a molding board, knead it slightly, and then roll it into a thin sheet, as for pie crust. Cover this and let it stand for thirty minutes, when it will be somewhat dried. Then roll up as for jelly-roll and cut into very thin strips, with a sharp knife. Use at once as desired, or dry thoroughly for future use.

FRIED NOODLES

The noodles, when cut in very thin strips and dried for a few minutes more, may be dropped into fat hot enough to brown a bit of bread in forty counts, and



Green peppers and olives lend color to this macaroni salad

fried until golden brown. Drain on crumpled paper. These may be served as an accompaniment to chicken in any form, or to any of the Chinese dishes.

AMERICANIZED CHOP SUEY WITH FRIED NOODLES

1½ cupfuls diced, cooked veal or pork
2 cupfuls sliced, raw onions
1½ cupfuls coarsely chopped outer stalks of celery
½ tablespoonful sugar, caramelized
2 tablespoonfuls peanut oil
2 cupfuls meat stock or 2 bouillon cubes and 2 cupfuls boiling water
Salt to taste
Soy sauce (optional)
Fried noodles

Caramelize or brown the sugar in a rather deep, medium-sized frying-pan. Add the oil and vegetables and simmer until the latter are almost tender, adding the meat broth about five minutes after they have been put into the warmed oil. Then stir in the meat, and cook until the vegetables are absolutely done. Season to taste with salt, and pass soy sauce. Serve with an accompaniment of fried noodles, or, if desired, the noodles may be put in a good-sized dish, the chop suey mixture spread over them, and then garnished with some shredded lettuce and quartered or shredded hard-cooked eggs. If boiled noodles are liked rather than those that are fried, they should be cooked in meat stock. This makes a particularly delicious luncheon dish.



A Lemon on the sink Keeps Hands Soft

SOAP, washing-powders, dish-washing, grease—won't hurt hands if you keep a lemon on the sink and use it.

When the dishes are finished simply rub the lemon over the hands. The lemon juice removes the grease stains, cuts the alkali in the soap, and leaves the skin soft, smooth and white.

No need to have ugly, uncomfortable,

dry, rough, red hands if you will do this regularly.

Practically all "Beauty Shops" use lemons for the skin because they have studied the skin's needs.

You who wash dishes even occasionally should never fail to use lemons in this way.

Order lemons now. Once try this natural method of protecting hands and you'll always keep a lemon on the sink.

CALIFORNIA Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

are practically seedless and full of the most effective juice.

All first class dealers sell them.

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers.
Section 66, Los Angeles, California



You can have, in your home—no matter where you live—the most wonderfully fresh fish, specially cooked and prepared for you, so that they are as fresh and flavorful as on the day taken from the ocean.

BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES

the finest fish product for making Creamed Fish, Codfish Balls, Fish Soufflé, Fish Chowder, Fish Salad, and many other dainty and delicious fish dishes. Only the firm white meat of selected cod and haddock, packed in parchment lined, airtight containers—it takes three pounds of the fresh-caught fish to make one pound of B & M Fish Flakes.

No shredding, no boning, no loss of time or delayed meals. These pictures show three of the toothsome, appetizing dishes you can prepare quickly: our new "Book of Recipes" will be sent on request—ask for it.

B & M Fish Flakes, packed in a clean sanitary factory at the water's edge in Portland, Maine, simplify the cooking question, delight the family, and are nourishing as well as appetizing.

AT YOUR GROCER'S

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.

73 Water Street, Portland, Me.

Packing and specializing in State of Maine food products—the best of their kind—including B & M Pure Sugar Corn, B & M Pork and Beans, B & M Clam Chowder, B & M Clams, B & M Lobster.



Creamed Fish



Fish Soufflé



Codfish Balls



Do You Want a Cure for the High Price Disease?

"The Old Stove Master"



Here It Is—

Get This Great Price-Smashing Book—Free

When I started in the stove business as a boy, I said I'd do it. I wanted the biggest business of its kind in the world, and I've got it.

Do you know how I did it? It's simple if you've got the nerve. I went out and saved big money for hundreds of thousands of people. I cut prices. I improved quality. I sold direct.

Millions saved for stove and furnace buyers. That's my record. I don't want any better one. I've been standing before the judgment bar of the American people, and they have let me through the door of success.

And every dollar's worth of business I ever did has been done right direct with users from my big factories.

I'm talking to you in this advertisement because maybe you don't know me.

I want your name and address.

I want to send you my big Free Stove and Furnace Book.

I am not so stuck on talking about myself and what I aim to do in saving money for stove, range and furnace buyers this year; but if I don't, no one will. The other fellow won't tell you my story. I want to tell it to you in my big free book. There you'll find pictures, descriptions, prices on everything in the stove line—with freight prepaid to your railroad station. Also my wonderful furnace offer that has taken the country by storm. It's all in the book. Send for it. See for yourself. I'll give you

30 DAYS' TRIAL

UNLIMITED, UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE—CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS

There isn't any fair and square way you deal with me and not save money this year. I'm out to save your money, get your friendship, add your name to the hundreds of thousands of Americans for whom I have saved money in other years. I can't do it, though, unless I know your name and where you live.

Now, I ask you to give me that information by letter or post card. Will you do it?

Ask for Catalog No. 198

"The Old Stove Master"

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.

Manufacturers

Kalamazoo

Michigan

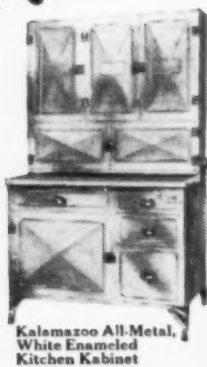
Get My Offer On:
Pipe and Pipeless Furnaces
Stoves and Ranges
Gas and Oil Stoves
Kitchen Cabinets and Tables
Refrigerators
Photographs
Cream Separators
Fireless Cookers
Washing Machines
Sewing Machines
Feed Grinders
Paint and Roofing



Emperor Range



Crown Heater



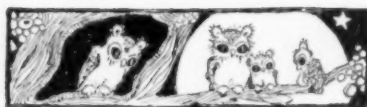
Kalamazoo All-Metal, White Enamelled Kitchen Cabinet



"A Kalamazoo Trade Mark Registered Direct to You"



Kalamazoo Pipeless Furnace



In the Bad Lands, When I Knew T. R.

[Continued from page 2]

wail. She didn't have quite so much to say about breaking the Sabbath after that.

But she kept making a nuisance of herself in other ways. She tried to improve the cowpunchers' parlor manners; and Mr. Roosevelt was in on that. It happened this way: One day she invited the boys from the Maltese Cross, Joe and Sylvane and Merrifield and Mr. Roosevelt, to dinner, so they got slicked up and went. It was in the summer and naturally they were all in their shirt-sleeves, for nobody thought of wearing their coats in the summer-time. That was a part of the Western freedom.

When dinner was ready, the boys all came in just as they were. Mrs. Cummins says, "Well! I notice that you men have not got your coats on," and, of all things, went and hunted up some old coats of the Deacon's. She got one for Joe and for Sylvane and one for Merrifield and one for Mr. Roosevelt. The Deacon's best coat was not too fine, and his extras were a pretty dilapidated looking lot.

They were all pretty sore. They were too polite to show it, however, and they made a joke of it. But when they went away, Mr. Roosevelt spoke up and said in his best manner, "Mrs. Cummins, the next time I come I'll wear my dress-suit," which meant that he'd never come again; and he never did.

Mr. Roosevelt was an Easterner; but no one would have known it. He slipped right into the Western life like the men who didn't have education, but just strong arms and a head full of common sense. His education didn't set him apart. Almost all the other Easterners were like Mrs. Cummins, educated, but at bottom just plain ordinary fools. I never saw such a bunch of educated fools as we got out there from the East in the early days. I really felt sorry for them. Maybe they did know something about books—we didn't claim to know much about those things out here.

My own Eastern folks, back Iowa-way, used to think I was going around like a gunman; but I never carried a pistol anywhere that I remember and I only fired a rifle at a living thing once in my life.

It happened this way. I used to keep a bunch of sheep, fifteen or twenty of them for family use, I having five healthy children that were like to eat their heads off, and meat being none too cheap even there where it grewed, so you might say, on every hill.

One day it happened that my sheep came running into the yard acting like as if they thought the spooks were after them; and there, sure as I'm a-living, right at their heels, were five or six of the finest mountain-sheep that ever I see. The hired-man was out. But I says to myself, "By Jiminy, this is a fifty-dollar shot." Lots of men in those days would have given fifty dollars for a shot at a mountain-ram. What I knew about shooting was about as much as an Eastern tenderfoot knows about baking bread in a frying-pan. But there were the mountain-sheep just about in my front yard and there was I, full of the talk I had heard Mr. Roosevelt get off about climbing around all day just for the sight of one of those sheep. So I got the hired-man's gun and did with it what I'd seen him do; and pulled the trigger.

Will you believe me, I never even scared them? They went right on grazing decent and orderly. I went into the house and I hung up the hired-man's gun and after that I never shot at a living thing again.

Other women thereabout were as good shots, some of them, as any of the men, and all of them were good riders. I was never slow to take a chance as long as I was single, and even afterwards I used to cross the river when nothing but the horse's head and the saddle with me on it showed above the water; but when I had a string of babies, all five of them girls, and lost my husband, I thought that I was beyond the point when I had any business to take risks.

We were a healthy lot of people out there in the Bad Lands. I myself haven't had a doctor in forty years and I've got every one of my teeth and not a decayed tooth among them. And I raised five children of my own on that ranch in the Bad Lands, and two grandchildren, not to speak of one or two "strays" that no one else seemed to have room for.

There was one, in particular. Her mother had run off with another man, a neighboring ranchman, and left her two-year-old child in the dooryard.

"That child has got to have a home," I said.

[Continued on page 57]



Freeman's FACE POWDER

To emphasize good looks is an art well understood by the women of France. That charming quality of natural freshness is given the complexion by Freeman's Face Powder. 50 cts., plus 2 cts. war tax, at all toilet counters; miniature box mailed for 4 cts., plus 1 ct. war tax.

The Freeman Perfume Co. Dept. 59 Cincinnati, O.



Only \$100 and After Trial

Keep the New Edison Amberola—Edison's great gramophone with the diamond stylus—and your choice of records, for only \$10.00. Pay balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Free trial in your own home before you decide. Nothing down. Write today for our New Edison Book and pictures, from F. K. BARSON, Edison Phonograph Dist. 2867 Edison Bldg. Chicago

BECOME A NURSE

BY training at home. An intelligent woman between 19 and 60 can become a successful nurse through our correspondence course.

Eighteenth Year—Ten Thousand Graduates earning \$18 to \$30 weekly.

Invaluable for the practical nurse.

Entire tuition fee earned in a few weeks, often before graduation.

Enrollment includes two months' trial with money refunded if student desires to discontinue.

Send today for catalog and sample lessons

The Chautauque School of Nursing 304 Main St., Jamestown, N. Y.

To interest and develop your boy—

FIRST the linen book. Next the blocks; the A. B. C. plate. And eventually *The American Boy*. Hundreds of thousands of splendid American men trace their reading history this way. Hundreds of thousands of fine American boys now tread the same path. Your boy will benefit and grow with *The American Boy*. He'll like its strong fiction, its helpful departments, its inspiring articles of the day. Let him have it.

20 cents on news-stands \$2.00 a year by mail THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO. 15 American Building Detroit, Mich.

Agents: \$40 a Week

Make quick, sure, easy sales in every home selling our wonderful new line of guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. All styles, colors and finest line of silk hose.

Guaranteed One Year or Replaced Free

Pleasant work. Handsome profits. Sell every day in the year. Often sell dozen pairs to one family. Make permanent customers. Steady income.

Everybody Needs Hosiery

Work spare time or full time. A prospect in every home. Any man or woman can sell this new guaranteed line. Best season now on. Act quick.

Thomas Hosiery Co. 502 E. 8th St. Dayton, Ohio

10 Buys 2400 Millions Billions in use today

Engel "Art Corners" No Paste Needed Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, green, and red gummed paper. Stick them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK, EASY, ARTISTIC. No glue, no tape. All photo supply, drug and station stores. 50c prima full size, and mounted from Great Mtg. Co., Dept. 304 1450 Leavenworth, Chicago

Ladies! Be Independent

Make Money. It's easy to sell Ho-Ro-Co household necessities, remedies, toilet supplies. Satisfaction or money back guarantee. Repeat orders come easy. Ho-Ro-Co 142 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo

**Looks like gumdrops
Tastes like fruit
Acts like castor oil**



Delicious
Palatable
Resultful

at all drug
stores

McK&R
ANALAX
The FRUITY LAXATIVE

ONE OF THE
McK&R
HEALTH HELPS

McKESSON & ROBBINS
INCORPORATED
91 FULTON STREET, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1833

Music Lessons
UNDER MASTER TEACHERS
At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

The only recognized Conservatory of Music giving lessons by the UNIVERSITY EXTENSION METHOD.

The ideal of a genuine Conservatory of Music for home study based upon lessons containing the cream of the life's teaching experience of Master Musicians, reinforced by the individual instruction of specialists, is now attained.


The instruction of a master—the individual touch of an accomplished teacher—is yours to command from the very moment you enroll.

The University Extension Conservatory, by adopting the Personal Instruction Method, has placed home music study beyond question as to results. Anyone can learn at home.

Any Instrument Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our Free Catalog with details of course you want. Send now.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
6028 Siegel-Bayer Building Chicago, Illinois

PRICE'S VANILLA



The pure juice crushed from the finest vanilla beans—that's Price's Vanilla! It adds a delicious flavor to cakes, puddings, candies and other good things.

Look for Price's Tropikid on the label

PRICE FLAVORING EXTRACT CO.
Chicago, U. S. A. In Business 60 Years

\$10 For You!

Would an extra \$10.00 be welcome just now? "You can have it easily! A little spare time to look after McCall's subscriptions in your neighborhood is all that is needed. Write today for details to Dept. L.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
250 West 37th St. New York, N. Y.

Buy LIEBIG **SAVE MEAT**
Company's Extract of Beef

Makes delicious bouillon. A cupful in a minute—the minute you want it.

Agents Making Big Money Weekly!
EVERYONE wants it. Formulas for 200 beverages to be made at home. Book Form. Send \$1 for copy and territory proposition. Act quickly.

31 TOYS ALL FOR 10¢
Send 10¢ and we'll send you 31 toys: 13 transfer pictures; 8 railway cutouts; 10 picture books; 1 picture to paint; 1 game of anagrams; 1 joke book. No more to pay. The new catalog of other bargains, free. Send 10¢ today.

The World Novelty Co., Dept. 2007, 52 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago



In the Bad Lands, When I Knew T. R.

(Continued from page 56)

The father begged me to take her. "I'll take her if you want," I said. "I've got five of my own and I guess one more won't kill me. But it's only a log-cabin I can give her. You search the country. Try to find a better home for her. If you don't succeed send her to me."

Two days later he sent her to me, and that's the way I picked up that "stray."

I lived altogether twenty years on that ranch, until I had raised my children so that they could take care of themselves. I made the ranch give me and my children a living and a bit of money besides, and after a while I did a little business loaning it out. The mortgages I would take would be such as the parties and I could write out together. Neither one of us would know anything about writing one so it would stand, if the lawyers set their minds to knocking it down. The idea was that nobody could afford to disgrace his name by trying to beat a woman. It was a sound-hearted class of people that risked going out West in those days.

I brought up my own five little girls, my two grandchildren and any "strays" out on my ranch on the Little Missouri, educated them as well as I could, taught them to ride and never to be afraid, and saw them married at last to hard-working, respectable men. Then I sold out and took a homestead outside Medora. I just wanted to get off to one side and have a little garden where I could see the Bad Lands.

Mr. Roosevelt loved it here; and is it any wonder? There were good people here in his day. There are good people here yet, but the West you see today is far different from the West I lived in.

I didn't see Mr. Roosevelt for many years. Then one day he came down the Northern Pacific on a special train and stopped at Medora, and the man I had given buttermilk to and joked with in the old days, as an Irishwoman will, was President of the United States. I went to the station, keeping in the background, saying to myself, "He won't have time to bother with a plain, hard-working woman like me. He won't remember Margaret Roberts." There was a great crowd there but he spied me.

"Bring Mrs. Roberts up here," he said. So they took me up and started to introduce me.

"We don't need any introduction," says the President. Then he turns to the crowd and says, "This is the most wonderful little woman in the Bad Lands."

I saw him once more. It was years after, ten years, I think, and he was going to stop at the station just for a few minutes, to shake hands with old friends. That was in Dickinson after I moved from Medora.

I had told everybody around town that I knew Mr. Roosevelt well, and how he used to come out to my log-cabin with the Maltese Cross boys in the old days. I knew there would be an awful mob down at the depot when he came through, and I was wondering how I would be able to see him. And I had to see him because I had had so much to say to everybody about him.

There was a man working in the Land Office, a nice, respectable man, an old bachelor, and he says to me, "Mrs. Roberts, I will accompany you to the depot and see that you see Mr. Roosevelt."

Well! I had been a widow thirty-three years, and that's saying something for a woman in this country, and he was a nice, respectable bachelor, and says I to myself, "If the neighbors want to make a joke out of my accepting his company to the depot," says I, "let them make a joke of it and I'll laugh with them too."

So I went; and when the train pulled in, there were a couple of thousand people down to the depot to meet him, and says I to myself, "There's so many here, what'll I do? He won't have time to think about me."

The crowd was calling for a speech and says I to myself, "This is the end of me, after telling all these people how well I knew him. He'll not have time to bother with an old woman like myself."

He stood on the platform and raised his hand for the crowd to be quiet, and then he says, "Does anybody here know where Mrs. Roberts is?"

Somebody near me shouts, "Here she is!"

The crowd began calling for a speech. But again he raised his hand for silence. "I've an old friend here that I have to visit with before I make a speech," he says.

I was brought up on the platform of his car, and he shook hands with me, and we talked all about old times. It did seem good to see him again. And that was the time that I saw him.



Vaseline
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Mentholated
PETROLEUM JELLY

Soothe Your Aching Head

Home from a day of shopping—nerves tense—head throbbing and aching. For quick relief use "Vaseline" Mentholated Jelly. It combines only cooling menthol and the well-known "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—making a safe as well as effective remedy. Rub a little over the forehead and temples whenever you feel a headache coming on. It soothes and refreshes.

Sold in sanitary tubes. Keep one always convenient on your dressing table.

Other Home Remedies

"Vaseline" White Jelly—for all irritations of the skin.

"Vaseline" Borated Jelly—for inflamed eyelids; also for catarrh.

"Vaseline" Oxide of Zinc Ointment—for eczema, sores, etc.

At drug and department stores.

Interesting booklet free on request.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
5 State Street (Consolidated) New York

Be One of the 9,999 Women to Get My Special Price Offer!



I am going to name a price to you first 9,999 women who write me, that will simply open your eyes! I have made these Special Bargain Offers before—just as the Department Stores do. The big difference is, though, that when you buy of me, you are buying *Straight From the Factory!*

Here's Your Chance to Make a Record Saving on a


Rapid
FIRELESS COOKER

Aluminum Lined Throughout—Full Equipment of "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils—and get it on **30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL**, too. Saves 1/2 to 3/4 fuel costs. Cuts cooking work down to less than 1/2.

But—You Must Write Quick! I will quote this Special Low Price only to first 9,999 who write me. So—DO IT NOW.

Wm. Campbell, Pres., Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 421, Detroit, Mich.

AMBITIOUS GIRLS!



In the modern profession of Commercial Illustrating you are paid as much as a man with equal ability—and the present opportunities for women have never been so excellent.

If you like to draw, develop your artistic talent. Women are naturally fitted for the work, and when properly trained earn \$10 to \$15 a week, and more; many have made notable successes. Millions are paid yearly for illustrations and designs. The work is fascinating and easy to learn and apply with the "Federal" home-study method.

YOUR FUTURE—a beautiful 66-page book in color, tells of successes achieved by women and how you can study in your own home. You should read it before deciding on your life work. Send for this book today—it's free.

Federal School of Commercial Designing, 5504 Warner Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK



Identify your goods

Saves money, time, confusion and loss. Applied with a common pen to linens, cottons, woollens, etc. Will not run, fade or wash out. At stores everywhere or sent postpaid for \$1.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK CO.
932 Heathway Ave., Northampton, Mass.

This Hair Book FREE



Shows many styles of "transformations" so popular with women of refinement everywhere. Wavy, real hair styles as low as \$1.00. Newest creations in French, Russian, Dutch, Wig, etc., at lowest prices. Finest quality natural hair—perfect models of your own hair guaranteed. Free instruction on care of hair and beauty culture. We ship on approval—no pay unless satisfied. Write today for this valuable free book.

PARIS FASHION COMPANY
109 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 49 Chicago

The Prophylactic **Tooth Brush**



Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCall's Magazine



NEW FILET LUNCHEON SET!

Newest and most attractive designs for making the home lovely
Dainty designs for personal wear and the boudoir

House linens, center pieces, edgings

WRITE FOR YOUR TWO BOOKS TODAY

Corticelli Lessons in Crochet, Book No. 9. Many new uses of filet. Tablecloths, breakfast and luncheon linens, center pieces, bed spreads, curtains, pillow slips, dresser scarfs, towel ends. Dainty yokes and boudoir caps. Pretty aprons, collars and jabots. Carriage pillows and bibs for the baby. New leggs, tams and sweaters. Price 10 cents, by mail 12 cents.

New Filet Sweater Book—Just off the Press!

Corticelli Filet Sweaters, Book No. 11. Twelve new filet sweaters—new designs to meet every need of town and country—from the simplest little slip-on to "Madelon," a handsome model with the new vestee front. Can be crocheted equally well in silk, cotton or yarn. A pretty coat sweater for the baby and an adorable little sweater of knitted filet with ribbons for a child of three years. A smart sport hat—filet of course—and several striking designs for the popular saddle bag. Clearly illustrated. Full directions. Price 15 cents, by mail 18 cents.

Write today. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 310 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass. Or order from your dealer and save postage. No Canadian orders accepted.

New filet sweaters for Fall
Sweater waists
Sport coats and hats
Filet things for the baby, too

Corticelli Crochet Cottons and Yarns



Also makers of spool silk and dress silks

MADE IN AMERICA

HOLEPROOF has long been famous for its phenomenal durability. Today, it is fast becoming known as America's finest appearing hosiery.

Brilliant, lustrous appearance combined with long wearing quality is what you have been looking for in hose. You will get it in Holeproof. But be sure to look for the trade-mark, lest you be disappointed.

For Men, Women and Children in pure Silk, Silk Faced and Lusterized Lisle.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write for illustrated booklet and price list.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.

60 York St., Sydney, Australia

© H. H. Co.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY



"And Now I Bank My Money Every Month"

JULIA L. is one of our Club members and lives in Illinois. I have been so excited since I received her last letter. I could hardly wait for the magazine to come out that I might tell you about it. "I bank my money every month now," she writes, "and I know, now, what the last chapter is!"

"But," she goes on, "listen to this! I am assured of my business school course, for I've saved enough money for that! Better yet, Mother won't even have to buy my school clothes."

"You really can not guess what knowing you has meant to me."

Think of the hundreds of other members who bank their McCall salaries every month! And, too, the hundreds who wear the Good Luck Club Pin and write on Good Luck Club stationery!

Let me read you Julia's first letter to me, written only a few months ago—then you will have the whole story of her success in the Good Luck Club.

What Julia Wrote

I SAW in McCall's that you would tell any girl, free of obligation, all about your Club.

I would like to know about it because I have oceans of spare time and nothing to do. Through reading I saw about your club. I saw the heading: "How Nelle Rode to Independence." It sounded interesting so I read further, but it was like a story whose last chapter had been destroyed. I have decided to try to find the last chapter.

Since I have graduated from common school and have a whole summer ahead of me, I would like something to do. My music teacher doesn't teach during the summer so I haven't even that to keep me busy. This fall I intend to go to business college, but I don't suppose I will have so many lessons to do in the evenings, as I had this year.

I thought if I could join this Club I might help Mother pay my way through business college.

I am writing to you as to an old friend, because that is just the way I feel, and I am sure you feel that way, too.

Please answer as soon as possible, as I am very anxious. There seems to be a mystery to this and I should like to solve it.

THERE, you have it, girls, word for word. You can do what Julia did. Bear in mind, it makes no difference if you live in the country or in a town or city; if you are married or single; or, if you live in the United States, Canada, or a far distant country. There are members now in Central America, India, South Africa, and practically every part of the United States and Canada. May I also add your name to the list?

How happy some of our club girls are! Just as I finish, here comes a letter from Mary A., of Ohio, and I just must let you read a part of it. She writes, "I think your plan is a fine one, so easy. . . . My parents buy my clothes, of course, but it is so nice not to ask Father for money every time I want to go to a movie. I received the pretty stationery and certainly was pleased. My friends made such a fuss over it. And, the club pin; I like that so well, I know it will bring me good luck!"

Every day you postpone writing means just that much time cut from those precious spare hours in which you could be earning money. Get in line with several thousands of others!

There are just thousands and thousands of girls and women who should welcome this big opportunity to earn money, in spare time, after school or business hours or after the daily home work is over.

I urge that you write me at once, and if you only say, "Miss Brewster—Tell me how the girls earn money and gifts in your Club," I'll be delighted to give you a prompt reply and start you on the Good Luck road to Moneyland.

Jane Brewster

McCall's Magazine,
236 West 37th Street,
New York.

A Wonderful Coat



At only a small expense—imagine buying this coat which is attractive as genuine muskrat

CHASE

FURWAVE MUSKRAT

Made by Sanford Mills

ATTRACTIVE, cleverly designed models now being shown—solves the problem of a popular-priced street and motor wrap which combines beauty and comfort—destined to be greatly in demand.

CAUTION.—Be Positive That You Obtain Genuine Chase Furwave. Imitations Will Make You Sorry. Ask The Retailer For Facts. Look For The Chase Trademark.

If Your Retailer Cannot Supply, Have Him Write Us For List of Manufacturers From Whom He Can Obtain Coats.

L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO
Leaders in Manufacturing Since 1847

"Safety-First" for the Baby



- 1 Porcelain Food Tray—absolutely sanitary
- 2 Safety-First Strap—baby can't slide under to floor or turn around and stand up
- 3 Wide, Flaring Legs, insuring against tipping
- 4 Continuous Metal Tray Arm, from one rear post to the other

Northwestern "Safety-First" High Chair

Gives you everything that science and mechanical skill have been able to produce for the baby's safety at just about the cost of ordinary chair. The fine, white, one-piece, removable porcelain tray, easily kept clean and free from germs, helps prevent stomach complaints. With the Safety-First Strap, Mother can leave room without apprehension.

Don't take any chances with your baby—get a "Safety-First" Mission or Period Patterns—wood or fibre. Write for folder No. 80.

Homelovers Fine Period Furniture

Dining Room Suites in Queen Anne, Italian Renaissance, Arts and Crafts and Mission.
Bed Room Suites in Queen Anne, Louis XVI and Sheraton.
Also Sun Parlor and Sitting Room Suites in fibre.

Write for free illustrated Book No. 85, mentioning line in which you are interested.

NORTHWESTERN MFG. CO.
Fort Atkinson, Wis.



Fashions for November

THE HEIGHT OF THE WINTER SEASON REVEALS AN
ABUNDANCE OF UNUSUAL DESIGNS

NO sooner have we become the best of friends with our fall wardrobe than the crisp winds of late autumn come as a gentle reminder that the time is here to prepare for fast approaching winter days, with necessary winter clothing. Almost before thinking of just what she wants, the average woman will think of what color it is to be. She realizes that upon the careful selection of the most becoming color rests more than half of the success of the costume. Colors will be, for the most part, of a somber nature, depending upon the richness of the material and its smart development to give the expected chic to the costume. Perhaps the texture of the most favored materials is responsible for the choice of these nocturnal colors. Duvetyn, wool velour and camel's-hair cloth, which are "the" choicest materials, lend themselves far more effectively to dull shades, and are far more capable of reflecting the subtle beauty and charm of the less brilliant spots of the spectrum than fabrics with a lustrous finish. Brown is shown extensively and is perhaps the most popular color for winter.

Suits and Coats Must be Fur Trimmed

There must be a touch of fur on your suit or coat and even on your cape wrap if you will be smart. An unlimited quantity of all sorts of fur is highly desirable. There is no partiality to the long-haired pelts, for short-haired skins are much in evidence. For those who may find genuine furs too great a luxury for possession, there are the fur fabrics which make exceedingly good-looking substitutes. These resemble very closely moleskin, caracul and seal, and are truly worth while making into smart little neck-piece and muff sets.

A charming example of an artistic application of fur is shown on Nos. 9188-9145. This misses' model is developed in a deep, rich shade of maroon duvetyn and trimmed with bands of Australian opossum fur. The coat shows rather fitted lines, and the skirt is liberal enough in width to permit its being shorter than the skirts of last winter.

A Word About Fringe

One is sure to be safe if one regards the fashions that are set at the Paris races. It will be remembered that many of the smartest women there were bedecked with fringe; and designers predicted that the interest in fringe would be renewed as trimming on fall and winter frocks. And, to be sure, the forecast has materialized far beyond expectations, for Paris not only trims with fringe but makes entire skirts of it. The Hawaiian inspiration gives a nonchalant grace, while Paris adds unparalleled chic.

The use of fringe is not confined to silken materials, but appears on tricot, serge and other woolen materials. Scarcely a one-piece chemise frock is seen without it.

COSTUME NOS. 9188-9145.—16 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. No. 9188, MISSES' SUIT COAT. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. No. 9145, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9183-9201.—36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. No. 9183, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. No. 9201, LADIES' FIVE-TIER SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9196-9197.—36 requires $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. No. 9196, LADIES' SURPLICE WAIST. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for collar. No. 9197, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9180-9185.—36 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch figured, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch plain, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for vest. No. 9180, LADIES' EVENING WAIST. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch figured, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch plain, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for vest. No. 9185, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



Suit Coat 9100
For 16-20 years
Skirt 9145
For 16-20 years



Waist 9183
For 34-48 bust
Skirt 9201
For 24-32 waist



Dress 9149
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 822

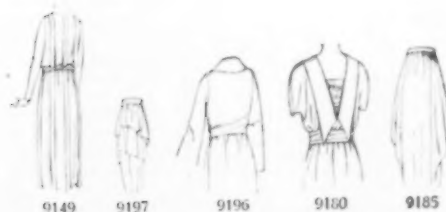


Waist 9196
For 34-48 bust
Skirt 9197
For 24-34 waist



Waist 9180
For 34-48 bust
Skirt 9185
For 24-36 waist

No. 9149, LADIES' DRESS; one-piece straight skirt, with loose trimming-strap. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Trimming-strap and neck are trimmed with embroidery, Design No. 822.



MODELS WHICH MEET ALL
THE REQUIREMENTS OF
THE SEMI-TAILORED
WINTER FROCK

No. 9087, LADIES' WAIST; side-front closing. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material. Featuring the panel front which extends below the waistline. The panel is daintily embroidered, Design No. 956.

No. 9168, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; side gores tucked. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

Dress 9085
For 34-50 bust
Embroidery Design
No. 992

Waist 9087
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design
No. 956

Skirt 9168
For 24-40 waist

Chemise Dress 9147
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design No. 797

Dress 9111
For 34-46 bust

Dress 9103
For 34-48 bust

Waist 9164
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9162
For 24-40 waist

No. 9085, LADIES' DRESS; one-piece skirt, back and sides attached to two-piece yoke. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The vest is embroidered, Design No. 992.

No. 9147, LADIES' CHEMISE DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; with vest. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Embroidery Design No. 797. One of the smartest one-piece frocks of the season.



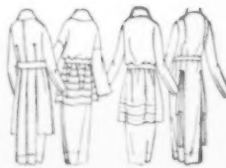
9085 9168 9147 9111

COSTUME NOS. 9164-9162.—36 requires 5½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9164, LADIES' WAIST; dropped shoulder; panel front. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material for the waist, and ¾ yard of 27-inch for vest.

No. 9162, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with side-pocket sections. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 48-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 9103, LADIES' DRESS; with vest; one-piece straight skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. A lace collar is attractive on this severely simple yet ultra smart frock.



9103 9164 9080 9153

Dress 9080
For 34-46 bust

Dress 9153
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 481

No. 9153, LADIES' DRESS; side-pleated sections. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting for the side sections. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Embroidery Design No. 481.

No. 9080, LADIES' DRESS; bloused at low waistline; two-piece skirt attached to lining. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material, and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting for the vest and front and back tunic sections. The width is 1½ yards.

No. 9111, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; kimono sleeve with underarm inset. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

THE FULNESS OF THE SKIRT IS USUALLY DRAPERY OR TUNICS

No. 9151, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The front panel is elaborately embroidered. Design No. 993.

No. 8857, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Soutache braid trims the neck and sleeves. Design No. 993.

No. 9067, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material, and ¾ yard of 5-inch ribbon for vest. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.



Dress 9067
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9151
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 993

Dress 9189
For 34-50 bust



Dress 9175
For 34-46 bust

Dress 9055
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design No. 992

COSTUME Nos. 9183-9178.—36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch, and 1½ yards of 40-inch contrasting for the waist. No. 9183, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch for the waist, and ¾ yard of 40-inch for the overwaist. No. 9178, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 26 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 9189, LADIES' DRESS; side-front closing. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material for the dress, and ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the vest. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

Waist 9183
For 34-48 bust
Skirt 9178
For 24-40 waist

Waist 9155
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9157
For 24-34 waist

No. 9175, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material, and ¾ yard of 18-inch tuck material for the vest. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 9055, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. A bead design on the vest is an attractive feature. Design No. 992.



9067 9189 8857 9151 9175 9055 9181 9155

COSTUME Nos. 9155-9157.—36 requires 7¾ yards of 40-inch material, and ¾ yard 36-inch for vest. No. 9155, LADIES' WAIST; kimono sleeve. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the vest. No. 9157, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires 5¼ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

LATE AUTUMN MODES AND THE
NEWEST OF WINTER FASHIONS

No. 9159, LADIES' SUIT COAT; adjustable collar; 40-inch length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 8909, LADIES' AND MISSES' VESTS; for coats and dresses. Require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27-inch material.

No. 9166, LADIES' RAGLAN COAT; adjustable collar. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch lining.



Waist 8909
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9176
For 24-38 waist

Waist 9164
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9195
For 24-40 waist

Blouse 9160
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 993
Skirt 9168
For 24-40 waist

Overdress 9177
For 34-48 bust
Skirt 9138
For 22-38 waist

Suit Coat 9191
For 34-42 bust
Skirt 9138
For 22-38 waist

Suit Coat 9159
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9138
For 22-38 waist
Vest 8909
One size

Waist 9174
For 34-50 bust
Skirt 9178
For 24-40 waist

Coat 9166
For 34-50 bust

COSTUME NOS. 8889-9176.—36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 8889, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9176, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; with side yokes; with circular flounces; high waistline. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 48-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9160-9168.—36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9160, LADIES' ONE-PIECE PEPLUM BLOUSE; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. The blouse is attractively embroidered at the neck. Design No. 993.

No. 9168, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9177, LADIES' OVERDRESS. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9138, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 22 to 38 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9191, LADIES' SUIT COAT; with vest; adjustable collar; 36-inch length. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 18-inch for vest, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for lining.

COSTUME NOS. 9164-9195.—36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch for vest.

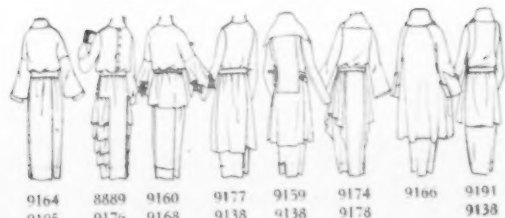
No. 9164, LADIES' WAIST; dropped shoulder; panel front. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material for the waist, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting for vest.

No. 9195, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9174-9178.—36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for vest.

No. 9174, LADIES' WAIST; pleated front panel. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for waist, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for vest.

No. 9178, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; with side tunic; high waistline. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 26 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



9164 8889 9160 9177 9159 9174 9166 9191
9195 9176 9168 9138 9138 9178 9138 9138

SENSIBILITY PLUS SMARTNESS GAINS POPULARITY FOR THESE MODES



Basque 8676
For 34-44 bust
Four-Piece Skirt 9168
For 24-40 waist

No. 8676, LADIES' BASQUE. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The tie-on sash is attached at the underarm seams.

No. 9168, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; side gores tucked. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 48-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Mannish
Shirtwaist
9181
For
34-46 bust
Skirt 9162
For 24-40 waist

Coat 9193
For 34-52 bust
Skirt 9138
For 22-38 waist



Blouse 9182
For 34-52 bust
Two-Tier Skirt 8823
For 22-32 waist



Waist 9174
For 34-50 bust
Two-Piece Skirt 9173
For 24-34 waist

COSTUME NOS. 9193-9138.—36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9193, LADIES' COAT. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9138, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 22 to 38 waist. 26 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9184, LADIES' RAGLAN COAT; adjustable collar. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9181, LADIES' MANNISH SHIRTWAIST; pleated front. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Strictly tailored style blouse, for wear with separate skirt.

No. 9162, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with side-pocket sections. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 48-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9174-9173.—36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest.

No. 9174, LADIES' WAIST; pleated front panel. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for vest. No. 9173, LADIES' TWO-PIECE DRAPED SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Raglan Coat 9184
For 34-46 bust

Cape 9202
For small, medium, large

Blouse Waist
9073
For 34-48 bust
Five-Tier Skirt
9201
For 24-32 waist

No. 9202, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; with vest; gathered into band at the lower edge. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining.

COSTUME NOS. 9182-8823.—36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch for vest.

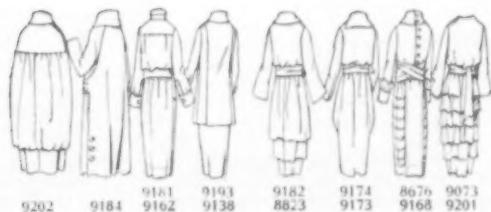
No. 9182, LADIES' BLOUSE. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch for waist, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch for vest.

No. 8823, LADIES' TWO-TIER SKIRT; one-piece upper and middle section; foundation skirt lengthened by one-piece section. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower section is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9073-9201.—36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9073, LADIES' BLOUSE WAIST; closing side-front. Designed for 34 to 48 bust; 36 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9201, LADIES' FIVE-TIER SKIRT; two-piece foundation lengthened by two-piece straight section; two-piece circular ruffles. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Paris Says "Color"

Beautify and Re-Fashion Gowns and Garments At Small Expense

DEFINITE word has come from Paris that women's dress for Fall and Winter is to be extremely simple in both line and color.

This means that every woman can re-fashion and beautify gowns and garments which, for a time, have been reposing in the secluded wardrobe.

It means that at very little expense or trouble you can enjoy Fashion's latest triumphs. An alteration here and there, and then re-coloring with Diamond Dyes will transform almost any garment into one of new style and beauty—and at wondrously small expense.



DIAMOND ♦ DYES

"A Child Can Use Them"

Simply Dissolve in Water and Boil the Material in the Colored Water

For nearly half a century Diamond Dyes have been used by the world's fashion leaders. With a few packages of Diamond Dyes it is wonderful what new life and beauty you can impart to dresses, skirts, waists, underwear, stockings and household textiles. And it is all so easy when you follow the simple directions.

Important Dye Truths

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics. No one dye will do for both. For that reason we manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk; and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Thus you are assured the very best results in every case.

Decide now to make this new fashion and money-saving all yours with Diamond Dyes. You will be surprised and pleased.



America's Color Standard for Nearly Half a Century

The
PRICE REMAINS
10¢

Ask Your Druggist for Diamond Dye Direction Book and Color Card

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Inc.
Burlington, Vermont, U. S. A.
and the
WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Ltd.
200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada

SMART STYLES POSSESSING THE PIQUANCY OF YOUTH



Dress 8666
For 14-20 years

Dress 8700
For 16-20 years

Suit Coat 9188
For 16-20 years
Skirt 9145
For 16-20 years

Dress 9068
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 936

Coat 9120
For 14-20 years

Dress 8974
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 969

Dress 8844
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 993

Dress 8812
For 16-20 years

FLARE AND FULNESS DOMINATE

No. 8666, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Featuring a one-piece tucked skirt, and panels at front and back of waist. Tucks have a charm all their own on the frock of a young girl.

No. 8700, MISSES' DRESS; two-piece tunic. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Developed in georgette or broadcloth this model looks equally well. The round collar closes at the left shoulder and bell cuffs finish the sleeves.

No. 9068, MISSES' DRESS; one-piece skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The tunic is braided. Design No. 936. Trimming—straps and soutache braid add a decorative charm to a costume showing the Russian influence. Bell sleeves and the square cut neck are attractive features and most becoming to the youthful figure.

No. 8974, MISSES' TIE-ON DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting for vest. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Embroidery Design No. 969 is used on the panel.

COSTUME NOS. 9188-9145.—16 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. No. 9188, MISSES' SUIT COAT. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. No. 9145, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 9120, MISSES' COAT; raglan sleeves; straight side sections. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material for the coat, and $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for lining. For service and comfort, the long separate coat is not to be excelled, and the high rolling collar and turn-back cuffs give added warmth.

No. 8844, MISSES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 45-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The vest and collar-ends are braided. Design No. 993. Fringe and hand embroidery give the artist's touch to a simple design. The long straight collar is caught under the belt at waistline.

No. 8812, MISSES' DRESS; one-piece skirt attached to body lining. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 45-inch contrasting for collar and vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The drapery effect at the sides of the skirt and the bell sleeves bespeak the newness of this simple and girlish model.



8700 8666 9068 9120 9188 8844 8974 8812

THE WINTER MODE FOR MISSES IS EXCEEDINGLY SMART



YOUTHFUL IN EVERY DETAIL

No. 9169, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; dropped shoulder. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Featuring the hobble effect, the dress being gathered slightly into a band, the side-fronts of which are cut in one with panels.

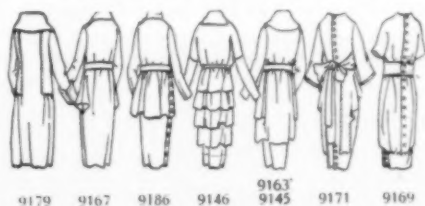
No. 9171, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The back of the dress, which is in one from shoulder to hem, comes forward over the front and the round tab is attached to the front overwaist.

No. 9167, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The vest is embroidered with Design No. 956. Featuring a two-piece dress for misses, with inset panel in front. Straight lines, with slight fullness at the waist and bell-shaped extensions in the sides of the skirt.

No. 9146, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch for vest. Width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The flounces are braided with Design No. 912.

No. 9163, MISSES' SUIT COAT; suitable for small women; adjustable collar. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 18-inch contrasting for the vest.

No. 9145, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54 inches wide. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



No. 9186, MISSES' DRESS; overwaist opening on shoulder and at underarm, having two-piece tunic. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A side closing dress with a full gathered tunic and long tight dart-fitted sleeves. The low open neck is an added feature.

No. 9179, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women; adjustable collar. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires, View B, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch lining. The dropped sides and the large gathered collar are the newest feature of this coat. The belt is attached only across the front.

No. 9179, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women; adjustable collar. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires, View A, 3 yards of 54-inch material, and 3 yards 36-inch lining. The high rolling collar and the close fitting sleeves suggest comfort while the fur trimming gives a distinctive touch. The belt extends around the waist and is made of the same material as the coat.



My shape is my fortune

IT prevents me from slipping from your fingers when you sew me on. It makes me a stronger snap—visibly smaller and neater when attached to your gown or sport suit.

My forget-me-not shape gives my big, open, easy-sewing eyes clearer vision, free from needle obstruction.



But there's one thing about me that's very, very sensitive. That's my Federalloy spring.

Just touch me, and I snap shut with a click; and I stay that way till you wish to release me. I hold securely and accurately in place. I never twist or squirm around.

I have that appearance de luxe. My finish in black or white is bright and clean. My edges are expertly rolled so that neither thread nor fabric can be cut. I fear no wringer or iron. Why, certainly, I'm rustproof.

My size chart on the back of my cards tells you which one of my six sizes is best adapted for every fabric weight, from sheerest tulle to heaviest wool.

Remember my name—Harmony—the snap with the forget-me-not shape that dispels dressing discords.

Or, better still, fill out my coupon, enclose 10c and I'll send you a card holding 12 of me and a fine book of premiums you receive for my coupons.



Federal Snap Fastener Corporation
Dept. C, 25 to 29 W. 31st St., New York

Enclosed find 10c. Please send me a card of Harmony Snap Fasteners and your premium Book.

Sign _____

My dealer is _____



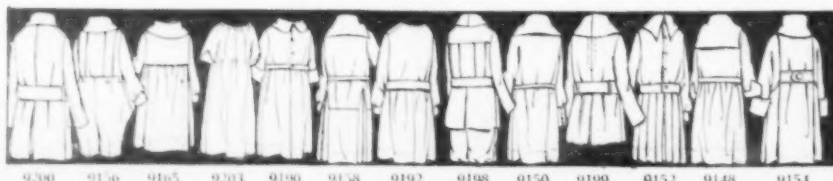


No. 9200, LITTLE BOY'S DOUBLE-BREADED OVERCOAT. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 8 years requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9150, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE CHEMISE DRESS; kimono sleeve. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 12 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch for collar. Embroidery Design No. 992 used on the pockets.

No. 9152, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

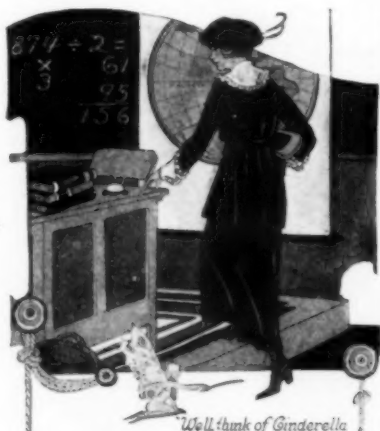
CHILDREN'S CLOTHES ARE SMARTLY SIMPLE



No. 9192, GIRL'S DRESS; straight gathered skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery is used on the front of the blouse, Design No. 987.

No. 9148, GIRL'S DRESS; pleated front panel cut through at waistline; straight gathered skirt attached to waist. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9154, GIRL'S COAT; adjustable collar; side sections and sleeve in one. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires 3 yards of 54-inch material and $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining.



Well, think of Cinderella

Miss Teacher, who knows, says:

"The motto of our graduating class was 'Practice What You Teach.' That is why I wear the

Dr. Edison CUSHION SHOE

'The Easiest Shoe for Women'

"I teach hygiene, and I know that comfort and care of the feet can be assured only by a shoe that conforms to the sole of the foot. The pedal nerves are among the most sensitive in the human body. Yet they are constantly irritated when the ordinary shoe is worn."

"The velvety, cushion insole in the Dr. Edison shoe removes the jar and jolt in walking, proving restful to the nerves. I wear the Dr. Edison Shoe and know. It has improved my disposition and I am not irritable now."

All this comfort is obtained without sacrifice of style. A graceful arch, modish lines, and excellent finish are shown in the Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe. To all women, who walk or stand much, this shoe signals satisfaction.

New style book and address of your nearest dealer sent on request.

Utz & Dunn Co.

Makers of "Style Shoes of Quality" for Women
58 Canal St., Rochester, N. Y.



for
Burns
and
101
daily
uses

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature *R. H. Taylor*

To quiet the pain of a burn and to heal the inflamed or broken skin—apply Mentholatum. It cools the burn promptly, gently soothes the pain and by its antiseptic action protects against possible infection.

Use it for other "little ills" also—cuts, bruises, tired feet, etc. It helps them all.

At all druggists' in tubes, 25c. Jars, 25c, 50c, \$1.

The Mentholatum Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills."

When answering ads mention McCall's

No. 9096, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS; kimono sleeves. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 10 years requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. Simplicity is indeed the keynote of this frock of putty-colored twill.

No. 9134, CHILD'S RAGLAN COAT. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 6 years requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material, and 2 yards of 36-inch lining.



Coat 9134
For 2-10

Dress 9096
For 4-14 years

Dress 9050
For 4-14 years



Dress 9114
For 6-14 years

Dress 9066
For 4-12 years

No. 8802, GIRL'S COAT; body and sleeve in one. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for coat, and 2½ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9066, GIRL'S DRESS; smocked or shirred. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 8 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar.

No. 9114, GIRL'S DRESS; with chemisette; two styles of sleeve; straight gathered skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 1½ yards of 42-inch, ¼ yard of 36-inch.

No. 8932, GIRL'S DRESS; closing on shoulder and at under-arm; sleeves attached to guimpe. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.



9134 8802 8932 9114 9066 9096 9050

Dress 8932
For 6-14 years

ROYAL SOCIETY EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS



No. 201 - Shirtwaist, \$1.50

Send for Complete Circular of 62 New Designs

Perhaps no other pastime is as restful to a woman as her needlework and there is surely none of more refining influence than Hand Embroidery. Whether on Blouses, Lingerie, Children's Dresses, Linens or decorative articles for the home, a little embroidery adds that finishing touch and daintiness that stamps the article as individual. It is a simple art, more simple to execute and within the reach of every woman not only as an accomplishment but as an economic necessity through the medium of Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits.

In these packages, materials of the highest excellence are always found, sufficient floss is included to complete the embroidery and the styles and designs are thoroughly up-to-date and artistic.

The attractive Blouse illustrated is of soft, fine Voile, stamped with a dainty design for embroidering.

Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits represent unusually good values and are absolutely dependable for quality, style and correctness.



INFANT'S CAP OF

ROYAL SOCIETY

Soft-Twist Two-Ply Crochet

A lustrous cotton for crocheting and knitting. Sizes 3, 5, 8. Directions for Cap and the newest style Sweaters, Bags, Yokes, Lamp Shades, Children's Hats, Pillows, Novelties, etc., are given in the latest edition of Royal Society

Crochet Book No. 14. Send for copy Price 10 cents

CORDICHERT—A hard twist for Filet Crochet, Lace Making and Macramé. White and Ecu. All sizes 1 to 100. Colors Sizes 3, 10, 30, 50, 70.

EMBROIDERY COTTONS, highly mercerized in White and complete lines of Fast Colors. A size and twist for every kind of embroidery.

CELESTA, Washable Artificial Silk in a full line of colors and white.

Royal Society Products are sold by Dealers everywhere



H. E. VERRAN CO. INC.
UNION SQ. WEST NEW YORK

BEAR BRAND

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

YARNS

"Standard of Quality"
Since 1867

BEAR BRAND YARNS are distinguished by their wonderful variety of Fashion's latest colors, as well as their half-century's supremacy in quality, softness and durability.

This modish Fluffy Ruffles sweater is one of the many lovely Bear Brand creations of the present season. You can make it quickly and economically by following the directions in Leaflet No. 551, sent free.

Instructions for easily making many other beautiful garments are contained in the new

Bear Brand Blue Book Vol. 22. Price 17c. postpaid. Featuring Felt Sweaters, Vests, etc.

You should also have the **Bear Brand Blue Book of Yarnkraft** Vol. 20. Price 30c. postpaid. The complete Knitting and Crochet Manual.

If you cannot procure Bear Brand Yarns and Books from your dealer, write to us.

Bear Brand Yarn Mfrs., Inc.
113 B Grand St. New York



BUCILLA

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Needlework Products

BUCILLA

Embroidery Package Outfits now on display at your dealer's, contain such startling values and novel features that they set an absolutely new standard of package-outfit excellence.

For example, we show **ready-made** hemstitched dress, 5465, (6 mos. \$1., 1 yr. \$1.10, 2 yrs. \$1.25) of sheer Mercerized Batiste, for simple embroidery.

Write for Circular

illustrating the new Fall assortment of lingerie, Children's Wear, Novelties, etc.

Every Bucilla package is guaranteed against imperfections, and contains cottons to complete embroidery. All colored materials used for children's wear are guaranteed Boil-Proof.

BUCILLA COTTONS

are unsurpassed for crochet and embroidery. Made in guaranteed Boil-Proof and Wash-Fast colors.

The enormous variety of Bucilla Mercerized Cottons includes "A Perfect Thread for Every Purpose."

If Bucilla Products are not obtainable from your dealer write to us.

BUCILLA MFG. CO., Inc.
113 B Grand St.
New York



For Embroidery, Crochet and Knitting—use

GLOSSILLA

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Brighter than Silk"

Products of BERNHARD ULMANN COMPANY, Inc., New York



View C
Stole Collar and Muff
Fur Set 9194
For Ladies, Misses

View A
Round Collar
Fur Set 9194
For Ladies, Misses

View B
Cape Collar—Fur Set 9194
For Ladies, Misses

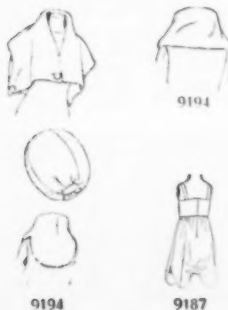
No. 9194, LADIES' AND MISSES' FUR SET; collars and melon muff. Designed for ladies and misses. The design requires, View A, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard; View B, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard; and View C, 1 yard of 48-inch fur cloth.

No. 9187, LADIES' STEP-IN UNDERGARMENT. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and 1 yard of 1-inch ribbon for the shoulder straps. This model features tucks at the front and back which hold up the fulness.

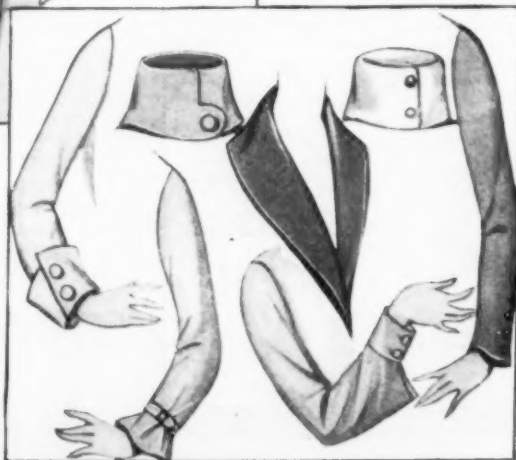
No. 9170, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS SLEEVES. Designed for small, 11 to 12; medium, 13 to 14; large, 15 to 16 arm measure. 13 to 14 requires for the long tight sleeves (3), $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material; loose sleeves (2, 4, 6), $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch; and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch for gathered sleeves with cuffs (5).



Dress Sleeves 9170
For small, medium, large



No. 9172, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT SLEEVES AND COLLAR; sleeves suitable for suit coats and large separate coats. Designed for small (sleeves), 11 to 12; medium, 13 to 14; large, 15 to 16 arm measure; (collars) small, $12\frac{1}{2}$; medium, $13\frac{1}{2}$; large, $14\frac{1}{2}$ neck measure.



Coat Sleeves and Collars 9172 For small, medium, large

New Designs for Wee Babies and Two Smart Dress Trimmings

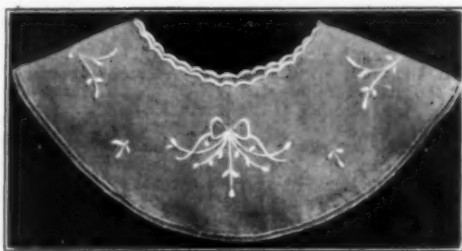


988—Embroidery Design for Baby's Coat. The fine scallops and delicate sprays make this design particularly charming. The coat is from Infants' Set No. 8124

989—Embroidery Design for Infant's Cap. Worked in satin-stitch, with silk floss, this makes the daintiest of little caps. It matches the Coat No. 988

990—Embroidery Design for Infant's Dress. The dear little bow-knot sprays and tiny scallops on yoke and edge are worked in satin-stitch with strand cotton. The dress itself is from Infants' Set No. 8124

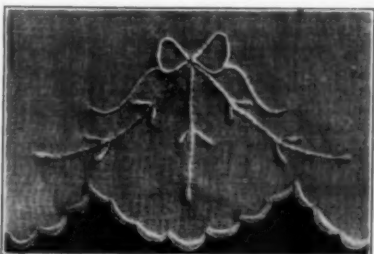
991—Embroidery Design for Gertrude Petticoat. A dainty design to be embroidered on nainsook with strand cotton



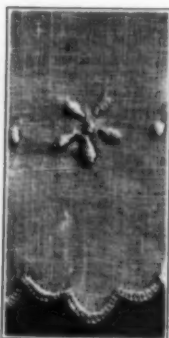
Yoke in Baby's Dress No. 990



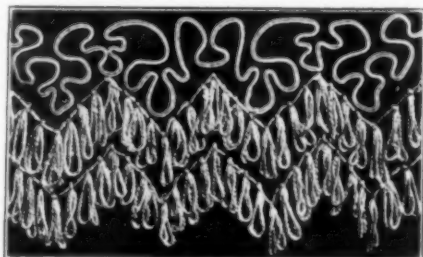
Detail of Scalloped Edge in Infant's Coat No. 988



Detail of Scalloped Edge in Baby's Dress No. 990 About one-half actual size

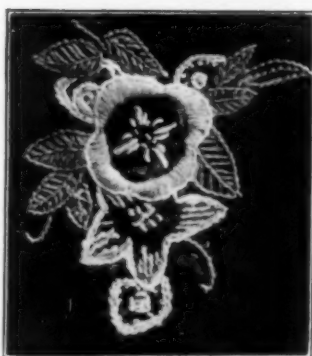


Detail of Scalloped Edge in Infant's Petticoat No. 991



993

992—Embroidery Design for motifs. Developed in wool, chenille or heavy silk floss, these give a smart finish to ladies' hats, blouses and dresses. The embroidery (designed in most simple stitches) produces the right effect when developed in a combination of vivid contrasting colors. Another excellent effect is gained by working the motifs entirely in gray on dark materials, and on sashes, etc.



992

993—Embroidery Design for Braid Motifs and Banding. The new winter frocks feature new trimmings. This is one of the very smartest. The three-inch braid border is finished by a double row of fringe made of silk floss to match the braid in color. The fringe consists of two loops of the silk, then a stitch followed by two more loops, etc. It can also be developed without fringe, giving a pleasing effect



Comfortable and Durable for Morning Wear

Take up the morning household duties with the spirit that makes work a pleasure by being dressed in garments that are attractive, comfortable and economical.

Serpentine Crêpe offers just the patterns, color and material desired. From the large floral and Japanese patterns so popular for kimonos, to the small dainty checks, stripes and florals suitable for house dresses, blouses, children's dresses, rompers, etc., this material is unexcelled for morning wear.

The exquisite designs, the delicate shades, the permanent crinkle and long-wearing qualities have earned for this famous fabric the approval of women everywhere.

For your protection, when buying, you will find on the selvage of every yard the words

Serpentine Crêpe

Every yard is backed by the reputation and prestige of more than half a century's standing of the world's largest makers of printed, dyed and bleached wash goods.

Please ask your dealer to show you the latest patterns and colorings. If he hasn't just what you want write us for free samples and mention McCall's Magazine.



Pacific Mills
Lawrence Mass.



Why We Should Bathe Internally

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought.

The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct.

To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them.

Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experiment would doubtless prove to be.

There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease.

For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and

in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind.

You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is. WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them.

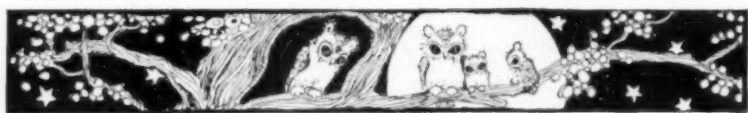
These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled, "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose life-long study and research along this line has made him the pre-eminent authority on the subject.

Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged.

No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this article in McCall's MAGAZINE, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?—Advertisement.



The Man Who Played Safe

[Continued from page 46]

They had entered the house and he stood looking up at the somber paintings that darkened the walls. "Not even of your money," he replied. He moved a hand to the portraits—"Not if that is all it can buy! I have a confession, Ellen. Perhaps I am still afraid—as big a coward as ever—I don't know. Only my flying-mate left me a fortune. He went West one day and he gave me all he had in the world. So I am not afraid any more of your money."

She drew back with puzzled eyes. "Then why did you mortgage the house?" He looked at her. "So it was Radnor!" he said quietly. "I thought so!"

"You thought—"

He nodded. "I thought he would let you know, the first chance he got."

"But why?" A little smile touched her cheek. "Yes, he did tell me. . . . But he did not say that you had had a fortune left to you."

"No. Radnor does not know that yet. It will give him quite a jar I'm afraid when he knows it. I spent my last dime this morning, and the estate will not be settled for months. So a mortgage was the quickest way to get money—"

He glanced at the telephone. "I told him I would let him know tomorrow—about selling the place. I might as well call up his house and tell him now."

IN his house across the town Herman Radnor was selecting a fresh necktie. He was dressing for dinner with punctilious care. After dinner he was going to call on Ellen Hillary. He wished his dress to be correct, but not too formal. It was not to be a business call. Perhaps he would not mention business. It seemed to him, in thinking of it, that it might mar the atmosphere to mention business.

He took a black tie from the rack and looked at it and tied it under his uplifted chin and gazed at the result. He untied it and cast it aside and stood scowling at the ties on the rack.

He took a red tie and a mauve one and held them off. He regarded them with a judicial eye. He felt like the red one. There was something festive about the red one. It went with the red-blooded mood of action.

But after a reluctant moment he laid it aside. The mauve was safer—less conspicuous, and less hopeful.

He lifted his chin and crossed the ends and fussed with them.

The telephone rang and he wheeled to it, impatient. The mauve ends, floated free.

"What?—oh—Fenshaw. Well?"

He listened into the receiver with stern jaw. The mauve ends hung motionless.

"You've decided not to sell? Well—all right." The jaw set itself a little more firmly. "I don't mind telling you I have

a party that's interested in it. I can get you a good price." He listened again.

"I don't know that I am at liberty to give you the name," he said stiffly. "But I can offer you five thousand."

"Miss Hillary? No, I didn't say it was she that wanted it."

His ear held itself. Something was coming over the wire to him.

"What!"

"Oh—Miss Hillary! Is it you speaking?" His voice softened. But, as he listened, beads of moisture came to his forehead. . . . his throat contracted.

"Yes. . . . it's kind of you to tell me—before it's announced. I appreciate it, you may be sure! No, of course you wouldn't want to buy the house now." He laughed feebly. "It will be all in the family, won't it!" He hung up the receiver and stared blankly at the rack of ties across the room. He marched to it and took down the black one. He undid the mauve ends and cast them from him. He did not even glance in the mirror as he tied the black ends, sternly. He reached to the gas and turned it down with calculating absent eye and left the room.

In their corner the array of ties hung mutely. There was an appropriate tie for each occasion. The suspending rack held them smooth and unrumpled. From time to time as the years went on Herman Radnor would buy a new and appropriate one and add it to the collection on the rack.

Perhaps on a future day a fresh one would appear there suitable for an occasion of state, formal and quiet—a tie that would not need renewal and that other fingers than Herman Radnor's would fasten with respectful pity about his important neck.

ACROSS the dinner-table they faced each other with happy eyes. The thin keen face regarded her with a moment's doubt.

"Can you be ready by Wednesday?"

"Tomorrow—if you like."

"Tomorrow, then." He looked at her contentedly. "We don't need luggage, you know." He glanced at the massive candleabra that lifted itself with its twinkling array of candles shedding soft brilliance on the room.

"We must travel light," he said with a motion of his hand to the twinkling candles—"We leave all this behind. . . . Just you and me—and a change of raiment. You will live in a suitcase if you go with me, you know."

He looked at her with inquiring gaze. "Do you think you can stand it?"

But her face only smiled to him. Perhaps she saw her possessions falling from her—and a man and a woman traveling together, moving forward always.

At the End of the Road

[Continued from page 14]

old-fashioned and homely, they were denied a place in most gardens; some so rare, they counted as luxuries and she would deny herself much to possess them. Both were present here. He lingered at the hedge of flowering almond, and from the clump of rosemary, he broke a spray. A strong sense of home-coming possessed Arnold; weakness forgotten, he swung up the walk through the garden so like the one they had made together when their dream was fresh. Home-coming and youth; for the moment he was in his twenties again.

But the weight of years and change fell heavily while he waited after ringing the bell. He was conscious of deadly fatigue but resisted the invitation of a porch-pillar. Marian might open the door; there must be no appeal to her sympathy by a display of exhaustion. If she received him it must be, first of all, for old sake's sake. At the sound of steps his heart missed a beat; he turned a tense face toward the white-aproned maid.

"Mrs. Arnold lives here?" he asked, and took out a visiting-card, but instantly replaced it and found a blank one. On it he wrote: "Will you see me?" and signed the initial of his first name. Marian would not have forgotten that characteristic scrawl, and it would convey no information to the maid. He was shown into the living-room.

Here again came the redolence of personality, but not alone Marian's. A haunting something of himself was present. He looked about, puzzled, until it came to him

that this was *their* old living-room in duplicate. The very chairs welcomed him as a familiar. Something clutched at his throat and misted his eyes when he saw the little painting that, by some trick of fancy, had been the inspiration of one of his first stories. Below it hung the etching he had bought, a commemorative gift for Marian, when the check for the story came. What a gay lark of a dinner they had had that night, celebrating his success! Marian had worn a red gown, there had been a glow in her cheeks, and a red rose in her hair. How young they had been! He crossed and stood before the pictures, his heart beating fast.

A step, and he turned eagerly, half expecting to see Marian with Marjorie in her arms, so strong was the sense of finding all things as they had been. But the sight of the woman in the door brought him sharply back to the present. Marian, with a streak of gray in the black hair, and the stormy eyes wide and sad. She paused; expectant.

"Marian," he said, moving toward her, "I had to come."

"Yes." There was a sudden flame in her cheeks. "I know. I think I've always known."

Her manner puzzled Arnold. Was she thinking of Esther? He was lashed by a divided loyalty, for the pride of the one woman and the love of both. He groped for words but it was Marian who broke the silence.

[Continued on page 71]

No Rats By Sunday
On Thursday scatter small bits of "Rough On Rats" mixed with chopped meat about the place; on Friday mix dampened oatmeal and "Rough On Rats"; Saturday chopped ham with "Rough On Rats" will get all that are left. Sunday comes but rats and mice are gone. Change of bait fools the pests. Get "Rough On Rats" at drug and general stores. Write for booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice," sent free to you.

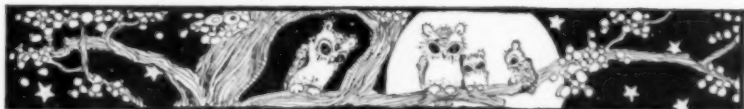
E. S. WELLS
Chemist
Jersey City, N. J.

ROUGH ON RATS

This FREE Shoe Book
is crowded with photographs and descriptions of **Ez Wear** Shoes for Men, Women and Children. Ez Wear shoes are sent **postpaid**, guaranteed to combine comfort, style and quality, to fit perfectly or money back. Amazingly low prices. Send for your copy today

The H. H. Simon Shoe 1585 BROADWAY BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MONEY-MAKING FARMS—17 STATES
\$10 to \$100 acre. Stock, tools, crops often included to settle quickly. Write for big illustrated catalogue. E. A. STROUT, Farm Agency, 2626 DT, Sun Bldg., New York



At the End of the Road

[Continued from page 70]

"You've come to see Marjorie. I've always known the time must come when you couldn't endure it any longer; known it even when I wouldn't let myself believe it." Then, on a broken breath, "And I've dreaded it."

"Dreaded!" The word stung him. "It's ten years, Marian. A long time for bitterness to last. I thought we could meet with the tenderness of old friends; just remembering the beginnings . . . when we cared so much." His eyes implored her to tell him that it might be so.

Marian looked away; her hands came together in a passionate clasp. "If it were you and I only. But Marjorie—"

She broke off and sat twisting her fingers in remembered manifestation of wretchedness. All the little tricks of manner, unchanged, unforgettable. Arnold hastened to reassure her.

"Just to see her and you. Not to take her away, dear."

She interrupted with wide-flung hands. "That doesn't matter. By your coming, she will know—"

"Know?" He fumbled for the cause of despair in her voice. "Know?" he repeated, and brought her answer.

"Marjorie thinks that her father is dead."

Arnold flinched. He sprang up and paced the floor. If he had been told this yesterday, it might have seemed a little thing. But now, with death only a step away and his heart yearning for his daughter, it came like an affront unspeakable.

"Oh," Marian cried, "I know how it seems to you! And now that you are here she shall be told. But so long as you did not come there seemed no harm—"

The words and the tone of them, so like stormy mistaken Marian, touched Arnold. He dropped into a chair, and sank wearily back. The flames in his eyes died, and there came a look of sorrow that aged him.

"It hurt, today of all days—"

But he went no further. He could not tell her now, not yet. "Why did you make Marjorie believe that? It was only because you and I— She need never have been ashamed of me."

Marian's head went high. "She would have been proud of her heritage from you, as I have been for her. Already she is showing something of your talent. You've gone far these last years."

So she knew something of his life; had kept in touch with his work. Proudly and generously she spoke her admiration and respect. Then why? Why? He passionately wondered, and listened while she explained, her flexible voice muted.

"It wasn't intentional, at first. Marjorie was so little, and you know how she adored you. When she cried for you and watched at the window, I had to tell her that you wouldn't come any more; that you could never come back. After a while a playmate's little brother died, and they explained it to the children in the same way. And Marjorie thought. . . . It was easy to let her think."

She paused. In the silence Arnold looked on the picture that dimmed her eyes—Marjorie, too young to understand their man-and-woman problem and its cruel exigencies, grieving in her baby-heart for the loss of half her world. His hand tightened on the arm of his chair.

"But afterward—" His tone was husky.

"It went on, of course. Then I began to want her never to know. I looked forward to the time when she would know you through your work, and would wonder why we—children can't understand. And I hugged her illusions. I thought she would become a finer woman if she believed herself to be the child of a love that nothing could end. So—"

She broke off, and lifted a wan smile to his tense, hurt gaze. "That's all. And I haven't made it clear. Even to me, it isn't. I suppose I acted on the sort of impulse that makes people put their daughters in a convent."

Silently Arnold went to the window and stood looking out for a long moment. This was a woman's problem and he was trying to understand it with his man's heart and brain. Perhaps it ought not to mean so much to him. Only today— His voice was very gentle when, without turning, he asked, "Then she knows really nothing about me?"

"Oh, so much, so much!" The old thrill was in Marian's tone; it was almost the voice of her girlhood. "I've told her—I've given her our life as we wanted it to be. And the happy times, don't you remember? This room— Marjorie knows which was your favorite chair—"

Fumbling, groping, Marian had, with the concrete thing, made him understand. His eyes were wet when he dragged the favorite chair close to hers.

"It doesn't matter, dear," he said. "Nothing really matters. Let us make the most of this little while together before the end. Tell me—"

She caught her breath, and leaned toward him, scanning his face. "The end?"

Arnold answered very quietly. It was a familiar story to him now. "The old heart pain—you remember—has grown worse lately. Goodrich told me this morning that I had only a little while left. So I came—"

"Oh," she sobbed, "oh!" Then, with wet-eyed horror, "And I've told you!"

Arnold soothed her. "No matter, dear. I had to know. When Marjorie comes—"

He stopped, uncertain. After a long silence, broken only by her sobs, he said,

"I had to see you again, Marian, and hear your voice." His tones were even, like a reverie aloud. "I've never forgotten your voice; it has come to me so often. I've turned in the street, thinking I heard it. . . . And to find here all the old home things. . . . His gaze traveled the room, and paused at the window with its garden view. Talking, he crushed the rosemary in his fingers; the air was heavy with its fragrance. His eyes came back to hers. "I had to know how it had been with you. I couldn't go without knowing."

Gallantly, Marian met his need. "I've had my share of the world," she gave grave, wet-lashed assurance. "The life I made for Marjorie— And I had her, you know."

Arnold's eyes held hers in a long, searching gaze, as though he sought the explanation of a mystery. "Life has its way with us," he sighed. "Its inexplicable way. You and I found our best happiness apart, but there is something— Something we can't break; we would not break."

She reached him her hands impulsively, and so they sat long in silence—remembering, groping, understanding.

From the gate came schoolgirl chatter. Marian sprang up but Arnold detained her. "Don't deceive Marjorie," he said. "It will be so short a time."

"But she must know you," Marian sobbed. "I couldn't endure it."

"Yes," Arnold admitted. "I must see her. She knows of the letters from Frank? Couldn't I be her father's brother?"

"His elder brother," he told Marjorie when he looked into her wide hazel eyes, so like his own young eyes. "You're like him," he said, huskily.

The girl blushed, as with a tribute of praise. "Mother says so too. And I know she loves me more for it. I remember him a little—" She stopped, and in her eyes came a look of yearning, a need unsatisfied that made Arnold, with ashen face, turn from her.

The clock chimed five, and whirled his thoughts to his accustomed days. Esther would be waiting; she would have come home happy, not yet knowing—

Together he and Marian walked through the garden. They paused at the gate and clasped hands. Neither dared to speak.

"Marjorie will go to the station with you," Marian said, when the girl, swinging her flower-covered hat, joined them.

At the turn in the street Arnold looked back; he saw Marian where he had left her, leaning on the gate. For a moment he stood still, his head uncovered, then his blurred eyes sought Marjorie's bright, up-lifted gaze. "—and mother didn't know him until he was grown up. Won't you tell me—"

He compelled his ears to listen, and his voice to answer her questions about her father—of the time when they had been boys together.

"You are very like him," Arnold ended, and with the sound of his shaken voice came the memory of Marian's words, "Already she is showing something of your talent." Barely noted when spoken, they now warmed his chilled spirit. What did it matter that Marjorie might not know she was his daughter? The stream of his life flowed on. Those wide hazel eyes saw as his young eyes had seen. They sought the light he had sought. Her work would be greater than his; greater for that of her mother which was in her. Marian stood lonely at the gate, while he went back to Esther who had brought him happiness, but out of their beautiful, shattered dream had come Marjorie, her feet set on the steep up-trail, her hand grasping the torch they had handed her. Arnold lifted his head. It was life that mattered.



Hinds Cream

MANY YEARS AGO, Mr. A. S. Hinds, of Portland, compounded a now famous toilet requisite, known everywhere as Hinds Cream.

This, as you know, is a pure, snow-white cream containing ingredients that soothe and refine the skin. It is excellent for all irritations and eruptions, and is most valuable for sunburn, windburn, chapping, and so forth.

Thousands of women have used Hinds Cream upon the recommendation of their friends; others have seen it advertised in the magazines, and upon the counters of their druggists. Its merit has made it the final choice of every woman who values the appearance of her face, hands and arms.

Mr. Hinds has, in the intervening years, prepared various other specialties. Each is as good, in its own way, as Hinds Cream, and is made in the same clean, sanitary laboratories from the best and costliest ingredients.

You should investigate these other Hinds specialties. They are worth knowing. Thousands of women have asked us to send samples. This we are glad to do.

Attractive Week-End Box, 50c

Contains trial sizes of Hinds Cream, Hinds Cre-Mis Soap, Talcum and Face Powder; also generous sample tubes of Hinds Cold Cream and the Disappearing Cream. Easily packed, light to carry. At your dealer's or by mail, price 50 cents postpaid in U. S. A.

A. S. HINDS, 217 WEST STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE

New Methods in Child Training



Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the cause of disobedience, willfulness, untidiness and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. The trouble in most cases now is that children are punished or scolded for what they do. The new method removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to instantly apply.

This new system, which has been put into the form of an illustrated course prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable and immediate results for the thousands of parents in all parts of the world. It is also endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

Free Book "New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal note and the book will be sent free—but do it now as this announcement may never appear here again.

The Parents Association
Dept. 672, 449 Fourth Ave., N.Y. City

Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use **STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream**. Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet.

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists. **STILLMAN CREAM CO.** Dept. 4 Aurora, Ill.

Wise Folks—

—Say **LUDEX'S** when they want **QUICK RELIEF for the Throat and Nose**



LUDEX'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

Use This Chest FREE



Sent on Free Trial! A Famous Red Cedar Chest. Your choice of many styles and designs sent on 15 days' free trial. A Piedmont protects your investment from mice, moths, dust and damp. Distinctly beautiful. Needed in every home. Lasts for generations. Pays for itself in what it saves. The ideal gift for a wedding, birthday or Christmas. Write today for our new illustrated catalog—postpaid free to you. **PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. F, Statesville, N.C.**



The CURTAIN CALL

Such is Fame

MARY HEATON VORSE has a little daughter, Ellen. One day Ellen came in to her mother crying. "Margaret slapped me," she sobbed. "Why did she do that?" asked Mrs. Vorse. "Well, I slapped her." "Why, Ellen, whatever was the matter?" "She—she called you names. She said, 'Your mother is famous,' so I slapped her."

Hateful Geese

THEY say the Oriental mind is subtle beyond our understanding. Maybe it is. Whatever complexities there may be in the following letter, written by a certain community of Japanese to their American neighbor, who keeps a flock of geese, its intent is quite obvious to the most obtuse Occidental mind.

DEAR SIR:

We have already twice written of your hateful geese. Your hateful geese cry with very unacceptable, unbearable, uncommon, uncouth, unquiet and very loud voice. Your hateful geese cry from early morning and constantly. Your geese cry in ugly and stormy manner. Whenever your hateful geese cry, our child is afraid and troubled and trembled with wonder. In that consequence the healthy of our child is very injured. We all are awakened from very early morning and must heard of the voice of your uninteresting geese. Whenever your geese cry unquietly we all can think no thought.

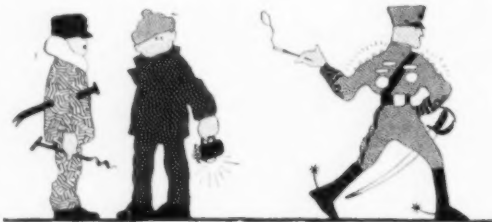
Since you have brought the geese we all have no case to think thought except in the night.

We and our child are extraordinarily injured material and abstract. Kill your hateful geese! Kill your geese or carry away them to the distant place and do to make us not to be injured by their hateful and unquiet voice. If you do not to satisfy our want we all shall injure you in return, too.

Your faithful,
ALL NEIGHBORS.

On the Avenue

BILL and Jake, whose regular business was burgling but whose industries had been greatly interfered with by war conditions, met a gorgeously dressed foreign officer on the avenue. They were staggered by the glittering apparition



clanking along, and riveted their eyes on the blazing gold and crimson and blue figure. Then, as he disappeared, Bill turned to his pal.

"Gee!" he said, "wouldn't you like to pawn him!"

Lop-Sided Logic

YOUNG BLACKINGTON was a cavalry officer. He came across one of his men trying to get a horse to jump a fence.

"How do you expect to make that horse go when you've only got one spur on?" he asked.

The rookie looked down at his boot and then looked up at his officer.

"Well, sir," he said, "if I can only get that side of him to go, the other side is bound to keep up!"

Hurrah for Suffrage

YOU may have suspected that Mary Badger Wilson, whose article, "What About Teacher's Pay Envelope?" you have read in this issue, was once a school-teacher herself. She tells us this story of her school-teaching days. A girl pupil confided to her, on an examination paper, that



"Melanchthon (the follower of Erasmus) used to rock his baby's cradle with one foot while he read a book with the other hand."

A Funeral Blessing

BIG cities breed strange things. New York, for instance, has a Funeral Church. It is not only a needed institution but a popular one. It was never intended to include among its ceremonies a wedding. And, yet, when the call came it responded nobly.

A friendless young Danish couple, unacquainted with New York churches and not knowing that there are churches and



churches, wandered into the Funeral Church and asked to be married. The minister, who had just finished officiating at a funeral, gasped, registered a mental "why not?" and obliged them. A group of undertakers hurriedly gathered up a bridal bouquet in the church and witnessed the ceremony; then the couple was rushed to the station in an undertaker's limousine. Poor young things! They were obliged to make their thanks in English, and it, like the church's precedent, was broken.

He Believed in Signs

FARMER COGSWELL bought a flivver and, driving into town one day, left his car in the public square.

"Here," yelled a policeman, "you can't park your car there."

"What you got that sign up for, then? Don't it say *Fine for parking automobiles?*"

A Weak Argument

MR. TABER was telling his daughter the reasons why she should not marry young Carpenter.

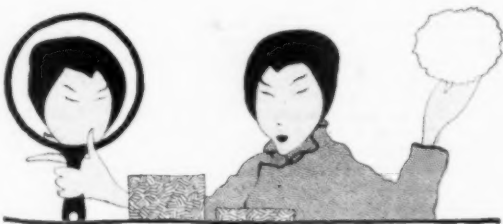
"Why, hang it all, Sue," said the father, "that fellow earns only eighteen dollars a week."

"I know, father," said Sue, pleadingly, "but a week passes so quickly when you're fond of each other."

A Chinese Peach

EVERY man to his taste—every nation also. Americans traveling in the Orient, looking at the women through Western eyes, invariably admire the types which are least attractive to the "home folks."

The one of us who has seven-league boots—and uses them—tried in vain to get Japanese, Koreans and Chinese to share her enthusiasm about various little plum-cheeked Eastern maids. Finally she asked a prominent Chinaman, who was her luncheon host, to give her his idea of a beautiful woman. He was silent a moment, his eyes wandering off into that distant, nameless place where each of us keeps his ideal. Then he drew a word picture.



"She must have a face like a watermelon seed, broad at the top and tapering down. She must have eyes like willow leaves, long and slender and set on a slant. Her nose must be like a silver hook. She must have a mouth like a cherry, small and round and red. Her hands must be like the Chinese onion, long and slender and white."

Nickel Extravagance

ROBERT A. GRAEF, the illustrator, confesses to an expensive absent-mindedness. Once it cost him a nickel. He was riding on a trolley. Mile after mile sped by and he sat stolidly clutching his fare. Finally his destination was reached. He made his way to the rear platform and pressed his nickel upon an astonished conductor, who pocketed it without ringing it up, saying, "All right, boss. If you don't want it I certainly do."

It was not until Mr. Graef and the car were some distance apart that he remembered that his long-held nickel was change from the dime which he'd given the conductor on entering the car.

EDITORS are awfully, almost terribly, human. Now we have let the cat out of the bag. No longer may we pose as exalted beings. So we might as well go ahead and tell you some more. We quarrel. We might even put it more truthfully—we fight. And as you are the only really serious things in our lives, we fight for (we were tactlessly going to say "about") you.

You may picture us sitting in serious conclave deciding just how many "articles" you are to have each month. You may picture us sitting in kindly conference deciding just how much fiction is good for you in any one dose. But when it comes to "jokes," we are neither kindly nor sitting. We are contorting and snarling. And through it all we are superbly contemptuous of one another's sense of humor.

And all because of our fear of yours. What's one man's meat is another man's poison. What's one man's joke is the last straw on the backbone of his belief-in-anything-new-under-the-sun of another. If we knew where Father Time lived, we'd send for him. For it is evident that the Judge of Jokes should have been created before Adam, and have a memory to cover all ages.

There may be varying opinions about jokes that are funny, but there is certainly no doubt about the humor in the spectacle we make trying to decide what is really worth a laugh.

A Fall from Grace

MRS. COLLINGWOOD was the disciplinarian of the family. Her husband, a professor, was a very busy man and never interfered with his wife's correction of the children.

Mrs. Collingwood was ill for several weeks and the children were showing evidence of running wild. Finally, one



evening during dinner, Grace became so unruly that her father felt obliged to reprimand her severely.

"Grace," he said sternly, "stop that at once, or I shall take you from the table and punish you very soundly."

Grace and her little brother both burst out laughing.

"Oh, William," said Grace, "listen to father trying to talk like mother!"

Women Will Be Women

A MAN asked one of the editors on our staff what was the busiest time of the month for us. "Make-up day," said she, promptly. "Ah," said he, "of course. Yours is a woman's magazine edited by women for women, isn't it?"

Puzzle

GRAHAM repeatedly had sent his bill for fifty dollars to Sherman and had received no reply. Finally, came the following note from Sherman: "Enclosed please find check for fifty dollars—but I'll be darned if I can."

Comfort



Your
furniture will not
give you real comfort un-
less it also pleases the eye.

Unless it is clean and sparkling
bright it cannot possibly please.

O-Cedar Polish, because it
"cleans as it polishes," gives all
furniture and woodwork a
clean, bright, lasting lustre.

*For All Woods
and All
Finishes*



25¢ to \$3 Sizes At All Dealers

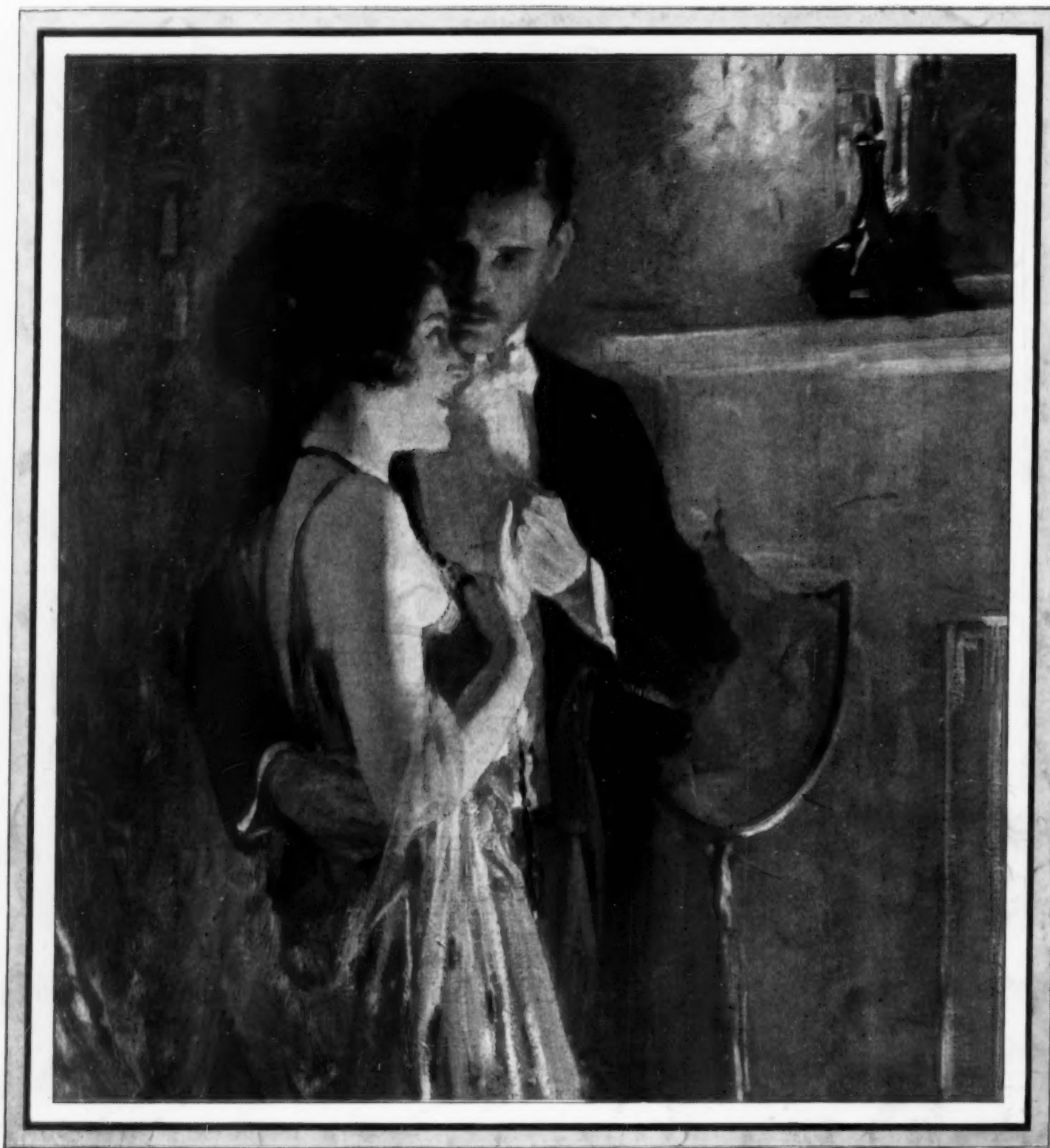
O-Cedar Polish

Channell Chemical Co.
Chicago-Toronto-London-Paris



Stoltz
E.W.-

©CCC&J 1919



PAINTING BY WALTER BIGGS

"A skin you love to touch" This beautiful picture for framing
Send for your copy today

A SKIN soft, clear, colorful! You, too, can have its charm. No matter how much you may have neglected your skin, you can begin at once to improve it. Each day old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. The proper Woodbury treatment for your skin will keep this new skin fresh and smooth—as lovely as you have always longed to have it.

Picture with sample cake of soap, booklet of treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 20 cents.

Reproduced from the original oil painting, in full colors and on fine quality paper, Walter Biggs' delightful picture is now ready for you to frame. Size 15 x 19 inches. No printed matter.

For 20 cents we will send you one of these beautiful reproductions, a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury special treatment), the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch", and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Thousands will want this picture. Send today to the Andrew Jergens Co., 1510 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1510 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

A-SKIN-YOU
LOVE-TO-TOUCH



Woodbury's
Facial Soap